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TRISTRAM TUPPER—JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE—AUGUSTUS THOMAS
EDGAR WALLACE—VICTOR SHAWE—SAM HELLMAN—MAY EDGINTON

LITTLE SIMON WENT AFISHIN'
FOR TO CATCH A WHALE,
HE CAUGHT ONE, AND WHAT'S MORE-
HE CAUGHT IT BY IT'S TAIL:
YOU ASK HOW SIMON GAINED
THE STRENGTH
TO DO THIS WONDROUS FEAT!
THE ANSWER IS: HE GAINED
HIS STRENGTH
BY EATING
CREAM OF WHEAT

Painted by John G. Scott for Cream of Wheat Co.

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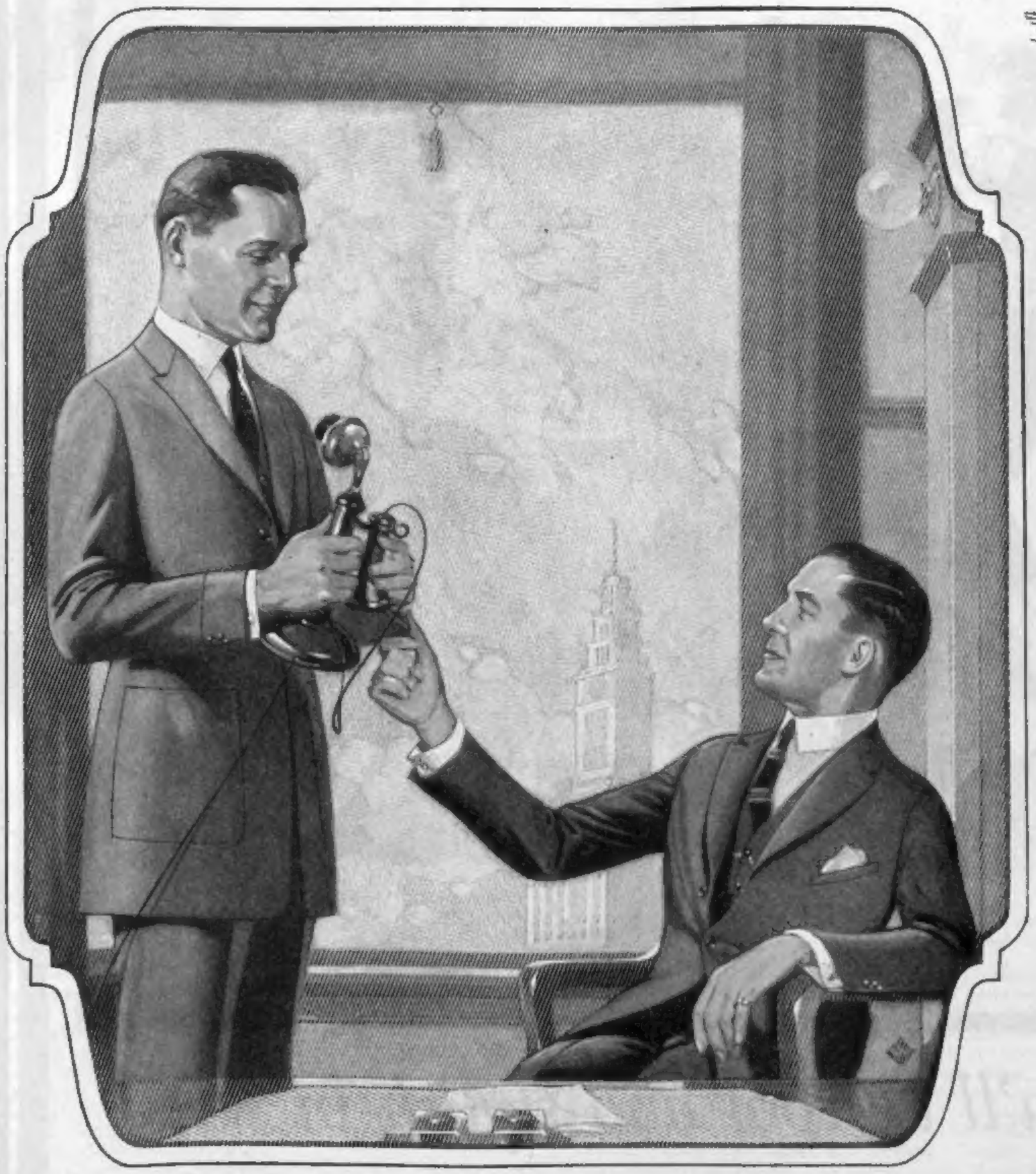
They *keep* you looking your best



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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Associate Editors

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The Language of the Angels

By TRISTRAM TUPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. D. WILLIAMS

He Had Not Turned Around. He Continued to Droop Over His Desk Very Like a Vulture That Had Dropped Down Into a Swivel Chair

HEAVEN was atop the foundling home—fourth floor, front. Not a mere figure-of-speech heaven. No humbugging. The real thing: Azure-blue walls and ceiling; cloudlike substance to walk upon with bare feet; golden trimmings—real eighteen-carat gold; angels; everything. Its creator was Mudgett, who in the beginning was not a Godlike person. But that cannot be helped. He the heaven atop the foundling home created—Thomas A. Mudgett.

An experiment, you, with fine intuition and rare insight, are likely to guess. Yes, perhaps—merely an attempt to pry beyond terrestrial things into the unknown. Prying, hawk-eyed Mudgett! There never lived a more secretive person. Yet he hated all secrets in which he did not share, and determined to know the unknowable. Mudgett, in short, set about discovering the language of the angels.

And so the experiment atop the foundling home—concealed and zealously guarded from all except Miss Bax and a favored few—took upon itself somewhat the character of that other linguistic failure, the Tower of Babel—as thrilling, as dizzy, and no less fateful. Indeed, if this were not true there would be no story; or more deplorable still, there would be no love story.

The foundling home, a dilapidated four-story brick building, was directly across the street from the important uncompleted edifice that some day, the Lord willing, will be the new foundling home. Mudgett was its head and shoulders. Also, to put it generously, Mudgett was a miser. Though he looked like a vulture he sang the song of the sparrows: "Cheap, cheap, cheap." By those who knew him well enough to talk behind his back he was called old Mudgett. And this described him—even more exactly in view of a certain paradox: Old Mudgett was quite young. He was less than seven-and-thirty when his master idea rapped on the walls of his head, took possession of his brain, became an obsession.

"Why not?" he murmured inaudibly to himself on that night. "Well now, I say, why not?"

His master idea was taking form.

Hardly daring to move, old Mudgett crouched over his secondhand desk like a huge vulture in the gray shadows of his office—first-floor front of the old brick building. His hawklike face was between his bony fists. He was motionless. A single shaded desk light cast its rays down upon the King James version of the Bible, illumined the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. But Mudgett was staring with unseeing eyes into the black pigeonholes. Beads of sweat appeared on the thin bridge of his nose. His master idea had mastered him. And no wonder!

In all history there was no parallel to the thing he was contemplating, nothing even faintly resembled it—unless one went back to the seventh century before Christ, when, as Herodotus tells, Psammetichus decided the relative antiquity of the Egyptians and Phrygians by the babbling of newborn babies. Unique, wholly unique, and, he told himself, beyond conception in magnitude.

He, Thomas A. Mudgett, with all the tools at hand, would solve the enigma that had baffled the ages. Prodigious! He would discover the origin of language!

That wasn't all. But start there. Aristotle had bent his mighty brow to this problem, philologists and philosophers since time immemorial—Aristotle to Spencer. And what had they discovered? Nothing. Merely that the Aryan dialects are closely connected—Slavonic with German, German with Celtic, Celtic with Latin, Latin with Greek, Greek with Sanskrit. But what had been back of the four or five hundred roots of Sanskrit? Mudgett hadn't the slightest idea; knew nothing about any of them. But, he told himself, way back millions of years ago man had not just stepped forth from the ooze and slime of things, rid himself of his tadpole tail and said, "Good morning. Fine day. Wonderful view." Of course not. Well then, what had he said? How had language originated? The philologists and philosophers since time immemorial had been theorists. They had failed. But he, Thomas A. Mudgett, was an intensely practical man. Where they had failed he would succeed.

Old Mudgett put the thing to himself in the simplest possible way. Language was evolved from grunts, interjections and imitations of natural sounds. From these words were formed. Of course. Everyone knew that. But what were these original, fundamental grunts, interjections and words? Ah! That was the thing he, Thomas A. Mudgett, would discover.

And how? It was quite simple. Simple and prodigious. Mudgett was a practical man.

He reached into a pigeonhole and drew forth a used envelope—to save pad paper—and wrote deliberately: "Bar out the entire world."

That was the first thing he would do. Quite simple.

"Bar out the entire world. Isolate six or seven newborn babies in one room. Never let them hear a human voice. Await results."

Mudgett mopped the sweat from his eyes. "Well now, I say, what will happen? That's the question. Won't they eventually find some way of communicating with each other? Boys and girls. Say now, won't they? At first, mere grunts and interjections.

Then words. A language. Their own language. The natural language. The original language! I say now. But farther than that ——"

Old Mudgett dared not go farther. Not aloud. Not on paper. The walls of this dingy old building, this shadowy office with its dark alcove and drab discolored paper might have ears. Secretive old Mudgett! Yet he could not stop that prying mind of his from reaching out into the unknowable and seeing a vaster significance in this, his master idea. He, Thomas A. Mudgett, would go farther, much farther than merely solving the problem that had baffled all the ages. Remember, Mudgett was a practical man.

So to have any conception of the prodigious thing that was taking shape in his long bony head one must first clearly understand certain fundamental truths. The first of these is: Babies come from heaven.

If you believe this you believe it; if you don't you don't. But it is undeniable that nowhere on earth is this particular truth so palpable as in a foundling home. Alas, in the outer world the fact is sometimes forgotten, overlooked or even doubted. In a foundling home, never.

And the reason is this: Babies that come to a foundling home never have fathers. Conceivable that this may happen in the outer world, but not often. In the home not a single baby had ever had a father. Not one. And even more significant: The babies that came to the foundling home never had mothers.

The conclusion is self-apparent.

Mudgett was a bachelor, miserly and mean. He fumed, fussed and gnashed his teeth; he paced his dingy office with its worn carpet and dark alcove where he hung his frayed Prince Albert coat; he pulled the lobe of his left ear with his right hand until his ear was curiously elongated; he haunted the secondhand stores and auction rooms for fixtures and furnishings—cribs; perambulators; little wicker chairs; he bought baby bottles with flaws in them, at wholesale; bought the cheapest cotton stuff instead of fine linen; hovered like a vulture over the public markets; bargained, bullied, beat down; overworked every employe of the home; got scullions from Ellis Island, paid them fairly nothing; brought pretty nurses from Jersey and Pennsylvania towns and rewarded them with a song for performing endless labor; he laughed and wept, smiled and sobbed, prayed and whimpered, cursed, sang hymns and jazz in the pursuit of donations. But Mudgett never denied an infant its birthright, never denied that babies come from heaven; and never refused to take one into the home.

"Why, I say now, that's what the home is for." It wasn't a state institution, nor was it maintained by the city or county. The dilapidated old four-story brick building belonged to Thomas A. Mudgett. Quasi public, or quasi private to a limited degree; but nevertheless it was Mudgett's—belonged to him and the foundlings. And—as Mudgett sometimes put it to himself without opening his tight-closed lips—the state, county and city be damned. "I say now, it belongs to me and the foundlings. Do what we please with it. Everybody else be damned, unless ——" And here he would rub his long bony hands together. "That is to say, unless one desires to make a donation." Then, in that case, old Mudgett would open his mouth devoutly and praise God from whom all blessings flow.

To-night—and this is the manner in which his master idea had come to him—Mudgett had been reading the Bible, a thing he did now and again, chiefly in public, but sometimes in private for the purpose of getting new arguments to use against prospective donors. As has been said, Mudgett was an intensely practical man. He was searching feverishly. Work had stopped across the street on the uncompleted new foundling home. To put it mildly—lack of funds. Again and again in his most tear-provoking voice he had depicted the inadequacies of the old brick building. His periods had been marked by prayers. Nevertheless all the arguments known to him—and that included all there were—had grown stale. They no longer moved the ossified consciences and petrified hearts of his listeners, who were few enough, the Lord knows!

Then it was he had turned the page and his shrewd eyes had fallen upon the first line of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians:

> Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels ——

"I say now, I've spoken with the tongue of men, but what is the tongue of angels? What," inquired Mudgett of his intensely practical self, "is the language of the angels?"

Unfortunately, he read no farther. His cavernous mind was working. He passed through the first seizure of his master idea. He, Thomas A. Mudgett, would not stop there. The discovery of the origin of language would bring him renown, no doubt; but more important, if he could speak to prospective donors in the language of angels money would pour in. He rubbed his hands together, pulled the lobe of his elongated ear, cracked his knuckles. "Irresistible! Money will pour in!"

The Head Matron of the Foundling Home, She Was as Intensely Efficient as Old Mudgett Was Intensely Practical

He set himself to do some close reasoning, said to his innermost self:

> Babies come from heaven;
> Only the angels dwell in heaven;
> Therefore babies are angels.

Pretty shrewd. But it may be said that Mudgett's mind paused not for self-congratulation; merely took the conclusion of this syllogism and used it as the minor premise of a second and even more important syllogism. His mind worked as follows:

Babies are angels. This has been proved. Very well then, no one can gainsay that angels speak the language of angels. Axiomatical. And the conclusion is undeniable. He wrote it down on the used envelope—still saving pad paper. Like this:

> Angels speak the language of angels;
> Babies are angels;
> Therefore babies speak the language of angels.

"I say now ——"

Mudgett glanced cautiously over his shoulder to make certain that he was alone with his flaming idea. He stared into the gloom, then rose up like a shadowy vulture and crept to the door. Opening it a crack he craned his long neck and listened.

Down the narrow winding stairway from the second floor and along the ill-lighted corridor came curious noises, faint yet audible—a distant chorus of yaps and howls. He closed the door softly and hung there, pulling the lobe of his left ear. Hadn't he just proved that babies speak the language of angels? Something was wrong. Did heaven sound like that—those eternal howls? Did it? If he should speak to prospective donors in the language of babies! Say now ——

He tried to banish the thought. Yet it persisted. His mind visualized the thing—vividly it pictured him standing before an assemblage of prospective patrons speaking to them in the first syllables that come forth from an infant's lips: "Goo."

Old Mudgett made the noise aloud. After all, it wasn't an unpleasant sound. "Goo-goo," pronounced he solemnly. "I say now, not half bad."

"But," queried the intensely practical side of his mind, "what does it mean?"

Even Mudgett's imagination could not answer. He hadn't the slightest idea what "goo-goo" meant. Not the slightest. Yet throughout the years women visitors had leaned over the cribs enthralled while the diminutive occupants of these cribs murmured "Goo."

"I say now, maybe it has some meaning." He would try it out on someone.

Mudgett pushed the button at the side of his desk. As always he pushed it with determined force, as if tremendous will power and physical effort were necessary to move the indicator in the matron's room. Old Mudgett never gave electricity quite its due. No mistaking his ring.

Whenever he pushed the button Miss Bax appeared. Sometimes Mudgett pondered the phenomenon. He would ring, then glance over his shoulder, and Miss Bax would be standing inside his office with the door closed, looking at him with her level gray gaze. Baffling eyes had Miss Bax. She never smiled. The head matron of the foundling home, she was as intensely efficient as old Mudgett was intensely practical—perhaps even more so. She had other faults, but efficiency was the greatest. Another was her youth, her youngness. And alas—though Mudgett concealed it from himself—she was a handsome little person; carved out of some such substance as ivory by a sculptor who hadn't very much to do except to concoct curious pigments such as Egyptian dusk, which was her hair; and serene gray, which concealed everything back of it yet was translucent—her eyes.

Mudgett had pushed the bell with determined force, but as yet he had not turned around. He continued to droop over his desk very like a vulture that had dropped down into a swivel chair. One long hand was outstretched holding the stub of a pencil in the rays that came down from the desk light. Back of him in the ill-lighted gloom of the office there had not been the slightest sound. Yet he knew Miss Bax had entered and closed the door. He could feel her gray eyes upon the back of his shabby alpaca coat. A tremendous determination came to him. To-night, this very minute with his master idea as a sledge, he would break through the little matron's baffling placidity.

For a full minute he did not move. He wanted to wait until she spoke, but knew he could not hold out that long. His idea was burning him up, consuming him wholly; the very soul of him was aflame. Also, he wanted to try that first infant word, see its effect upon her. He strove mightily to conceive of some intensely practical way of saying "Goo" to Miss Bax. Alas, he had to give it up.

And so, laying down his pencil, he turned slowly in his revolving chair. Miss Bax was standing in the shadows by the door.

Mudgett cleared his throat. "Miss Bax—I've been giving thought to the hardness of the heart of humanity," said he ponderously. "Can you suggest any argument that would have a meliorating effect upon prospective donors? Can you?" He shot her a glance, but did not wait for a reply. "Has it ever occurred to you that if I could speak to them in the language of the angels money would roll in? Has it?" He studied her. He could detect not the least movement or emotion. "You understand what I mean by the language of the angels? You know what the language of the angels is, Miss Bax?"

"I haven't an idea, Mr. Mudgett."

"What! Haven't you given the matter any thought?"

"No; I haven't given it a thought."

He peered incredulously through the gloom. "But, Miss Bax, surely you read the Bible?" He tapped the Book, stroked it with a familiar touch.

"I haven't time to read anything," replied the little matron quietly.

"You don't read the Bible?"

"No."

"Miss Bax!" He picked up the Bible as if he would then and there read it to her, cover to cover. In a sonorous voice he read one line:

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels ——"

There Mudgett stopped short, cleared his throat, pulled his ear. Although his shrewd eyes had caught the following line he read no farther. He closed the Book.

"I say now, how can you consider yourself a person to be associated with babies if you don't read the Bible?"

After a silence of a moment she replied, "I associate with them as little as possible. As you know, my work is executive, seeing that others attend to them."

"But you love babies?"

No answer.

"You love babies, don't you, Miss Bax?"

"No." There was a glint in the matron's usually serene eye. "I dislike them tremendously. Is that all, Mr. Mudgett?"

Mudgett held up his huge hands with shocked piety. "Do you love anything?"

She did not answer this. In a low even voice she asked, "Do you love babies, Mr. Mudgett?"

Her eyes were tranquil, unsmiling. But there was something about them, back of them. The curved line of her lips seemed to have softened a little. Old Mudgett noted these things and despaired. He could not for the life of him interpret Miss Bax. Something was there wholly unintelligible to himself. Yet, absurdly enough, there came to him an almost unconquerable desire to say "Goo."

Yes, perhaps it did have some meaning! He moved with deliberation and, he hoped, dignity to the window, clasped his hands behind his back, gazed out from the shadows of his office into the shadows of the street. The March wind made a desolate sound. The unfinished wall across the way appeared in the city's slender moonlight like the ghost of some infinitely forlorn hope. Four years, and only that wall and those black socketlike windows that stared back at him. The new foundling home, all there was of it, a ghost of a living dream. Standing there, his flaming idea of a moment past rekindled and flared up in his cavernous brain, obliterating the pallid moonlit wall.

"The fourth floor—what's up there, Miss Bax?"

"Discarded and broken things, the Christmas-tree ornaments; just rubbish, Mr. Mudgett."

"Will you have it cleared out—everything?" He continued blankly to gaze out the window. "Use the back room, third floor, for storage." Swinging around he faced her. "Miss Bax, what happens to babies when—when they first come to earth?"

The little head matron kept her poise. "First they are spanked to make them catch their breath, Mr. Mudgett."

"No; I don't mean that. What happens? I'll tell you. They become contaminated. That's what. They forget all about—all about where they came from. But suppose," he rushed on, "just suppose they were never contaminated. Ponder this. I want you to see it. Suppose a number of babies, lots of them, six or seven, did not see a human being except themselves, did not hear a human voice except their own for two or three years. Isolated, segregated, the world barred out. Just suppose ——"

"Nothing can bar out the world," said Miss Bax quietly. "Not even a Chinese wall."

"We shall see. Well, now—you shall see. No contamination, no human face, no voice save their own—two years."

"Who is going to feed them?" asked Miss Bax, her intensely efficient mind at work. "How are they going to be fed? Bathed? Changed?"

Old Mudgett pulled his ear, frowned down upon the straight-thinking little matron, and commanding all the dignity of which his gaunt frame was possible, reminded her he was an intensely practical man.

"Do you think I would forget that babies have to be fed?" he demanded.

This minor detail had indeed slipped his mind, but he refused to allow it to balk his purpose. He tried to think of a possible manner of accomplishing the feeding and bathing. His mind did not work well along those particular lines.

"The details," said he authoritatively, "will be left to you." He cleared his throat. "The best food, air and sunlight, but they must be segregated from the world—not a human."

"But, Mr. Mudgett, why?"

"The origin of language," replied Mudgett emphatically. In his own mind he revolved a more celestial idea, but decided it would be as well not to mention this to Miss Bax. "An experiment, a simple yet prodigious experiment, Miss Bax," explained he in his most intensely practical manner. "One which will be of the greatest benefit to the babies thus segregated, and of major importance to all mankind. I wish to discover the origin of language." He broke off abruptly, and demanded, "Have you read Aristotle or Spencer?"

"No."

"Well now, they failed. The great philologists and philosophers of all times have failed. I, Thomas A. Mudgett, will succeed."

"In what? Succeed in what, Mr. Mudgett?"

He glared at her. "But I've just explained; succeed in discovering the origin—the manner in which language started, the grunts, interjections, imitative sounds, the words from which language has been evolved. Don't you see? Don't you see, Miss Bax?" he implored.

"I—yes, I think I see."

"Well now, of course you see. Shall we decide upon the number seven? Seven babies. Do you suppose, do you think for a minute that seven babies alone together for two years would be mute? A mute baby! Think of it. Preposterous!"

Miss Bax almost sighed with the delightful thought of a mute baby.

Mudgett was pacing the floor now with long uneven strides. "Grunts, interjections, imitations, words. Words! They will speak to each other in the language"—he stopped abruptly and peered at the little matron through the dimness—"in the language of ——" Her gray eyes were upon him, level, serene, unemotional. He cleared his throat. "In the original language, whatever that is," he substituted for the thing in his mind.

"But, Mr. Mudgett ——"

"No misgivings," commanded Mudgett. "Do you, Miss Bax, or do you not wish to assist me in solving the greatest of all enigmas, the Sphinxian riddle that has eluded all mankind?"

"If you desire me to," replied the lovely little person by the door. "But have you thought of the cost?"

"Money ——"

Old Mudgett strode about his office, sank down at his desk, placed his gaunt shaggy head between clenched fists. When he raised his head to tell her that he thought he could arrange even the financing of heaven he felt a keen, unquieting disappointment. His office was vacant save for himself and his master idea. The efficient little matron had silently departed.

II

MUDGETT on the following morning donned his sanctimonious Prince Albert and disappeared into the Subway. At Wall Street he came to the surface, where the March breeze was blowing the spring lambs gently down the grade toward Broad Street. What a day! Full of wind. Mudgett, with coat tails flapping, entered a Broad Street office building and without consulting the register took an elevator to the tenth floor, where he made his way along labyrinthian halls and came to a standstill inside a double glass door. He asked for the head of the firm.

The wizened office boy looked at Mudgett. "He isn't in, but I'll see."

Mudgett sat with hands clasped. Job was a fidgety person compared with old Mudgett on a still hunt for donations.

Presently the wizened person returned. "He'll see you."

They proceeded slowly through a room where an animated young man was hanging up numerals on a large blackboard. Men lounged on a bench. Tickers ticked. They passed into a short silent hallway and the wizened person opened a ground-glass door, revealing a mauve carpet and mahogany office furniture—spacious, silent. At the far end, facing the door, sat a man whose face had the fullness and color of the sun behind a film of gray clouds. A stenographer, book in hand, vanished through another door. The man at the desk continued to scratch his signature to a pile of letters. The scratching of the pen was the only sound. Mudgett stood with hands still clasped, head slightly bowed, attempting to read the letters upside down. Presently the penman glanced up and scowled at the vulturelike figure hovering over his desk.

"Have a seat. Money?"

"Money," echoed Mudgett. He continued to stand.

"Haven't a cent." The penman continued to write. "Not—a—sou—marquee." With a flourish he completed the last signature and placed the pen across the tusks of a small ivory elephant. Leaning back in his chair he took one squint at old Mudgett. "Forget that pose, Tom. You give me the creeps. You look like an effigy of all the distress of the world. Sit down."

Mudgett did so. Each regarded the other in silence. Then both grinned. Concerning that silent gaze of the two men, ending in a grin, a volume might be written. Some of its meaning, however, can be conveyed in a sentence: Just thirty-seven years ago, at the age of one week, both had started life on an even footing—in the same foundling home. Later they had blacked boots together.

"Not a sou marquee," said the head of the brokerage firm.

Mudgett said nothing, but continued to gaze at the broker in an inescapable way.

The man with the face of a beclouded sun scowled and tapped the glass-topped desk with his finger tips. His fingers were stout and spatulate.

"Say," he suddenly barked, thrusting his head venomously forward, "do you know what month this is? Do you?"

"March," replied Mudgett quietly.

"March. Has that any particular significance to you?"

"None," said Mudgett.

"Income tax!" shouted the broker. "Not a cent!"

Mudgett regarded him with his sorrowful yet intensely practical eye. "How much income tax do you pay this year, Chic?"

"Nearly half. Forty-eight per cent. It's an outrage."

Mudgett gasped. "That means your income is ——"

"It means I'm broke!" vehemently declared the sun-faced man. "Forty-eight per cent! Pauperized. And you come around begging for money! Charity? Hell, Tom."

Mudgett pulled his elongated ear, glanced at the ivory inkstand and up at the face of the broker. Both became silent. Evidently something was passing through both minds—something way back in the years—in the days of nickel shines. Chic absently thumbed the pages of his desk calendar, and glanced at his not too highly polished finger nails.

"Say, Tom, the kids have plenty to eat, haven't they? They're not starving at the home? Nothing like that?"

Mudgett glanced at the thick neck of the man behind the desk and revolved a certain matter in his

(Continued on Page 146)

He Bargained, Beat Down and Begged in One SecondHand Store After Another—But Bought Not a Single Article of Furniture

THE TROUBLES OF THE HOUSE

By Kenneth L. Roberts

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

AS ONE faces the various front doors of the Capitol at Washington, the House of Representatives occupies the left-hand end of the building, the Senate occupies the right-hand end of the building, and the Supreme Court holds down the center.

At first thought this would seem to be a poorly balanced arrangement, as there are four hundred and thirty-five members in the House of Representatives, ninety-six members in the Senate, and only nine members in the Supreme Court. On second thought, however, one realizes that the weight of the brains of the Supreme Court is equal to the square of the Capitol's hypotenuse plus the cubic contents of the dome, and that the Supreme Court is therefore properly located. The two ends, moreover, are balanced by the fact that what the Senate lacks in numbers it makes up in lung power and dead weight; while the large population of the House is partially nullified by the almost complete vacuums that exist in the heads of some of its members.

One reaches the House of Representatives by entering the left-hand end of the Capitol and squeezing into an elevator with a number of worthy people from Ispheming, Mich., Woodchuck Hills, Vt., or Walla Walla, Wash., who have come all the way to Washington for the special purpose of seeing the Government engaged in a little heavy governing. The sight of a real live congressman in the elevator with them causes their breath to come in short, quick pants of excitement. One gets the impression that if they were to see a Supreme Court justice or a cabinet member they would require the services of pulmotors to keep them from passing completely away.

Gray Congressmen at Work

THE elevator spills out its freight on the third floor, and the worthy people from Ispheming and Woodchuck Hills and Walla Walla find themselves confronting a number of swinging doors, something like the swinging doors which formerly closed the so-called family entrances of that celebrated American institution, the saloon. Each swinging door is guarded by a venerable gentleman who is plunged in gloomy meditation, probably over the thought that so many nice-looking people not only take the trouble to pass through these doors each day but even appear to find something interesting in the proceedings which they witness.

Inside the swinging doors are the galleries, partly filled with puzzled observers. The first impression that the House makes on one of these observers is one of grayness, of flatness, of colorlessness, of dreariness, of uninterestingness. The curving sweep of seats in the big hall is dark gray; the light that comes down from the large glass roof is a gray light; the congressmen, half submerged among the empty seats, seem to be clothed in gray—though occasionally a congressman wears a blue or a brown suit. But just as all cats look gray at night, so do all congressmen look gray on the floor of the House. Not only do they look gray but they act gray. Some of them sit with their feet on the backs of the chairs in front of them, some of them read newspapers, some of them allow toothpicks to dangle nonchalantly from their lips, some of them doze. When they talk they emit a gray line of talk for the most part.

The second impression that one receives is that of general bewilderment and unrest. Why aren't there more congressmen in sight? Why do they move around all the time? Why don't they sit still? What are they talking about? Do they know what they are talking about? Does anybody know what they are talking about?

There appear to be signs of intelligence on the floor of the House. Stenographers hasten busily from member to member as they come to life and rise to their feet to emit a few remarks. The life of a congressional stenographer can scarcely be a happy one, for a large proportion of the remarks that he is obliged to inscribe in his notebooks are about as important and intelligible as Chinese cubist poetry in the original. Let us listen for a moment.

One of the gray-looking gentlemen on the floor of the House is standing on his feet droning along drearily on some subject such as the relation of time and temperature to the killing of potatoes and potato mosaic virus. Up then gets another gray-looking gentleman and rudely interrupts the gentleman speaking.

"I demand the regular order," says he mysteriously.

He makes his demand of a gentleman who is sitting behind the high mahogany throne from which all the aisles of the House of Representatives radiate.

This gentleman moves uncomfortably on his throne and says wearily, "The regular order is demanded. Is there any objection?"

There is a pause, and then another gray-looking man staggers wearily to his feet and says, "Well, I object."

Two or three men then talk unintelligibly for a moment, after which another gray-looking man walks down the aisle with a determined frown on his face and says, "Mister Speaker, I move to strike out the last word."

At this an elderly gray man with a small tramplike gray beard gets briskly to his feet and declares firmly, "There is no last word."

He is ignored, however, by the man in the aisle, who elevates his chin defiantly and declares, "Mister Speaker, the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

This, however, gets nowhere with the man with the tramplike gray beard.

"Mister Speaker," says he, "I make the point of order that the gentleman is not discussing either the amendment or the paragraph under consideration."

The gentleman on the high mahogany throne clasps his brow wearily with his hand and gazes at the ceiling with a pained air. "If the gentleman from Illinois presses his point of order," says he, "of course the Chair must sustain it."

The gentleman from Illinois declares simply, "I make the point of order."

The gentleman on the throne stifles a yawn. "The Chair sustains the point of order," says he. "The gentleman from Arizona will proceed in order."

The gentleman from Arizona mumbles a few words which are unintelligible to everyone in the gallery because of the fact that the other members of the House shuffle their feet, rustle newspapers, whisper among themselves, walk in and out and around, and clear their throats industriously.

When he has finished he says plaintively to the man on the throne, "Mister Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to revise and extend my remarks."

Thereupon another man gets up and says, "Mister Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to extend my remarks on the subject of the fauna of Cranberry Creek."

The man on the throne crosses his legs and says, "Is-there-objection-the-Chair-hears-none."

It is evident that everyone on the floor of the House wishes to go to sleep. This, however, is not to be. Up gets a cross-looking, gray-looking man and wakes the throne holder by saying in a hateful manner, "Mister Speaker, I move to strike out the figures $1,100,000, and insert in lieu thereof $1,100,005."

Thereupon the man on the throne declares that the clerk will read the amendment; and a gray-looking clerk who sits in the shadow of the throne reads, in a flat voice, "Page-23-line-9-strike-out-$1,100,000-and-insert-in-lieu-thereof-$1,100,005."

Then the cross-looking gray man starts to make a few pointed remarks, but is interrupted by the gentleman from Illinois with the tramplike gray beard.

"Mister Speaker," says he, "I make the point of order that the gentleman is not discussing the amendment."

Thereupon the cross-looking man comes right back at him by remarking offensively, "I make the point of no quorum."

The man on the throne uncrosses his legs peevishly and says, "The gentleman from Iowa will proceed in order."

The Chair Counts the House

THIS does not impress the gentleman from Iowa, who sneers hatefully and says briefly, "I make the point of no quorum."

At this the man on the throne straightens his back, sighs heavily and says, "The gentleman from Iowa makes the point of no quorum. The Chair will count."

His eyes take on the glassy stare of one who is concentrating violently, and he counts industriously for five minutes while the congressmen scuffle and cough and chatter. Then the hateful gentleman from Iowa who made so much noise about the point of no quorum suddenly comes to life and says, "I withdraw the point of no quorum. Mister Speaker, I have made some study not only of the Constitution of this country but also of the Constitution of England ——"

This brings the man with the tramplike gray beard to his feet once more.

"Mister Speaker," says he, "I make the point that the Constitution of England has nothing to do with increasing this amount by five dollars."

The gentleman on the throne communes with himself for a few moments, and then announces majestically, "The Chair sustains the point of order."

This starts the hateful man on a rampage again. "Mister Speaker," says he venomously, "I make the point of no quorum."

At this point the single reporter who is occupying the press gallery gets up and walks out of the gallery.

The man on the throne bats his eyes two or three times and then remarks hopelessly, "The gentleman from Iowa makes the point of no quorum. The Chair will count."

So he begins counting again. The few scattered congressmen on the floor of the House chatter and scuffle and wander in and out; and spectators in the gallery, definitely abandoning all hope of finding out the object of or the reason for any of these mystifying matters, move on to Statuary Hall or to the Senate Chamber.

The dark cloud of mystification and despair that settles down on the average observer of the House of Representatives is due to the erroneous and almost universal impression that the House of Representatives is the place where the representatives do most of their representing.

As a matter of fact the average representative uses the floor of the House of Representatives for two great

purposes: He uses it as a place to get tangled up in the luxuriant growth of befuddling rules that have been so carefully nurtured and fertilized by successive Congresses since March 4, 1789, when the first Congress of the United States began to do business in a simple and amateurish manner. And he uses it as a garden in which to plant the little acorns which shall later grow into great reelection oaks. But he uses it for very little else.

The actual business of the House of Representatives is done in committees, which are nothing more or less than small congresses. In the beginning there were only a few committees; but committees, like everything else connected with the House of Representatives, have grown with such vigor and enthusiasm that when one gets too close to them they bulk so large that nothing else can be seen. There is a wide difference of opinion as to what ails the House of Representatives. The House itself says that it would be all right if it weren't for the Senate. It is true that the House is frequently and unjustly blamed for the flounderings of the Senate. Considering the handicaps under which the House labors, it does pretty well; but the handicaps are sufficient to make a less hard-boiled organization drop dead from discouragement. There are so many things the matter with the House, and all the things are so serious, that any one of them is enough to make a doctor shake his head and decide to operate. The person who gets sufficiently close to the committee system is frequently unable to see any other faults, and is apt to declare that all the trouble lies in the committees. If another person happens to have his attention particularly drawn to the great number of members in Congress he declares that the fault lies there. Another blames weak leaders. Another blames the shortness of a representative's term of office. Another blames the seniority system. Others blame other things. So when eight or ten persons give you eight or ten reasons for the condition of Congress you should not necessarily conclude that most of them are wrong; in fact all of them are probably right.

The faults, of course, grow worse with each passing year. Take, for example, the committees. In 1802 there were five committees. In a few years more there were eight. A little later there were fifteen. When the European war broke out there were fifty-five. If an expert on Congress had been told that there would ever be any more he would have burst into tears and asked to be led at once to the psychopathic ward. At the present time, however, there are sixty house committees.

Rule by Committee

ONE of the most popular recreations in the House of Representatives is introducing bills. Congressmen indulge in this harmless amusement all day long. Sometimes the congressmen write their own bills, but more often their secretaries or their stenographers or their friends write them. When the bills are written the congressmen take them over to the floor of the House and drop them in a basket. Later they are printed, so that they look far more important and official than they really are. Only a few years ago there were more than thirty-three thousand bills introduced in the House of Representatives during a single Congress. Such bills include almost everything except recipes for making rum. They remove the charge of desertion from the military record of Ozro Flittermouse, grant a pension to Clairvoya D. Ectoplasm, authorize the Secretary of War to grant two condemned brass cannon to the city of Onionville, provide for the survey of Goober River and Lizard Creek and their tributaries in Georgia, prevent prize fighting on vessels using wharfage facilities in the District of Columbia, enable the Secretary of Agriculture to conduct experiments and determine the practicability of making paper out of cornstalks, grant an increase of pension to all persons who have lost the use of one eye in sampling bootleg liquor in the interests of prohibition enforcement, provide for the broadcasting of speeches in Congress by radio, pay Jonas McNutt for the loss of a horse, declare the selling, exchanging or giving

away of any pistol, bowie knife, dirk or dirk knife, blackjack, dagger, sword cane, slung shot, brass or other metal knuckle in the District of Columbia a misdemeanor, authorize an act extending an act entitled an act amending an act entitled an act to establish a navy yard somewhere in North Dakota, and what not.

Though the average bill is meaningless, worthless and practically dead before it starts, it must be acted on by the House in some way. As can readily be understood, even by those who view politics as some great detestable disease, the House as a whole couldn't pass judgment on thirty-three thousand bills. If it devoted only ten minutes to each bill it would have to sit continuously for almost four years in order to dispose of them. Consequently all bills are dealt out to different committees, which either throw them in the wastebasket and forget them or doctor them up and bring them out on the floor of the House, where they are disposed of with neatness and celerity.

The seven or twenty-one or thirty-five members of a committee know a good deal about the bills which they bring out on the floor of the House, and the four hundred other members don't know much of anything about them. So the four hundred ignorant ones usually and of necessity accept the recommendations of the few informed ones, which would be a fine thing if the informed ones were always right. Unfortunately they are frequently wrong, owing to the fact that they are sometimes made up of or headed by small-bore politicians with unerring instincts for doing the wrong thing. That is one of the unfortunate features of the committee system. But the House makes just as much speed when it is wrong as when it is right.

The House prides itself on its celerity. It has so much business to transact and so little time in which to transact it that it cannot afford to listen to animated windbags of the sort that are permitted to wheeze and blow without restraint on the floor of the Senate. There are plenty of animated windbags on the floor of the House; but when they wish to become windy they must hie them to the cloakrooms or to the pages of the Congressional Record or to their homes—or secure an election to the Senate. One of the most flannel-mouthed of orators in the Senate was once a representative. He may rant and rave for hours nowadays without let or hindrance; but when he used to try it in the House he was given the coarse and unmistakable congressional razz to such an extent that he was seldom able to struggle to the surface.

There is a mistaken idea that a young and earnest congressman can at almost any moment rise to his feet on the floor of the House, pass the fingers of his left hand dramatically through his flowing locks, thrust his right hand between the first and second buttons of his coat in a Daniel Websterish manner, and deliver an impassioned two-hour speech on Woman, Lovely Woman, or The Passing of the Little Red Schoolhouse, or something similar. Such, however, is not the case. A young and earnest congressman hasn't a chance in the world to get away with any such stuff. If he is a persistent cuss he might have a chance to offer an amendment to an appropriation bill or something equally thrilling, and to speak for five minutes in explanation of his amendment. He must, however, adhere rigidly to the subject under discussion; and if he doesn't the gray-appearing and blank-looking gentleman from Illinois, Mr. James R. Mann, or the dusty-appearing and apologetic-looking gentleman from Tennessee, Mr. Finis J. Garrett—depending on whether the young and earnest congressman is a Democrat or a Republican—will probably rise to his feet and unemotionally make the point of order that the gentleman isn't discussing the amendment. Thereupon the gentleman will either discuss the amendment or take a back seat. If limited to five minutes the silveriest-tongued boy orator in the world would find some difficulty in getting steamed up to a point where he could make any soul-stirring remarks on an amendment to an appropriation bill. That is why debate in the House of Representatives is usually about as exciting as casual business conversations between the waiter and the cook of an all-night lunch wagon.

Much has been said in the past few years concerning the general nit-wittedness of the House of Representatives. The truth of the matter seems to be that the House has as many able men as it has ever had within the memory of even the oldest and sourest members of the Them-Was-The-Happy-Days Club. It is pretty generally conceded that at least sixty congressmen out of the total House membership of four hundred and thirty-five are very able men—that, in short, the House of Representatives is a truly representative body. The three hundred and seventy-five other members are pleasant, good-natured, kind-hearted, likable, half-baked individuals with a panting, overwhelming, all-pervading longing to hang on to their jobs.

One of the odd features of the House of Representatives is that almost any one of the four hundred and thirty-five members will admit that there aren't more than sixty able representatives—though some think there are as many as one hundred—and that a distinct odor of Stilton clings around the rest. Each one, however, figures himself as one of the sixty; never as one of the three hundred and seventy-five.

The Wrong Fellow

ONE congressman in a contemplative mood recently remarked that Congress was largely made up of men with one-track and one-idea minds. Once they have absorbed an idea there is no way to rid them of it except by blasting it out of their heads. That, he remarked, was the reason that so many congressmen, if questioned, would unquestionably state that Rex Beach is a summer resort, that Yom Kippur is a sort of herring and that Easter Sunday is Billy Sunday's sister. He also added gloomily that a Massachusetts congressman asked a fellow congressman to attend and speak at a Longfellow celebration to be held near that poet's former home. The fellow congressman balked. "What do they want to hold a celebration over that guy for?" he asked. "Nobody ever heard of him until he married Alice Roosevelt." For the benefit of the boobs that sent this boob to Congress it should be explained that the only Longfellow he knew anything about was the able and distinguished gentleman from Ohio, Nick Longworth.

It is when one stands in front of the boobs in Congress and begins to cast a contemplative eye beyond them to the reasons that give them their power, that one bursts into a light perspiration over such distant matters as unrestricted immigration. The boobs are there, nobody questions that—least of all the congressmen. There are congressmen sitting on the floor of the House whose knowledge of the multitude of House rules is so small that

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When Finn Meets Finnigan

By VICTOR SHAWE

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

Saarenpaa's Great Right Hand Closed Round the Wrestler's Back-Thrust Ankle

PAUL BUNYAN, to quote from a classic of the logging camps, was a lad who could drive more miles and pull more stunts in more new styles than any other peavey prince before or then or ever since. Paul it was, as all good loggers know, who dug the Columbia in order to drain an inland sea that lay between the Cascades and the Rockies so he could get out a drive of logs he had contracted to supply for Noah's ark. And Paul it was who scooped out the basins of the Great Lakes so there would be drinking holes handy for Babe, his big blue ox, while he was logging off the Mississippi Valley to get timbers for the building of the Spanish Armada.

Now the old-timers are saying Paul staged the deep-water contest that was the undoing of the big Finn, Toivo Saarenpaa. In this instance the old-timers aren't holding strictly to the truth, because Paul took his outfit over to Russia just before the revolution and hasn't been heard from since the last time Trotzky was assassinated. As a matter of fact, Uncle Andy McPherson did most of the plotting against the big Finn.

Uncle Andy is an independent lumberman whose mill is located on Yaquina Bay, out on the Oregon coast. Toivo Saarenpaa, huge, blond, blue-eyed, slow of speech but swift of action, bosses a company outfit that operates along the Yaquina River above the bay. Without doubt there are good woodsmen to be found in other camps. Equally without doubt the best loggers in the world are to be found on the Pacific Coast—this by their own admission. And Saarenpaa enjoyed the reputation of bossing the wildest gang of roughnecks west of the Cascades and of himself being the hardest boiled of them all.

Uncle Andy did not appreciate the big Finn's qualities of leadership. Many a time and oft, slouching in an easychair in the lobby of the trim little hotel he had built for his own convenience down on the bay, he had spent hours at a time trying to evolve a plan for humbling Saarenpaa. One day while thus engaged a little man in uniform drifted in and asked for a job. Uncle Andy shook his head regretfully. Out of respect for the uniform he would have liked to offer the fellow a place, but what could such a runt do in the woods? Then something familiar about the man's twinkling eyes and high arched, aggressive little nose drew closer attention.

"Well, for the love of Mike!" the lumberman exclaimed, extending a welcoming paw. "It's Finnigan! Sit down, my boy, and tell me what's what. By the uniform I know you helped chase the Kaiser into Holland."

"I did," the little man admitted, grinning. "With a spud. When I enlisted I told 'em what a helluva fighting logger I was ——"

Uncle Andy interrupted with a chuckle of amusement.

"Did they believe you—about that fighting business?"

Finnigan's habitual grin grew more pronounced than usual.

"I might have gotten by but for the intelligence test," he confided. "After I had monkeyed with that for an hour or two they put me to peeling spuds and washing dishes. Later I was transferred to the Spruce Division, and there I've been ever since, peeling spuds and washing dishes."

Uncle Andy chuckled again.

"Served you right for trying to call yourself a logger," he observed.

Before the war Finnigan had been rated as one of the best camp cooks on the coast, and to have been put to work as a kitchen mechanic—or flunky, as such men are called in the camps—was the greatest indignity he could have suffered. Uncle Andy continued to chuckle abstractedly. He had begun to wonder what sort of job he could find for the little man.

"And you didn't even get a chance to learn anything new," he commented conversationally.

"Sure I did," Finnigan replied. "I learned what a whole congressional investigating committee couldn't discover. A second loot who knew where I kept my bottle cached, told me. He said all of sixty-four board feet of spruce was required in the building of an average plane, and he said the Spruce Division had spent about one hundred and sixty-four million dollars getting ready to cut that sixty-four feet that was needed."

Later McPherson gave those figures the consideration they deserved. In fact, later he repeated them to Saarenpaa and told how much he could have saved the Government if he had been permitted to get out what spruce might have been needed. Saarenpaa's comment regarding his ability to do that little thing was, as it were, the final straw that choked Uncle Andy's goat, and resulted in the deep-water battle the old-time loggers are now attributing to Paul Bunyan's brain work.

At the time Finnigan so glibly recited the figures Uncle Andy was too busy trying to decide what sort of job to give the little man to grasp immediately the import of the information.

"Finnigan," he said after due thought, "you are too good to waste in a kitchen. I'll tell you what I'll do—you rustle a partner and I'll put you to work in the woods, felling timber."

Finnigan appreciated the compliment of Uncle Andy's offer, but time and experience had taught him his place. He was a cook, and a good one. A job in the woods was another matter. He knew even the poorest of the loggers would scorn him as a partner. Nevertheless, he felt it would be reflecting on Uncle Andy's judgment to say so.

"I've been cooking for so long I'm spoiled for a regular job," he said cheerfully. "But if I don't find something in my line up the river I'll be back in a day or two and rustle a buddy to work with me."

Then he hiked up the river to Saarenpaa's home camp.

The big Finn did not know Finnigan, as did most of the bosses along that coast, and he had but scant respect for the uniform Finnigan wore. With practical glance he appraised the little man's narrow shoulders and slender hands, white from long immersion in dishwater. Then he permitted himself a smile. He liked his joke, Saarenpaa did.

"The cook has two flunkies helping him," he said. "If you can chase them out of camp you can have their job."

Finnigan did not hesitate. By instinct he found his way to the kitchen. More times than one he had flunkied just long enough to remove, by strictly legitimate means, the cook he happened to be helping. Inside the kitchen he glanced first, from force of habit, at the shelf above the range, where he knew he would find a battered old alarm clock. Beside the alarm clock stood an empty bottle. He took a flask from his hip and placed it on the other side of the clock.

"A cup half full," he said to the cook, "to be taken before each meal."

The cook reached thirstily for the flask, and Finnigan repressed a grin. This was going to be easier than he had hoped. Then he went to the meat block and selected the heaviest cleaver and the wickedest-looking carving knife.

"I'm just back from the trenches," he informed the astonished flunkies. "I crave more bloodshed. Better beat it before I go into action."

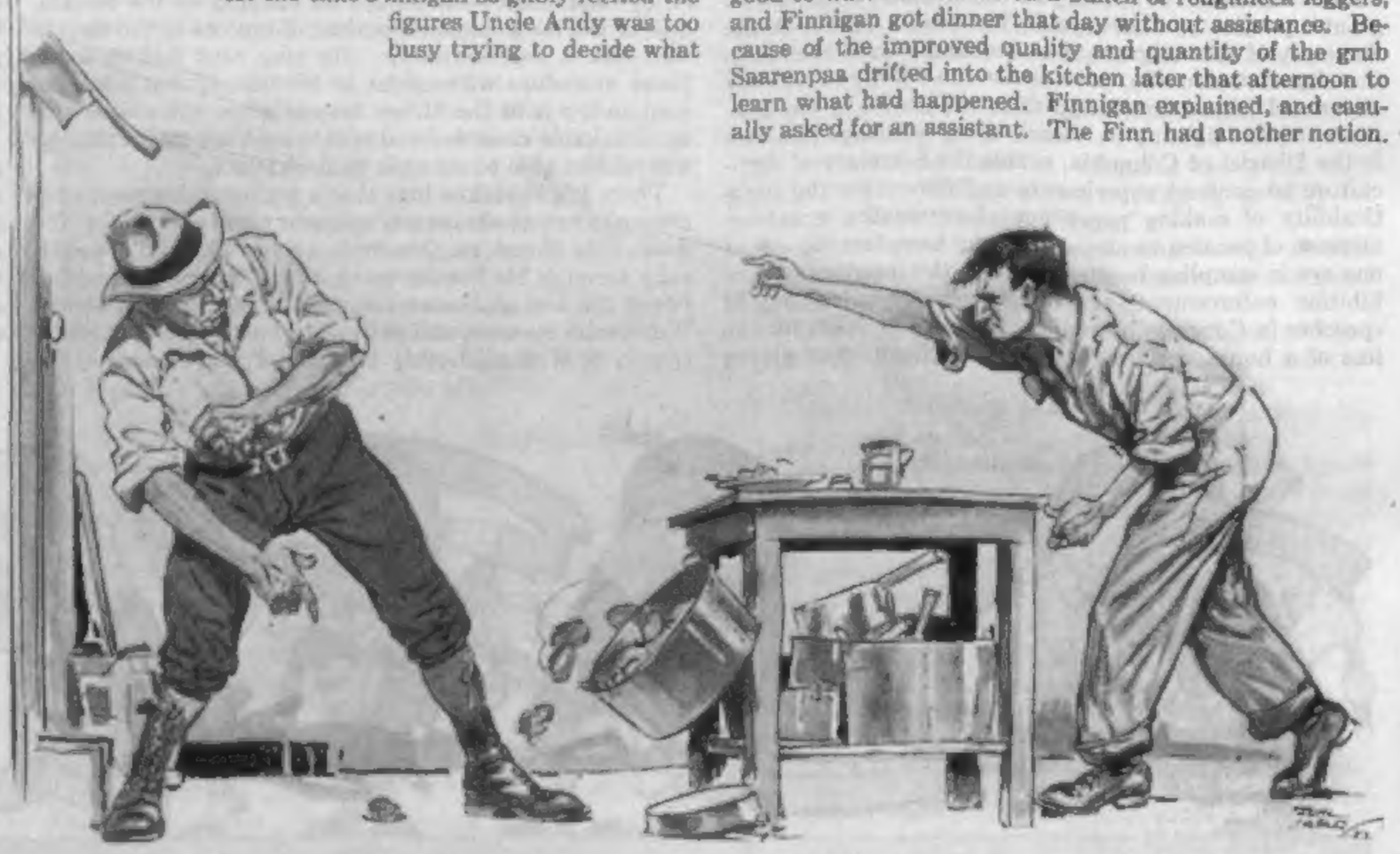
He moved softly toward them, flourishing the knife as one familiar with his weapon, and hefting the cleaver with unconscious skill.

As the noise of the retreating flunkies died away in the distance the cook reached for the flask again.

"You're back from which trenches?" he asked with languid interest.

"The potato trenches," Finnigan answered blithely. "How many bullies do I peel for in this camp?"

The expected happened next pay day. The cook, partly due to the influence of Finnigan's flask and partly to the persuasiveness of Finnigan's flattery, decided he was too good to waste his talent on a bunch of roughneck loggers, and Finnigan got dinner that day without assistance. Because of the improved quality and quantity of the grub Saarenpaa drifted into the kitchen later that afternoon to learn what had happened. Finnigan explained, and casually asked for an assistant. The Finn had another notion.



With a Speed Astonishing for One So Large, Saarenpaa Dodged Under the Hurtling Blade

"It's a Shame That Such Pretty Little Hands Should Have to Do Such Work"

"You're doing fine—for a flunky," he said. "Keep going for a couple of days and I'll have a cook down here from the city. This time it will be a woman. I'm getting tired of rustling a new hooch hitter every pay day."

Finnigan began to take off his apron. It was insult enough to be told he was doing fine—for a flunky. But the thought of flunkying for a woman was more than even Finnigan could endure.

"How do you Finns get that way?" he inquired with infinite disgust.

Saarenpaa knew but one way to meet open rebellion. At that he felt rather sorry for the poor little runt, so he simply slapped instead of delivering the wallop the case demanded. That is, he slapped the place Finnigan had been standing. Finnigan, his little eyes blazing wrathfully, grabbed a cleaver from the meat block and hurled it viciously at the Finn's head. With a speed astonishing for one so large Saarenpaa dodged under the hurtling blade.

"Well, you little devil!" he said with honest admiration as he straightened up. "So you would fight, would you?"

Finnigan, arming himself with a carving knife, took a strategic stand on the far side of the meat block.

"Did you ever see a Finnigan who wouldn't fight?" he demanded belligerently.

Saarenpaa thought this over a moment.

"I know about the Finns," he decided finally without jesting, "but I never heard about the Finnigans before." He paused and glanced at the clock on the shelf above the stove. "Is it that late?" he said. "I'd better be getting back to the mill. You cook for the boys until the woman comes. And mind, when she comes you got to help her all you can." Having thus settled the matter to his entire satisfaction he left the kitchen.

Finnigan shook his head hopelessly. What could you do with a guy like that, anyhow? He recalled how a college boy in a camp where he had worked one summer had characterized the big Finn. "Mentally he's geared to just two speeds," the college boy had said: "Slow and slower forward, and no reverse."

The college boy certainly had been right. Finnigan began to grin again. He decided he would stick around for a few days and see if he couldn't find a way to throw a monkey wrench into the big fellow's mental gears.

Two days later Saarenpaa, carrying the lady's trunk under one arm as if it were a box of flowers, escorted the new cook to the kitchen. For once Finnigan's blithe and optimistic heart failed him. Inch for inch the lady stood as tall as Saarenpaa; pound for pound she weighed as much. These trifles Finnigan could have forgiven her. But she was blond and blue-eyed and unmistakably a Finn.

Saarenpaa took out his time book and asked her name.

"Helga Ehlo," she answered.

The big boss made some comment in their own language, and there followed a machine-gun burst of strange-sounding vowels and consonants. When this subsided Saarenpaa introduced Finnigan with a jerk of his thumb.

"He'll show you around," he said. "And if he gets fresh bust him right on the nose." Then he emitted a huge chuckle, recalling the incident of the cleaver. "And you," he continued, addressing Finnigan, "move over to the bunk house and let this lady have your room." There was a room adjoining the kitchen Finnigan and the preceding cook had occupied together. "I'll have a bed and springs and mattress sent over for you," Saarenpaa added for the lady's benefit.

The lady nodded, and looked at the clock.

"It's time to start supper," she said. "How many do I cook for?"

Saarenpaa didn't bother to answer. With his thumb he indicated Finnigan as a sufficient source of information, then left the room. Whereupon the lady removed her hat and coat, and from one of her suitcases took a capacious, well-starched bungalow apron. In a manner merely matter-of-fact she began to unfasten her skirt. Finnigan gazed at her for one horrified moment before he started to bolt.

"Here, you!" she yelled. "Don't you see the clock? Get busy with them spuds."

Finnigan returned to the sink and with nervous haste began paring potatoes. But he was eminently human—and weak. After a moment's suspense he peeked furtively over his shoulder. Relief mingled with regret when he found she had stopped with the skirt and waist, and was putting on the apron.

A few moments later Saarenpaa reappeared. Under one arm he lugged a bed and springs. Under the other he carried a mattress. When these were disposed of he stood for a moment in the kitchen door, appraising the lady's proportions with appreciative eyes.

"Miss Ehlo," he said, not flippantly but with honest approval, "you're some woman. How tall are you?"

"I'm six feet five," she told him coldly. "And I weigh two hundred and sixty pounds."

"Some woman," Saarenpaa repeated. "The best I've ever seen."

"And I suppose you think you are some man," she commented, resenting his very personal remarks.

"I am," he told her without meaning to boast. "The best in these parts."

He continued to gaze at her with respectful approval. Eugenics was a word not in his vocabulary, but he was thinking that when he married her their babies would be some babies. With the telepathic instinct possessed by so many women of her race her mind registered his thought. Her big round eyes flashed indignantly.

"You get t'hell out of here," she ordered.

Saarenpaa didn't understand why she felt like that, but he wasn't in the habit of arguing. Besides, he didn't want to get her sore at him right at the start.

"You are the boss in the kitchen," he told her. "I'm on my way."

For a time after he had gone she stood staring at the closed door.

"In about three weeks he'll be asking me to marry him," she said finally, speaking more to herself than to Finnigan. "The first one I married was like him, and the next one was something like him, and I won't marry another Finn if I never get another man."

Unexpectedly she sank into a chair and, putting her arms on a table, hid her face and began to weep. Finnigan edged over and by way of experiment began patting her ponderous, quivering shoulder.

"There, little girl, don't cry," he coaxed, not knowing he was quoting poetry. "If that big stiff begins bothering you I'll slap him over and put the boots to him. And he knows I'm the lad that can do it." The mirth wrinkles around Finnigan's eyes deepened as he talked, and he winked at the old clock on its shelf above the stove. "Do you see the crack in the door over there?" he continued. "That's where I tried to split him open with a cleaver when I had a run-in with him the other day. I missed his head"—this with infinite regret—"but the door shows where the cleaver landed."

"What did he do to you then?" The lady was human enough to want to hear the end of the story.

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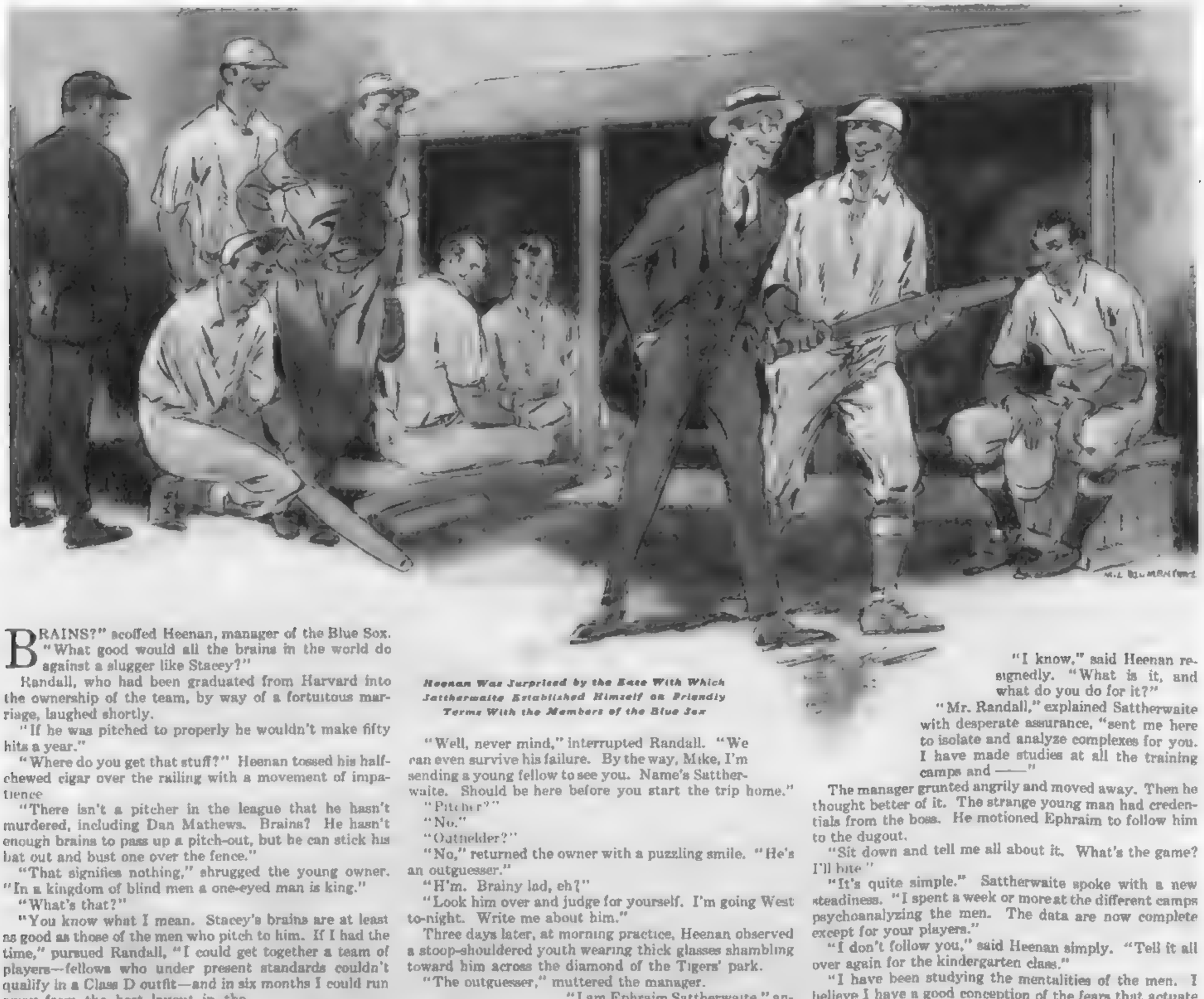
Saarenpaa, Carrying the Lady's Trunk Under One Arm as if it Were a Box of Flowers, Escorted the New Cook to the Kitchen

THE OUTGUESSER

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



Heenan Was Surprised by the Ease With Which Sattherwaite Established Himself on Friendly Terms With the Members of the Blue Sox

BRAINS?" scoffed Heenan, manager of the Blue Sox. "What good would all the brains in the world do against a slugger like Stacey?"

Randall, who had been graduated from Harvard into the ownership of the team, by way of a fortuitous marriage, laughed shortly.

"If he was pitched to properly he wouldn't make fifty hits a year."

"Where do you get that stuff?" Heenan tossed his half-chewed cigar over the railing with a movement of impatience

"There isn't a pitcher in the league that he hasn't murdered, including Dan Mathews. Brains? He hasn't enough brains to pass up a pitch-out, but he can stick his bat out and bust one over the fence."

"That signifies nothing," shrugged the young owner. "In a kingdom of blind men a one-eyed man is king."

"What's that?"

"You know what I mean. Stacey's brains are at least as good as those of the men who pitch to him. If I had the time," pursued Randall, "I could get together a team of players—fellows who under present standards couldn't qualify in a Class D outfit—and in six months I could run away from the best layout in the country."

"Think so?"

"I know so."

"What would you suggest," asked Heenan satirically; "that I release the whole bunch and hire a lot of rah-rah boys who are at the head of the class?"

"You might do worse. Talking about Mathews—what's the matter with him? Is he going to fliv on you this year? That game of his yesterday was awful. He didn't have a thing on the ball except the cover, and they nearly ripped that off for him.

"We'll be in mighty bad shape this year if he blows. I've been figuring him for about thirty-five games this season."

"He's got me worried too," admitted Heenan. "He looked punk down South, but I thought he'd come to. Walks around in a kind of dope. Never saw such a change in a guy. You'd never suspect he was the same fellow that ran a 35-6 gait last year. Says his arm's all right, but ——"

The Pitcher, Dazed With Surprise, Did Not Move at First

"Well, never mind," interrupted Randall. "We can even survive his failure. By the way, Mike, I'm sending a young fellow to see you. Name's Sattherwaite. Should be here before you start the trip home."

"Pitcher?"

"No."

"Outfielder?"

"No," returned the owner with a puzzling smile. "He's an outguesser."

"H'm. Brainy lad, eh?"

"Look him over and judge for yourself. I'm going West to-night. Write me about him."

Three days later, at morning practice, Heenan observed a stoop-shouldered youth wearing thick glasses shambling toward him across the diamond of the Tigers' park.

"The outguesser," muttered the manager.

"I am Ephraim Sattherwaite," announced the newcomer in faint, hesitating tones. "You are Mr. Heenan? I have a ——"

"Let's see it," snapped Heenan, snatching an envelope from the shaking hand.

The letter read:

This will introduce the young man, Sattherwaite, about whom I spoke to you recently. He hasn't a thing in the world for you except a pennant. He's signed for the season. Watch his complexes.

"Pitcher?" asked the manager.

"I? No."

"What do you do?"

"I'm a psychoanalyst."

"I don't care what your religion is," rasped Heenan. "Where do you play?"

Sattherwaite coughed nervously.

"I'm afraid there is some misunderstanding. While I know something of baseball, I do not —— Hasn't Mr. Randall "

"No, he hasn't. I thought he was sending me a player. What does he want me to do with you?"

"I'm a psychoanalyst ——"

"I know," said Heenan resignedly. "What is it, and what do you do for it?"

"Mr. Randall," explained Sattherwaite with desperate assurance, "sent me here to isolate and analyze complexes for you. I have made studies at all the training camps and ——"

The manager grunted angrily and moved away. Then he thought better of it. The strange young man had credentials from the boss. He motioned Ephraim to follow him to the dugout.

"Sit down and tell me all about it. What's the game? I'll bite."

"It's quite simple." Sattherwaite spoke with a new steadiness. "I spent a week or more at the different camps psychoanalyzing the men. The data are now complete except for your players."

"I don't follow you," said Heenan simply. "Tell it all over again for the kindergarten class."

"I have been studying the mentalities of the men. I believe I have a good conception of the fears that actuate them, the impulses that motivate them—in short, a fair idea of what each of them will do under certain circumstances. Their subconscious reflexes, their ——"

"I believe," interrupted the manager, "that I am beginning to make you. As I get it you've been corralling a herd of goat-getters. Eh?"

"I don't ——"

"What I mean is you have been giving the boys the once-over and getting a line on them. F'r instance, Jones—you know Buck Jones, of the Vamps—hates to be reminded that he was in the workhouse once for wife-beating. Spring it on him and he'll get mad and swing wild. Is that the idea?"

Ephraim smiled tolerantly.

"Hardly as crude as that, but you are skirting the edge of the psychic garment."

Heenan threw up his hands in surrender.

"Perhaps," went on Sattherwaite, "I could make myself clearer to you through practical demonstrations."

The manager's air of relief was impressive.

"You said a mouthful there, boy. How are you going to do it?"

"All I ask is that you permit me to mingle with the players without telling them my mission."

Heenan laughed.

"That's good. What is it? All right. What do you want me to tell them?"

"You might say that I am a writer getting up a series of intimate sketches. That will make for freedom of expression.

I found the plan very successful at the training camps. In order that my work may be of value I must mix with the men on terms of friendship, even camaraderie."

"You don't look like much of a mixer," bluntly suggested the manager.

"However," smiled Sattherwaite, "you will find that I assimilate rather well."

"Go as far as you like," sighed Heenan. "You can't do 'em any harm, that's a cinch, and you might even find out what's the matter with Mathews' and some of the other lads' complexions. I mean—what are those things you are chasing around?"

"Complexes," said Ephraim.

II

HEENAN was surprised by the ease with which Sattherwaite established himself on friendly terms with the members of the Blue Sox. His diffidence and nervousness had utterly vanished. The student was in his laboratory, lost to the embarrassment of externals. In place of his hesitating shyness had come a facile familiarity and a hello-boy intimacy, the acids and test tubes of his craft.

One or more of the players were always with him. His company was sought. The team being on the road for its first swing around the circuit, hotels and Pullmans caged the players and made the scientist's mixing a simple matter. Before two weeks had passed Ephraim's likableness was such that it invited confidences.

The night after a miserable game against the Bruins, Sattherwaite found Mathews staring moodily at the tiles in a deserted corner of the hotel lobby. Despite a sullen preference for his own company that Ephraim had noted in the southpaw, he had had several friendly talks with the pitcher.

"What's the matter, old fellow?" greeted the psychoanalyst. "Why the blues? You know how it is. It gets bad and bad, and then suddenly it gets worse."

Mathews looked up with a sickly, absent smile. Sattherwaite drew up a seat.

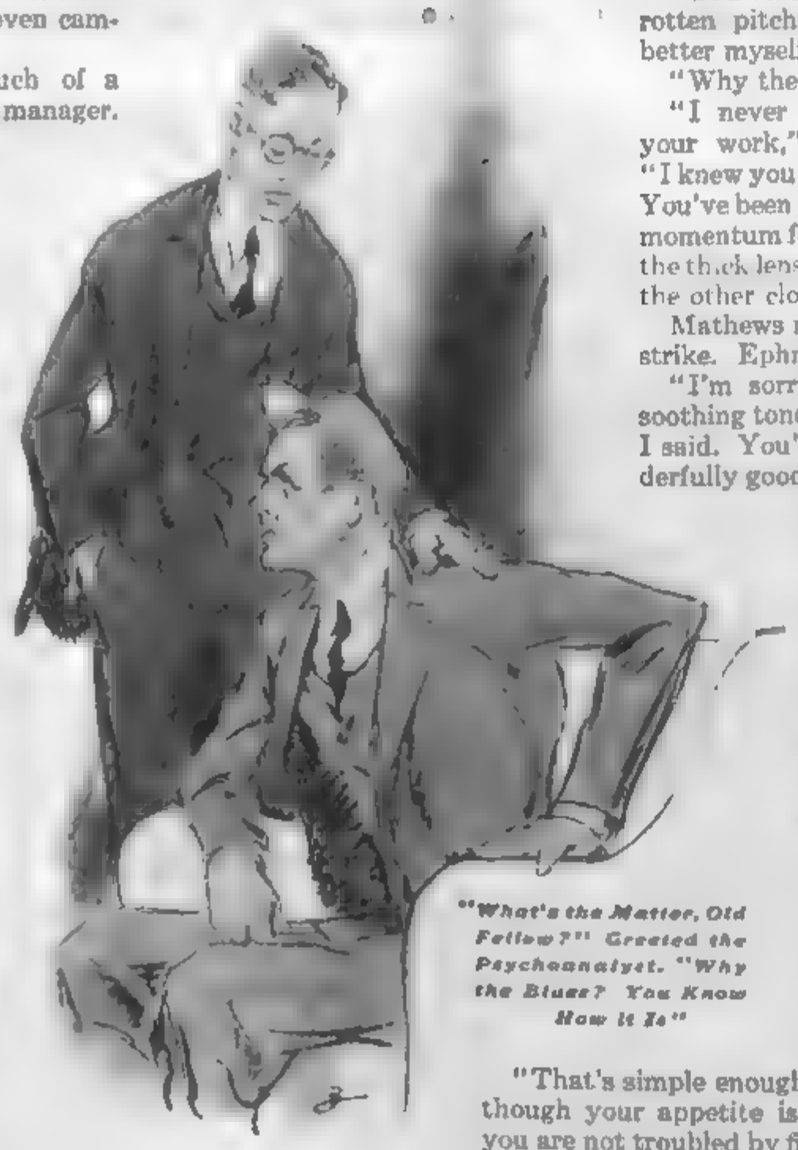
"Is it money, Dan? I have a few hundred that I could let you have."

"No, it isn't money." The pitcher relapsed into surly silence.

Obviously this was getting nowhere. Ephraim tried another tack. He got to his feet

"The old arm's gone for good, isn't it?" he suggested brutally.

Mathews half rose with a snarl.



"What's the Matter, Old Fellow?" Greeted the Psychoanalyst. "Why the Blues? You Know How It Is"

"What the ——"

Ephraim smiled. This was better.

"You've been doing some mighty rotten pitching lately. I could do better myself."

"Why the devil don't you?"

"I never have thought much of your work," resumed Sattherwaite. "I knew you would blow up in a pinch. You've been getting by largely on your momentum for a long time." Through the thick lenses the sharp eyes watched the other closely.

Mathews made a movement as if to strike. Ephraim backed out of reach.

"I'm sorry," he said in his most soothing tones. "I didn't mean what I said. You're a good pitcher, a wonderfully good pitcher, and I can't understand why you have fallen down so."

The anger in the southpaw's eyes died and he slumped back into the chair. The psychoanalyst knew the value of getting in on the rebound. The soil was all prepared for the planting.

"Now, Dan"—he placed an arm around the pitcher's sagged shoulders—"it's a girl, isn't it?"

"How do you know. What makes you think so?"

"That's simple enough. You're in good health, though your appetite is not what it should be; you are not troubled by finances. What else could be the matter with a handsome young man?"

"Yes," said Mathews slowly, "it's a girl, right enough. You're a smart fellow, Eph. Maybe you can help me. She's got me up in the air the worst way. One minute she seems crazy about me; the next time I call she acts as if she's getting ready to fire the servant girl for letting me in the house." He shook his head. "I don't know what to make of it."

"Merely the mental instability of young love, I should say."

"I don't know what it is, but she's got me jumping sideways. Sometimes I think I'd be better off if she'd just come right out and give me the air. It's this damn uncertainty that gets my goat. She's one swell kid, though. Here, take a look."

The snapshot he passed to Sattherwaite apparently had been taken on an outing of some sort. Ephraim's gaze fixed on laughing eyes and remained there.

"Some looker, eh?" broke in a voice some moments later that rasped into the occupied thought of the psychoanalyst.

"Eh? What?"

"Beauty, isn't she? Through with it?" Sattherwaite's hand with the picture had dropped absently to his side.

"Oh, yes; certainly. Very charming girl. Her eyes are blue, aren't they? I thought so. The face looked familiar for a time."

Ephraim returned to his test tubes. His job was to evolve a pennant for Randall, and straightening out Mathews was an important feature of the job.

"Listen, Dan," he said. "You can't go on like this. When we get back home you must force an issue: Yes or no. Don't you realize that you are ruining a wonderful career in baseball by useless worrying? How much do you think you are enhancing your chances with the young lady by being batted out of the box two or three times a week? No love is strong enough to condone failure for long. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, but ——"

"There are no buts. I believe I can help you, Dan. Right now I can't tell you how, but I think I can work out a plan that will solve your problem if you are willing to trust me in a delicate matter of this sort. Are you?"

"Yes, I am."

Mathews stretched out a hand.

"You were able to find out what was in my mind; maybe you can find out what's in here. Is that your idea?"

"Something like that. Pitch good ball and leave the rest to me. I can already hear the wedding bells."

A half hour later Heenan overheard Eph and a rookie talking.

"That was a tragic experience," said Sattherwaite. "Do you dream of it? No? How about your waking hours? Does the subject obtrude, rather—that is to say, do your thoughts suddenly turn to it while you are thinking of something else?"

"Bunk!" muttered Heenan as he turned away without waiting to hear the answer. "What have dreams to do with that guy's glass arm?"

Strolling over to the cigar counter he encountered Roberts, the center fielder, nursing a grouch of sorts.

"Who is this bird Sattherwaite?"

"Him?" said Heenan. "He's a writer."

"I never heard of no writer by that name," growled the other, "and I know all the newspaper men on the circuit."

"What's eatin' you?" demanded the manager.

"Well, I don't think he's straight."

"No?"

"No, I don't. We played a little draw last night, and this guy takes a hand. He knows all the cards by their first names."

"Trimmed you, eh?"

"I'll say he did. Had us all down to the cloth in a couple of hours."

"What makes you think he's crooked? See anything?"

"No," was the hesitating response; "but when a fellow wins every pot he gets into, and drops every hand that is topped, without a call, there's something wrong."

"Not necessarily. He's an outguesser."

"A what?"

"Never mind."

(Continued on Page 127)

While Mathews Sat Silent and Nervous Esther Chatted Brightly With His Friend

The Barons of the Nimble Pack

By EDGAR WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM HENRY STARRETT

I Heard the Shot and Saw Jerry Double Up and Fall Over on His Face

IN THE old days—this is the steward talking—there were seven gangs working the North Atlantic. They favored the Red Funnels and the Blue Star mainly, but now and then they worked across in an American boat. But the Red Funnels and the Blue Star were the principal beats of the Barons of the Nimble Pack—that is what the old captain of the Mauronic used to call them. Of course there were, and still are, odd men who work between New York and Genoa, and there have been parties on the Canadian packets. But there is not much picking in dago ships, and Canada is dangerous. Why, an ordinary magistrate in Canada can send a man down for ten years and give him the whip! That makes the Canadian trip so unpopular.

When I first went to sea there were about five bunches: Harry Burke's gang, Dutch Frank's, Sandy Havers', Boy Swindon's and Jerry Macbean's—that's five, isn't it? And all the time there was Boston Smith. He was a gang by himself, and never had a partner. He laid for the rich and the silly; business men who thought they knew it all. You've met the kind. Know everything about their own business, but are not quite sure whether Tunis is the name of a German town or whether it is a new kind of chewing gum.

Boston worked into tables of five that needed another player to liven up the game.

"Six is a nice number for a poker game. Won't you play, Mr. Smith?"

"Why, surely; I was going to bed, but I don't mind playing for an hour."

Nobody ever caught him out. Once, when there was a little disagreement about his holding four aces against four pat kings, he insisted upon being searched and examined generally. They did it too; and apologized.

"Very well, gentlemen," says he, "now if you don't mind we will resume. I bear no malice, and I can imagine nothing more exasperating and liable to tear one's judgment to tatters than to be beaten on four kings. Steward, some new cards."

And the very first hand he dealt he gave fours to every player at the table, and a low straight flush to himself. It cost that crowd some money, and he certainly livened up the game. He may have been working with the barman—your hair would go up if I told you the number of ocean-going barmen who stand in with card sharpers. But if he was, the barman was certainly an artist.

The other crowds tried to get Boston into their game, but he allowed that they were too dishonest. It's a fact. Told them plain and straight one morning in the smoke room of the Mauronic.

It was Jerry Macbean's lot he was talking to—the toughest collection of wolves that ever traveled saloon. They would take a man's last cent, and then go back to his cabin and get the gold filling from his teeth. You never saw them playing in the smoke room. They always got their sucker down in some quiet place—in a cabin as likely as not.

Jerry looked ugly, but he said nothing. Boston Smith stood seventy-two inches in his stockings and was a pretty bad man when he was roused. I never saw him that way, but I've heard.

Two voyages after this row we shipped Boston Smith and the Macbean crowd in New York. We had a big passenger list, for it was early summer, and there were a lot of tony people on board. Colonel Vanbyn and Mrs. Cornebilt, and a regular regiment of moneyed folk. I was bedroom steward of 228 to 232 on C Deck, and it so happened that Boston Smith was, so to speak, in my charge.

I suppose you wonder why we didn't warn the passengers that there were card sharpers on board? Well, we did. We kept a notice posted permanently in the smoking room: "Passengers are cautioned," and so forth. You've seen it. A steward doesn't tell anything till the right—what's the word?—that's it—psychological moment; and somehow that never seems to come.

Boston was always very decent to stewards. He tipped well and he gave very little trouble, except that he was particular as to the way his clothes were brushed. I can say that I have handled every suit he wore, and I've never found a card or a false pocket or any of those contraptions that card men are supposed to have concealed about them. He was a gentleman to deal with, always polite and never asking questions or getting into familiar conversations. I must say that I like a gentleman to be a gentleman, and keep his place. It's there for him to keep, the same as it is for a servant.

The first three days of the voyage Boston Smith did nothing but loaf in his chair up on the boat deck and read novels that he'd borrowed from the ship's library. He used to read books by a writer called Meredith and by another called James. I could never make head or tail of them. I think that books which can't be understood by everybody are badly written. But that is neither here nor there.

On the fourth day I saw him go up the companionway in company with a fellow named Carter Moriaty. His father was Moriaty the New York banker—or it may have been Philadelphia. Anyway, he was dead. Carter M. they used to call him, a fat fellow of thirty who'd never done a day's work in his life, but knew it all.

"Carter M.," says I to myself, "your doom is sealed."

I had a chat with his steward next day, and the steward said that Carter had told his valet that he'd lost twenty thousand dollars.

"He's lucky," says I.

But he wasn't lucky. He lost over thirty thousand the next night. I didn't trouble to inquire after that—and I hadn't time, either, for that day Mrs. Frederick Colcott, who traveled in the royal suite, lost her diamond spray. It was a steal, there was no doubt about it. The jewel case had been broken open in the night, by somebody who had managed to get into the cabin, and the spray was gone.

It was my luck that the theft occurred in my section of C Deck. I was her steward, and I was on duty late that night, long after she went to bed -sick. There was a bit of a cross sea running and the Mauronic would roll if there was a ripple on the water.

So it was me for the captain. Where was I at twelve? What was I doing at eleven? Did I see any strangers on C Deck? You know the sort of questions they ask you. There was never a second officer that ever went to sea that didn't believe he ought to have been a lawyer, and the second did all the cross-examination.

Well, the ship was searched from end to end. There were two firemen who had a bad record, and they were put under arrest because the master at arms found a lady's shawl and a pair of field glasses that they had smouched when they were cleaning decks. Stuff left behind by passengers, and overlooked by the deck steward. But there was no diamond spray. We didn't touch Cherbourg in those days, but went straight into the Mersey. At that time Southampton wasn't a port for us. Only the South African and the River Plate boats went there. As soon as we got into the Mersey the police came aboard and the first thing they did was to come down to Boston's cabin. I can see him now, sitting on a settee, a good-looking fellow with brown, clean-shaven face, and I can recall the look of astonishment he showed when the bulls came in.

"Why, gentlemen!" he said as he took the cigar out of his mouth and stood up. He was all ready for shore and there was a glove on one hand. "This is a surprise. What can I do for you?"

"We want to search your baggage," said the first detective.

"Go right ahead," said Boston, and sat down again, watching them with a sort of amused look in his eye as he pulled at his cigar.

They took his trunk first, and right on the top of the tray, under some handkerchiefs, was the diamond spray. Boston Smith just stared.

"Gee-whiz!" he said. "Now how did that get there?"

One of the splits laughed.

"You'll be able to explain," he said, and looked at his pal.

"I certainly should like to," said Boston, and threw away his cigar. "You'll want me to go a little walk, I guess," he said. "This thing has been planted, and the man who planted it was the man who sent you straight to this cabin."

The detective said nothing, but jerked his head, and Boston followed. I don't know what would have happened if they had waited until the passengers were ashore before they landed him. They usually do this when they are taking a prisoner off. But these police people seemed to be anxious to get him away from the ship, and they hustled him down the gangway. I saw it all, because I followed them on deck to find out what was to be done with Boston's luggage. It was an open gangway and I saw Boston walking in front of the detective—the other having stayed behind; I suppose, to see the captain and the woman who had lost the spray.

On the landing stage at the foot of the gangway was Jerry Macbean. It was the first time I'd seen him since he came on board. I heard from his steward he'd had a lean voyage.

Boston didn't turn his head, but was walking on.

"How's the trade in diamond sprays?" shouts Jerry.

I didn't see Boston turn. I heard the shot and saw Jerry double up and fall over on his face, and then I heard Boston say "Fine!"

That's all he said, and then the women began squealing, and all kinds of policemen leaped at Boston. But he didn't make any struggle; he dropped his gun after he'd fired and there was no need to act rough with him. Not that they did—much.

It was two voyages after that they sentenced Boston Smith for unlawful wounding. Jerry was still walking about on crutches—and lucky to be alive. Ten years' penal servitude was the sentence. I went down to the assize court and saw the close of the trial, it being the day before we sailed.

Boston just bowed to the judge and stepped down. He might have had a life sentence, only his lawyer got at Jerry's character and gave him a shocking time in the box. Still, ten years takes a lot of passing.

I often used to think of Boston, and I've talked about him a whole lot to other crowds. He was a gentleman. One of the first things he did when he got control of his money was to send aboard to me a five-pound note, my tip.

What a contrast to some so-called respectable people!

After that, and for about seven years, Jerry Macbean's lot only traveled with me three voyages. They were working the boats all right, but I just happened to miss them. One of the times they were with me was on the Caloric, the company's new boat, when she was torpedoed. That was during the war. The third time was last year, on the Sindic. Jerry walked with a limp and he'd got a new lot of partners. He usually traveled four people. One of these never played cards at all. He used to sit on deck and make acquaintances with people, tell them how dangerous it was to play cards with sharpers, and then he'd introduce them to the gang.

Willie Hoffner only traveled three. He was a little thin-faced man, who got the confidence of his victims by describing his bad state of health and the arrangements he'd made to be cremated.

Both Willie and Jerry were on board the Sindic when she warped out of Southampton Dock. I heard that this couldn't be avoided, and that Willie's gang had arranged to pool with Jerry any makings that came his way

It looked like being a pretty lively voyage. Every berth was taken, we had a lot of good people on board, though it didn't seem that I was going to get much out of it. That's the luck of my job. Some voyages you may have a couple of millionaires to look after, the next voyage you may strike half a dozen missionaries coming home from China, who think they've done you well when they show you their curios and the scars on their heads that the Chinese did before they were converted.

One of my passengers rather reminded me of a missionary. He was a tallish man with black hair and a black spider-web beard. You may have seen the kind I mean; you can trace every hair from end to skin. He wore a single eyeglass with a black tortoise-shell rim—the only American I'd ever seen wearing one, and he told me that he had been living in Switzerland during the war. He had made a lot of money—that news cheered me up—and was going to settle down in Cleveland, where he belonged. You know how these conversations start: A sort of "Good morning—here's your coffee, sir—it's a fine morning," and then you get on to what happened on the last voyage and the people who were aboard.

Anyway, that's what he told me. He didn't speak much. He used to play chess against himself, sometimes in his cabin, sometimes on deck. I mentioned once about Boston Smith. He happened to ask me what was the usual tip nowadays, and I thought it was a good opportunity to get in a little propaganda work.

"Boston Smith?" says he very thoughtful. "I know that name. What sort of a person was he in appearance?"

"Taller than you, sir, with a sort of golden-brownish hair."

"Clean-shaven?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Then I have met him," said he, "in Switzerland. How curious that he should be a card sharper!"

I didn't see how he could have met Boston, considering that Boston had only served about seven out of his ten years, and I said so

"You forget, steward," he said, "that it is the practice in England to remit a certain period—three months in every year, I think—for good conduct. Strangely enough," said he, "I have just been reading a book on the subject. Tell me some more about this man; I am interested."

Well, I told him all that I knew, which wasn't much. I suppose I ought to have mentioned that Jerry Macbean and Willie Hoffner were on board, and would be round him like bees round treacle if they got to know that he was traveling in bulk. However, I didn't. But like a fool I told the stewardess in my section all about his having a lot of money. And of course she told the deck steward, and I know for certain that he is a nose for every gang that travels.

The next two cabins to Mr. Danton—that was my rich passenger's name, though we used to call him Whiskers between ourselves—were occupied by a brother and a sister. They had a fine name, Tester-Stanhope, but they hadn't much more. I gathered that they were going out to a fruit farm which an uncle had bought for them, their parents having just died. And the uncle had given the boy and the girl a thousand pounds to start there, and paid their passage out. That was why they were traveling in good-class cabins. The stewardess told me a bit, and the boy told me a bit more. He was one of these cocksure lads that get my goat. He always knew the position of the ship, and he could tell you what time we'd go alongside, and he knew where the icebergs would be seen, and where we should strike fog, and heaven knows what. It was no good telling him anything. It was like writing information on the fly leaf of the encyclopedia.

"It's a nice morning, sir, but I think we'll have rain."

"Rain with the wind due east—rubbish!" says he.

What was the good of telling him it was sou'west.

Or else you'd say, by way of making conversation: "There'll be a dance to-night in the saloon."

"I know," he'd say; "the purser told me yesterday."

His sister was as different as you can imagine. A shy girl, very grateful for anything you did for her, and always anxious to hear anything interesting. I'm not cracking up myself, but there are few people who know more about the North Atlantic than myself bearing in mind that I am only a steward and not a ship's officer.

And she was as pretty as a picture. Soft and sweet, with a timid, helpless way that made you want to be running round after her all the time. For some reason these two and Mr. Danton chummed up together. They used to sit together on deck. I don't know why young Stanhope and Danton hit it off so well, unless it was that Danton was a good listener. On the Sindic, C Deck is level with the promenade deck, so that I saw a whole lot of what was happening. For the first three or four days they hung together, Danton teaching the girl—whose name was Eileen—the game of chess, and young Ralph Tester-Stanhope giving him advice. And then the kid wandered off and these two used to be alone. Personally, if I was a young girl I shouldn't have taken a lot of interest in a middle-aged man with black whiskers, but I could see that she had begun to lean on him. Not actually; she wasn't that kind of leaner. I fancy she was scared stiff at the prospect of being dependent on young Ralph, and just had to lean on somebody. I heard her and her brother one morning, talking in her cabin.

"But, Ralph," she was saying, "we won't be able to afford a motor car for years."

"You can buy 'em cheap in America," says he, "and I expect to make at least a thousand the first year. I've taken a horticultural course, Eileen—don't forget that Anyhow, we can afford to have a real good time in New York for a week or two."

"But, Ralph," I could hear her gasp, "uncle said we must go straight through to British Columbia. It is terribly expensive living in New York. Mr. Danton told me so. And we shall want every penny."

"Oh, rats!" says Ralph. I'd have gladly paid a pound for the privilege of giving him a clip across his ear. "Uncle is old-fashioned!"

He came out just about then, and I couldn't go into her cabin because she was crying.

That same day Jerry Macbean sent along his Shepherd He was the tout who never played cards, but gathered in the golden baa lambs. He was a man named Michell, a very quiet middle-aged man who wore glasses and was supposed to be a tobacco broker from Kentucky or somewhere South.

(Continued on Page 122)

I Never Saw Any Man Look as Jerry Looked. If the Ship Had Suddenly Straddled an Iceberg He Couldn't Have Been More Dazed

WALL STREET TIPSTERS

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

WHEN the world has Russia and Germany on its mind as well as crime waves, coal strikes and baseball, the subject of stock-market tips and tipsters may seem at first glance to be rather tame. But stock-market speculation is almost as much of a national sport at irregular but frequent intervals as baseball regularly becomes with each passing spring. And though tips and tipping do not constitute by any means all there is to Wall Street and the stock market, they symbolize and symptomize, as it were, the whole great drama of the market, whether viewed from the coldly economic or the more colorful human aspect.

Whenever the stock hysteria breaks out to a greater or less degree, as it always does and has for two hundred years, there is the same old impulsive action upon the part of the multitude, the same wild, eager thirst for tips, for inside information, for advice and leading. It may be described as gambling or contemptuously dismissed as a disease. It may be merely the fatal quest of humanity for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. But always and in but slightly varying disguise it takes the form of a search for tips on the winners.

A tip in itself is nothing but information or misinformation concerning a given stock. But back of it lies the whole elaborate and intricate machinery of Wall Street. It is a word that conjures up not only lambs, bulls and bears, but wolves as well. A tip is but a word or two, but behind it may be the romance of a continent's development, the wonder-working mentality of a constructive industrial genius or the most highly organized and finished chicanery and deception that unlimited resources and trained astuteness can command.

A small thing in itself, a tip may represent the frenzied state of mind of multitudes or the operation of silent, powerful pools and syndicates, of bankers and resourceful capitalists. It is a mongrel in origin, springing from the irrefutable argument of facts or the far from disinterested machinations of more or less professional market riggers and manipulators of every degree, ranging from haggard men with frayed trousers and dirty collars up to mysterious personalities who dominate or influence whole industries, great banks at the heart of the money power, and political parties.

The Thirst for Inside Information

NOW, there could be no greater mistake than to dismiss the subject of tips and tipsters as being either a cheap or a narrow one. Twenty years ago or even ten years ago the tipster was thought of as merely a lowdown pest who infested Wall Street. He was a man who sent out for a few dollars a month, to gullible subscribers of low mentality or perhaps of the incorrigible gambling type, a hodgepodge of hectic guesses on the immediate future movement of stocks, atrociously printed or mimeographed, with many exclamation points, on a smeary sheet of very bad paper. This would be a fair sample of the contents:

"On every dip buy Steel at once for a five-point rise. I picked ten winners yesterday. Is this the service you need?"

The same or even more feverish and flamboyant advice was advertised in the Sunday editions of a few complaisant newspapers. The whole performance was so crude, exaggerated and fantastic that looking back upon the days when there were literally a hundred or more of these tipsters in New York City alone, it seems impossible that enough suckers were born every minute to support such a parasite industry. But, of course, the tipster guessed right sometimes—especially so since he often advised one-half of his clients to buy and the other half to sell.

Or if he had a little more capital and enterprise than the average, he owned more than one service or bureau, each apparently independent of the other, advising purchases through one and sales through the other.

In a few cases he combined tipping with an illicit brokerage business. As the result of a tremendous blast of advertising in the Sunday papers he would receive a bunch of buying orders Monday morning with which to open up the market, and would later raid it after the fashion of the bucketer.

Or more often he would work in with a market manipulator or pool, placing his clients in a particular stock for value received, not from them but from the pool manager. Indeed, a jury in a New York State court awarded a well-known tipster damages and costs for services rendered to an even better-known manipulator six years previously in efforts to boost a stock. The tipster testified before the jury that at least one thousand persons

relied implicitly upon his advice, and that twenty thousand were casual correspondents.

But for the most part the old style of tipster has gone. There are a few of them left with their market letters, but in the main they disappeared with the great war-bride boom of 1915 and 1916. So many new stocks with supposedly large assets were brought to the public attention at that time and ever since, that the old-style market prophet, who for a few dollars a month would predict an immediate bull movement in Steel or Union Pacific, found his occupation largely gone.

Like many other things, the business of supplying the speculative public with inside information has developed in recent years. It has extended and broadened; it has become vastly more subtle and less crude. To an ever-increasing extent the brokerage houses themselves supply their customer with information and advice—or with tips if one chooses to be cynical about it. Even the cheaper type of gamblers and speculators, the little fellows, the lambs, pay but slight attention nowadays to the smeary, screaming sheets of guttersnipe tipsters. The typical speculator of to-day goes to the brokerage house where he gets what he calls the best information, which in reality means the best tips. As long as this information makes good, as long as he wins, he stays by the house and thinks highly of its advice.

"You ought to get acquainted with Mr. Blank, the head of Blank & Co.," said a friend of mine who floats from office to office. "He has the real dope. Why"—in an awestruck whisper—"he is a director in two corporations. He isn't around the office very much, but I heard him say the other day that the earnings of the X Corporation were very large. I've got two hundred shares of it. That's real service! You ought to go down and try to see him. I think he would see you, and you might get an article out of him."

A few months later when I asked my friend how things were going down in the office of Blank & Co., he turned away from me in disgust and without a word of explanation. I looked up the stock tables and found that his two hundred shares were worth about half their former price.

Another man went to a highly conservative firm of investment dealers from whom he had been purchasing gilt-edged bonds, and asked them to recommend a firm of stock brokers. They asked him with whom he had been dealing, and when he replied they exclaimed in astonishment, "Why, that is one of the strongest and most conservative firms of stock brokers in the city."

"Yes," he said, "but they do not give me any tips."

The bond dealers had nothing more to say, but the customer promptly deserted his old brokers, only to open an account with a firm that failed during the great downfall of bucket shops.

"When you call on me for help I like to be able to give it," said the representative of another house that deals only in bonds, in reply to my question as to whether many of his customers try to get tips. "But in this case I am afraid I cannot be of much assistance. We pay as little attention as possible to the speculative markets. We never run any advertising as so many people do, warning people of the dangers of speculation. In other words, we feel that if our customers want to speculate they have a perfect right to do so. In fact, a good many of them do."

Really Helpful Analyses

"BUT as we look at the matter, speculative money and investment money are two different kinds of money. We would be just about as quick to think of advising a man against speculating as we would think of advising him in regard to any of his expenditures, such as for luxuries.

"If a man wants to speculate, all the good advice in the world is wasted on him. So we leave the subject alone, our general reply being, if questioned, that we do not have anything to do with speculative stocks, confining ourselves entirely to first-mortgage bonds."

Now, it will not do to be too cynical about this development of brokers' service. The last fifteen or twenty years have seen a marvelous increase in the volume of financial literature and statistical effort. Many brokerage and investment houses do put out interesting and helpful studies of individual stocks and market tendencies. Analysts are employed at high salaries to make the most exhaustive and careful studies. In addition the heads of firms are often close to the managers of large corporations and keep well informed on corporate affairs.

In numerous cases the partners or higher employes of certain houses have shown an amazing alertness in ferreting out corporate conditions. Not long ago the representative of a New York brokerage house called upon the

AND THEIR METHODS

president of a manufacturing concern in a neighboring city and actually persuaded the executive to adopt a profitable new process and turn out a new product in conjunction with a big advertising campaign. The broker meanwhile put all his customers into the stock and stirred up what had been a sluggish market into furious activity.

In the same way years ago members of the Chicago Board of Trade employed grain experts to travel through the crop states and send in early information on the condition of corn and wheat. In one case such an expert was paid as high as thirty thousand dollars a year. The heads of these houses, on the basis of the information received, took a position on the market which the customers followed, often to their enrichment. Only the increasing activities of the Department of Agriculture did away with the crop expert.

The increasing ramifications of stock-brokerage firms, with their comfortable customers' rooms, wire service, statistical departments—these have their good and their bad sides.

Honest and reliable information is put out in increasing amount, but that is not the only kind supplied. The customers to a large extent do not care what they buy, whether it is candy or oil or steel; they want to be put into something, to follow somebody, to get a good tip; and as the broker lives on his commissions and like other humans is sometimes tempted to follow the line of least resistance, the results are not always satisfactory.

Among the less reputable class of houses, those that are essentially of the bucket-shop variety, the information furnished is just as crude and fundamentally false in its way as that sent broadcast by the old-fashioned tipster. It does not actually say "I am telling you to buy Steel for a five-point rise." What it does is to give an invariably bullish impression. Only the favorable facts are emphasized. The customer is never advised to sell. He is furnished with an exceedingly well-printed and attractive-looking circular containing what purports to be disinterested studies of a score of well-known securities.

Each study is only a few paragraphs in length, and at the head of each is a caption reading something like this: "Cuba Cane gaining fast," "New York Central expects a good year," "Sinclair making progress," "Miami getting back to production," "Midvale coming back," and so on through at least twenty items.

When Doctors Disagree

BUT speculators have attempted to an increasing extent in recent years to play the market also by means of charts, plots, barometers, cycles, trends, tendencies and similar methods. In other words, instead of seeking tips on individual stocks they have sought to follow the changes in business conditions.

Certainly this is a vast improvement over the uncouth and vulgar tip. But let no one suppose that the secret has been found for beating the market. The most dignified bureau, service or institute dealing in charts, barometers, trends and cycles has not found the philosopher's stone or the pot at the end of the rainbow. If it had, its proprietor would take his own advice just as the old tipster would have taken his own tips, and grow fabulously rich thereby.

Indeed the humor, or perhaps the tragedy, of almost every attempt to sell information on the market to speculators has been the fact that so many of the advisers sooner or later have taken their own advice and lost all they had made in the business of giving advice. Many a tipster or market forecaster, analyst, student or consultant would have grown rich had he not followed his own information. Men have built up a business of this sort running into the hundreds of thousands of dollars a year, only to go broke by trying to play the market themselves.

A speculator who made quite a little profit, but who felt that he did not have enough information to continue his operations, subscribed for four services, costing probably about a hundred dollars a year each. After reading their communications for several months he wrote to an acquaintance for advice:

"From time to time I have requested reports from Jones, Brown and Robinson on various stocks and bonds, and also from Smith, and to say that they are all at variance is putting it mildly. They differ as to the method of handling investment and speculative funds for profit, in their recommendations as to the desirability of purchases in certain classes of stocks, and of purchases of particular stocks within each class. And even as to prognosis based on likely happenings and historical precedent, it reminds one of a horse race.

"Jones is not enthusiastic about steels; Robinson favors the purchase of U. S. Steel. Brown disparages oils; while Jones has pointed out that in this depression oils, tobaccos and chain stores like Woolworth have done very well.

Brown wants to buy the nondividend-paying rails and industrials; Robinson favors the dividend payers at present. What to do? What to do? And Brown disparages margin purchases, even if the subscriber could dig up enough to pay in full should the bottom drop out. Jones thinks fairly well of the Philadelphia Company. Brown dislikes its oil holdings. None of the three like the Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation, because it saws wood and says nothing.

"Would you subscribe for either of these four services and drop Jones, Brown and Robinson, or would you follow Brown and Robinson to the letter, or would you continue to read Smith, and subscribe for the other three continuously as I have been doing and use individual judgment in margin purchases? If it were a question of bonds alone I would let Jones put me into his superservice. But this is a question of what stocks to buy and when to buy and when to sell them, all things considered—nondividend payers versus dividend payers, long pull versus the purchase of selected securities from time to time whether they are paying dividends or not, and when to get out from under, provided one knows whether the decline is a major or a minor one."

Now a moment's reflection, provided the one who does it has any common sense, will show that the stock market is not to be played successfully by any system or chart or mechanical feature. The stock market is the collective mind, and its fluctuations are dictated by the combined judgment of the country. An individual who attempts to harness it to a formula is precisely like a cork bobbing on the ocean. Indeed, the market is an ocean that no man

can control. Or to change the figure of speech, it is a barometer of the country's activities, and to find an instrument that will foretell the movements of a barometer is impossible.

It is all very well to study fundamental conditions and cycles and tendencies, but there is no exact repetition of business movements. There are many theories and hypotheses concerning the business cycle and its periodicity. But the fact remains that the depression of 1893 was very long and those of 1907 and 1914 very short. The secret of the business cycle is still to be discovered.

It is true, of course, that a very few persons do succeed in stock speculation. They are not only the exceedingly rare exceptions, but what is more important they have passed up through the science of speculation, if there is any, to the position of masters of the art. In other words, the qualities that make them successful are individualistic in the highest degree and in no sense mechanical.

Newspaper Counsel

NOW, it is a deeply significant fact that though nearly all speculators try to get tips or information from brokers and other acquaintances on the prospective movement of stocks, and though many thousands of them subscribe for all manner of services which in more or less disguised form indicate what market position to take, it is exceedingly rare for an individual speculator to subscribe for a service which gives mere statistical facts, and only facts, regarding individual stocks. Yet one cannot go into the office of any important banking, insurance, large investing or financial institution without finding the data furnished by such services in continuous use.

The speculator would do well to ponder the advice given by the reputable metropolitan newspapers to persons who seek information concerning stocks and bonds. The owners of these papers are always themselves great capitalists and usually in touch with the inner circles of finance. The financial editors and reporters have many varied sources of information and are familiar with the quickest methods of searching out facts. Yet these papers usually exercise the greatest care in confining their advice to strictly investment matters and frankly stating that they have no knowledge of market movements and can give no information on the subject. As the financial editor of one of these papers says:

"We confine our advice to investment matters, and from ten to fifteen thousand persons each year write in to us for guidance. We make no pretense of telling people how to get rich in the stock market. We do seek to analyze investments and to save our readers from some of the pitfalls of stock promotions."

The treasurer of an institution that holds in trust several hundred million dollars of bonds and stocks says that authorities who are asked for advice on such matters by individuals are put to a very unfair disadvantage. "The individual who asks for advice nearly always confuses and mixes investment and speculation. He ought to stick to one or the other in seeking advice. He ought to block out his position from the start and not force upon the adviser the necessity of pointing out the difference."

(Continued on Page 141)

TRUST EMILY—A Farce Comedy

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

V

ARTHUR NETHERBY reached cover about one o'clock in the morning. He crept into the old farmhouse which had been his father's—and was now undergoing extensive repair—through a scullery window that had been left open and made his way to a bedroom. He lay down amid damp and dust, and thought thankfully how good it was, and fell asleep. But when he awoke to a fair morning he quite missed the crackly cotton vision of Parks bringing to his bedside the morning tea.

He opened his door and roared, and a terrified person bundled out of the kitchen below and stampeded upstairs.

"Hey, master!" said the person, quite Orientally, when it saw Arthur.

It was the farm laborer whom, with a wife, Arthur had installed in the house as caretaker.

"I'm here, Stoker," said Arthur. "And I want breakfast, and plenty of it. And where is that old stuff of mine I left here that hasn't been unpacked yet? Because these pajamas and that raincoat are all I've brought. "And there is something I am going to mention to you at once, Stoker," continued Arthur, when Stoker at last brought in a handful of ruins representing an old shooting coat, an old pair of riding breeches, and the battered body of a hat, "and that is—you got a wife here, eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Stoker.

"Well," said Arthur, "keep her out of my sight, that's all. If there's one thing I can't and won't stand, it's women."

Arthur passed a very pleasant morning mooching about the place in the old shooting coat and things, and his favorite pipe never left the right corner of his mouth. The world seemed quite calm; fields and hedges and ditches and woods separated him from danger; and he had no telephone. Furthermore, he recalled something about a flower show which presumably would occupy Lady Hunter's party most of the day. At noon even the workmen who were hammering at Arthur's house downed tools to go to this flower show; and all was purity and peace.

About four o'clock, also, a new gun arrived from London for Arthur, and with this entrancing acquisition he sat down in his late father's armchair—not only Arthur's father, but his grandfather, in his time, had sat in it—and with his pipe in the right corner of his mouth he prepared for an hour's really mellow enjoyment, for a new London gun represented to him the acme of most that was truly desirable upon earth. He had pushed the debacle of yesterday right into the back of his mind.

When Stoker came in from the kitchen with whisky and soda Arthur was sitting rapt in reverie, caressing this dream and this beauty. Stoker lumped the whisky decanter and siphon on the table, rousing him.

"What do you think of my new gun, Stoker?" said Arthur, gazing rapturously at the shining barrel, shinier to him than any siren, and glossier to him than any woman's hair.

Stoker's wife sidled in with the tumbler he had forgotten; she peered round her husband curiously, if timorously, at Arthur.

"'Er's a fine gun, master," said Stoker, "and costed a pretty penny, I dare say."

"Sixty quid," replied Arthur.

Stoker's wife gave such a gasp at the idea that Stoker became aware of her at his back, and putting his hands behind him he made fierce motions to shoo her off to the kitchen. She crept away cautiously with a parting look from the door at Arthur.

Arthur became faintly aware of her ere she disappeared. "Yes! Send her out!" he said stroking the gun. "Send her out! No women here!"

"Sixty quid," returned Stoker, "is enough for some folks to set up 'ouse on."

He continued to stand submissively by the table, not having enough brain power to move of his own volition.

"Don't talk about setting up house, Stoker!" said Arthur emphatically.

"No, sir," muttered Stoker. "I beg pardon, sir." He had been trying to assimilate Arthur's little idiosyncrasy all the morning, but so far had failed.

"Get!" said Arthur laconically. Then he called him back, for Mrs. Stoker had roused faint yet terrible memories. "Have you ever wondered why the devil women can't leave us alone?"

Stoker thought conscientiously. "No, sir," he replied.

"A good gun 'n' a good dog 'n' something in the stable," remarked Arthur—"that's life for me."

Stoker thought well over this. "Yes, sir," he replied.

"Get!" said Arthur laconically.

The front door of Arthur's farmhouse opened right on a dear little old red-paved courtyard, where, from within, rows of shining milk cans could be seen. The milk cans were winking and gleaming in the sunlight, and just as Stoker was turning towards this open door he saw an apparition that stopped him dead in his tracks. He saw a lady in a sophisticated little rag of a country frock walking through the sunlight and the red-paved courtyard towards the house

Arthur, in his father's armchair, sat with his back to this open door, admiring his gun. He was all innocent of his doom. Stoker trod heavily on his hobnails into the breach, and met the enemy square in the courtyard.

"Is Mr. Netherby in?" said the apparition, smiling.

Stoker's vocabulary, though not large, was equal to replying in either the affirmative or the negative, and he was hesitating as to which to use, when, inside the parlor, they heard Arthur whistling to his gun. He whistled lovingly and light-heartedly a few bars of a popular melody. For the moment he was tragically free from care. Stoker saw the lady prick her ears.

"Yes'm," said he. "He's in. But he don't want to see no ladies, 'm. There's my orders."

"Nonsense!" cried the lady. "I quite understand Mr. Netherby's reasons; but he'll see me."

Arthur had put the gun aside, gone to the table, and was pouring himself a whisky and soda when she said this in a raised voice. He started violently; his happy heart sank; his cares returned; and he splashed the soda right and left. He recognized the voice. It came to him suddenly that perhaps in a little country all over women and police a man can't flee from fate.

The next instant Mrs. Drelincourt stood in the doorway, backed by the red-paved courtyard, the milk cans, the sunlight, and Stoker holding her bicycle.

Mrs. Drelincourt struck an indubitably charming attitude on the threshold, and looked at Arthur, who immediately received a paralytic stroke. There was a long pause. Mrs. Drelincourt was smiling. She was all playful reproach.

"Don't You Think That Would be Rather Wonderful?" "More Than Wonderful," He Said. "Impossible"

"Well? Well?" said she in varying keys. "Well!"

Arthur's face twitched into a ghastly smile.

"Er -er—well?" he said. "Well."

Mrs. Drelincourt's figure undulated, wheedling unmistakably. She was of the mermaid type.

"Look delighted!" she suggested softly.

"I—I— a-a-am looking delighted," Arthur stammered.

"Smile," said Mrs. Drelincourt roguishly.

Arthur twitched his poor face.

"Ask me in," coaxed Mrs. Drelincourt.

"Come in," said Arthur feverishly. "Come in, of course! What an ass I am. What must you think of me?"

Mrs. Drelincourt moved like a mermaid towards Arthur, and he beat a retreat round his father's chair.

"Well, Arthur," she said, pausing tactfully, and looking down, "you know what I think of you."

Arthur stammered without actually committing himself to speech.

"Why," she asked, reproachfully raising her eyes, "didn't you come to the flower show?"

Arthur told the truth. "I wanted to be alone," he said. "I prefer it."

"Oh, my dear, dear Arthur!" she said sympathetically. He winced, but she knew men got over first shocks pretty easily, and went on: "My dear, dear Arthur, I know. I understand. The perfectly shameless way those Harmony girls have behaved has put you in an awfully embarrassing position. But isn't it a little comfort that I am in it with you?"

Arthur was afraid to put it quite like that, but in a measure he certainly agreed.

"Yes," he said, "I like to think of others being embarrassed besides myself."

He kept his father's armchair in front of him.

"All the same," said Mrs. Drelincourt softly, "you have been rather naughty, haven't you, Arthur?"

"Well," said Arthur, looking around the room. "Well," he repeated. "Sometimes a man may find himself in circumstances when, whatever sort of noble nature he was born with, he's bound to show up as a quitter."

Mrs. Drelincourt looked slowly and inimically at Arthur's poor father's chair.

"I do love these terse graphic expressions," she said brightly after a pause. "They're like you." She began to take off her gloves and to play with them hesitatingly.

"Now, Arthur," she began, "this afternoon I do want a good long talk; and that is why I escaped from the flower show. I said I had one of my headaches, and was going back to lie down. Then I jumped on my bicycle—and really no woman rides a bicycle if she can help it, though one does bring the horrid things down into the country and I rode here in this heat all for you." She looked at Arthur with charming reproach. "To pour out your tea, and reassure you about—about"—she laughed a little artificially—"about that terrible contretemps last night!"

Seeing that Arthur would never break cover unless she moved away she went and sat down by the table in the center of the room. She was rewarded for her kind tact by seeing him abandon the chair and emerge into the open, where he walked about between her and the fireplace in an agony of indecisions.

"Weren't you a silly thing, Arthur?" asked she with a gentle detachment.

"Silly," repeated Arthur with conviction—"it was the action of a lunatic."

"Yes," said Mrs. Drelincourt, "but—it turned out all right, didn't it?" She toyed with her gloves, smiling.

"Dunno," said Arthur in a gruff voice.

"You're so impulsive," murmured Mrs. Drelincourt. "You shouldn't have rushed out in the dark like that to find—someone—and jumped to conclusions that you'd found her. It was risky. Still, it was the right woman; and so all's well."

There was a pause. Arthur realized that she had pressed on a long way, and that the defenses were crumbling, and he was fairly smitten with fear, while she remained cool, determined and smiling.

At last Arthur said grimly, "Well, if you've come to tea we will have tea. It passes the time; sort of keeps one's hands occupied, doesn't it?"

He pulled cruelly at his poor father's ancient bell rope.

"What a quaint old bell rope!" Mrs. Drelincourt was crying. "And what a sweet quaint place it is! All those milk cans—are they pure pewter? If so they should be hung up, and polished."

Arthur took no notice of her. Stoker, who had by now sought counsel of his wife, shambled in from the kitchen and stood gazing furtively from Arthur to Mrs. Drelincourt, who turned slowly from her proprietary survey of Arthur's demesne, and eyed him.

"Yes, sir?" muttered Stoker.

"Tea!" said Arthur.

"Yes, sir," muttered Stoker.

He went out as delicately as possible on his hobnails.

"Who is that funny person?" asked Mrs. Drelincourt.

"My odd-job man," Arthur replied.

"Oh," said Mrs. Drelincourt fastidiously, "of course that sort of thing's all right for a bachelor, but you'll have to alter things now, sha'n't you?"

"Dunno," said Arthur in a lost voice.

Mrs. Drelincourt put her head slowly on one side and smiled.

Had this attractive but mistaken woman only known it, it was that smile which settled Arthur; that significant, proprietary, mulish smile. It administered a kick—a mulish kick. "I would like to take this darn woman," said Arthur's brain, "and shut her up—and shut her up—and shut her up ——" Arthur's brain reeled. Then it went on, "—— and shut her up—and send—and send for someone to fetch her away."

Mrs. Drelincourt interrupted this pleasant course of thought. "What are you considering so deeply, Arthur?" cooed she.

"You," replied Arthur.

Mrs. Drelincourt rose from her seat like a mermaid from a wave; and Arthur laid his hand on the back of poor father's chair.

"Y-y-you spoke of altering things," said Arthur, and he found himself fascinated by the fell course towards which a reprehensible brain wave had hurled him. "Well, will you help me?"

"Oh, Arthur!" said Mrs. Drelincourt.

"Will you begin now?" Arthur pursued.

"Why, Arthur!" protested Mrs. Drelincourt radiantly.

"This very minute?" continued Arthur.

"Of course," said Mrs. Drelincourt radiantly, "I shall be delighted to help you. It is natural that I should help you. If there's anything in the world that I can do ——"

Arthur looked at her cautiously.

"Well," he said, the thoughts fairly leaping along his brain, "there are two rooms, opening into each other, upstairs, right along at the north end of the house. And I wonder if you would come and look at 'em right now, while we're waiting for tea, and tell me what sort of furniture I ought to have."

"Of course!" cried Mrs. Drelincourt. "I'm just delighted."

"The farther room," said Arthur steadily, "has a skylight only, and presents a difficult furnishing proposition."

As he so particularized a hazy understanding came to him of the artistic enjoyment of details which all really good murderers must feel when setting the scenes with unnecessary but commendable technic for their worst crimes.

"We'll look at that farther room first," said Mrs. Drelincourt very gladly and graciously. "I'm going to love this rambling old house; and especially that skylight room."

Arthur rejoined with that sardonic humor which is so featured by the best type of criminal, "If there's one place in this house you'll hate it will be that skylight room."

He ushered her towards the door that led to the stairs and kitchen part of the house.

She made eyes at him playfully. "I'll prove you wrong," said she.

Half a minute later Stoker entered with the cloth, and found the parlor empty. He tried the cloth cornerwise on the table and it wouldn't fit; and endways, and it wouldn't fit; and he stretched it, and it wouldn't fit; so he left it all anyhow, and turned towards the kitchen again.

"I dunno," he said, scratching his head—"I dunno how the durned thing goes."

In the doorway Arthur in an awful hurry brushed against him. He must have come down the stairs at breakneck speed. He passed Stoker, slammed the door upon himself, stood and thought terrifyingly for a brief while, and then leaped at the antique bell rope.

In came Stoker.

"The tay won't be long, sir," he argued mildly.

"Hang the tea!" said Arthur, walking about in a great state. "Come here!"

"Look here, Stoker," said Arthur rapidly, "I want you to do something for me of a partic'larly private nature.

"Ask Me In," Cooed Mrs. Drelincourt. "Come In," Said Arthur Feverishly. "Come In, of Course!"

Er—outside you'll find a lady's bicycle. Can you ride a bicycle?" Stoker nodded. "Take it then and ride like blazes ——"

A sharp sound cut through Arthur's speech. It was the ring of a bicycle bell. Arthur started, sprang to the door and looked out.

"Good Lord!" he whispered.

"Hello!" called Gwennie girlishly. "Hel-lo. Coo-ee!" She appeared vividly on the threshold.

"Tea, Stoker!" said Arthur very loudly.

Stoker ran out on his hobnails to the kitchen, shaking his head desolately.

"Did I hear the word 'tea'?" insinuated Gwennie, very charmingly, from the door.

Arthur seemed to know his part automatically. It was wonderful how easily the lines already came to him.

"Well," said he, "I suppose you've come to tea."

Gwennie entered. She looked very fluffy.

"Of course I have," said she impertinently, coming up to Arthur. She put up her face. "Well, Arthur? Well?"

Arthur looked down at Gwennie's face.

"Well?" said he.

Gwennie seized his coat lapels. "Is that all?"

"What do you mean?" said Arthur rather feebly.

"Is Mrs. Drelincourt here?" said Gwennie.

"Certainly not!" replied Arthur firmly.

"Then whose is that bicycle out there?" said Gwennie.

It was wonderful how easily words came to Arthur.

"That bicycle," he answered without a qualm or a pause, "belongs to my odd-job man's wife."

"Really?" asked Gwennie, looking up at him with two eyes like little gimlets.

"Really," replied Arthur nonchalantly.

"Oh!" said Gwennie with a gusty sigh, still hanging to Arthur's coat lapels. "I was so angry when I saw it! I thought—you see, she said she had a headache and was going to lie down, but I didn't believe it; so I followed to offer her a powder, and she wasn't there. Steers said she'd gone out on her bicycle. So if she isn't here where can she be?"

"I wonder," said Arthur.

"A woman doesn't ride a bicycle for nothing," continued Gwennie.

"I wonder," repeated Arthur firmly.

It was awfully disappointing to hang on and on to Arthur's coat lapels; so Gwennie relinquished them and sank down fluffily on the sofa a few feet away.

"Oh, Arthur!" she sighed. "Hasn't that woman behaved disgracefully?"

"Disgracefully!" said Arthur firmly.

"She says she's engaged to you," said Gwennie. "I don't know how she dare!" She looked up at him. "Aren't you coming to sit by me? There's plenty of room—and such a lot to say, isn't there?" She gestured very prettily to the space beside her on the couch.

Arthur looked at the space.

"Is there?" he said cautiously.

"Oh, you needn't think you said it all last night," pouted Gwennie.

"Arthur, aren't you glad to see me?"

Arthur made up his mind. It was not difficult now—same old signpost, same old road. He had been there once already this afternoon.

"I am very glad to see you," he replied steadily. "As a matter of fact, you came in the nick of time"—he braced himself up a bit for the job—"to help me in a—a certain matter."

"Why, I'd love to!" purred Gwennie.

"Up in the attic on the south side," said Arthur, as brazen as brass, "I've found some old—er—tapestry, and whether to throw it away as moth-eaten rubbish I don't know, or whether to keep it I don't know. Now, just while we are waiting for tea, won't you come along with me——"

"Up to the attic?" cried Gwennie, springing up. "Oh, I love the idea of—of solitude one gets in an attic!" She gave Arthur a mischievous look, very inviting.

"I'm not sure that you'll love this attic!" said Arthur, again impelled by sardonic humor.

Gwennie linked arms. "I will," she purred. "I'll love the attic—and you. Oh, you naughty boy to run away, Arthur! Oh, you naughty, naughty old thing!"

Arthur and Gwen sort of pushed and jostled each other out of the room.

VI

BARELY a moment or two after Arthur and Gwen had left the dear old sun-filled parlor Stoker swayed into it again, gripping a tray on which was piled the crockery for tea. He set the tray on the table and looked around in surprise, to find the room again empty. He crossed to the door at the back, looked into the courtyard, counted two bicycles on his fingers, shook his head and returned to his work, which was causing him some anxiety. He scratched his head.

"Well," he said, "I dunno. I dunno."

He disentangled the plates and the cups and saucers.

A moment later the clang of another bicycle bell disturbed him. He looked round resignedly. There was Angela on the threshold, gazing right through him haughtily.

"I beg pardon, mum," said Stoker, who had been well grounded in apologies to his betters.

"Is Mr. Netherby in?" asked Angela.

"Oh, yes'm," replied the simple Stoker.

"Has a—a lady called?" pursued Angela coldly.

"A lady, 'm?" said Stoker. He stopped and scratched his head, being very much helped thereby. "Well, 'm——" he said, thinking painfully, for even he surmised some trouble about. He became quite cunning and cautious. "I dunno," he answered at last—"I dunno as I can say, 'm."

He shuffled his feet and scratched for help. It was a bad moment.

Angela entered. "Who are you?" said she disdainfully.

"Odd-job man, miss," said Stoker. "My wife and me, we does it all between us."

Angela was now standing on the hearthrug surveying the poor place. She looked all round, from the old sporting prints and foxes' brushes and stuffed birds on the walls to the dear old carpet in the center of the bricked floor.

"Oh, yes," said she. "Yes. Well, tell Mr. Netherby I am here, at once, please. I am Miss Harmony."

"Yes, miss," replied Stoker, happy to go.

Once more Stoker was nearly flung prostrate at the door leading to the stairs and kitchen by the sudden incursion of Arthur, who dashed in, carrying two keys.

"Stoker!" said he feverishly. "That job I want done—now listen to me." Then he caught sight of Angela. "Oh! Oh!" he moaned. "I mean—er—it's you!"

Angela stood in a pretty pose by the mantelpiece.

"Whom did you expect to see?" said she coquettishly, rallying Arthur.

"Nobody—nobody," said Arthur feverishly. In response to her inviting smile he drew a little nearer reluctantly.

"Was you going to give me an order, please, sir?" piped Stoker by the door.

Arthur turned round and gave him a cautionary look. "Yes. Tea, Stoker. Tea! That's all!"

"Yes, sir!" faltered Stoker, going out in a maze of bewilderment.

Angela advanced with both hands outstretched as soon as they were really alone.

"Oh, Arthur!" she breathed.

"I suppose you're staying to tea?" said Arthur, backing.

"Why, Arthur!" said Angela. "Of course it will be a delight to pour out tea for you in your own home for the first time."

"That's good of you," murmured Arthur, retreating against the couch so suddenly that he sat down upon it. But he quickly rose again, armed to the teeth with caution.

"So Gwen's not here?" said Angela with a keen look.

"Why should she be here?" responded Arthur.

"Well," said Angela, "she left the flower show on pretext of taking one of the vicarage children home. But when I followed to the vicarage just to see, she wasn't there. So I thought ——"

"That she'd come here?" said Arthur slowly.

"It would have been just like her!" cried Angela. "It would have been Gwen all over! You don't know what depths that girl will descend to! And besides, there are two bicycles in the courtyard."

"Yes," said Arthur, smiling. "One is my charwoman's, and the other is her unmarried sister's."

"Really?" said Angela. "I didn't look carefully, of course. Besides, those people ride the same makes that we do, positively. Well—you don't know how relieved I am to find you alone. We've such a lot to talk about, haven't we? First—oh, why did you disappear like that last night?"

"I had—er—good reasons," said Arthur, "which may take some little explaining."

"But you know that I shall understand," Angela murmured.

"That's very good of you," said Arthur, "because, as a matter of fact, you know, sometimes a man finds himself in er—circumstances that—well, however noble a nature he may be

(Continued on Page 104)

"Aren't You Coming to Sit by Me? There's Plenty of Room—and Such a Lot to Say, Isn't There?"

THE NUMBER ONE BOY

V

By John Taintor Foote

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

COLONEL BRADLEY turned to his desk and seated himself. He had picked up the unfinished O. D.'s report when the orderly appeared at the door into the hall.

"A chit boy is here, sorr, with a letter."

The hawk frowned without looking up.

"Well, what of it? Get the letter and bring it here."

"It's for Miss Bet—— It's for the missus, sorr. He won't deliver ut until his chit is signed."

And now the hawk looked up—quickly.

"A letter for my wife?"

"Yis, sorr."

"Tell him to come here."

"This side, you," said Tim over his shoulder with a jerk of his head.

A chit boy with a letter and his chit book clasped to his breast came timidly into the room.

"All right, Tim," said the hawk with a dismissing nod.

"I am the Spirit of Gautama Buddha"

The sergeant saluted and retired.

"You got chit?"

"Have got one chit Missy Bladley. All light?"

"All right." The hawk extended his hand. "Me take."

The chit boy shook his head.

"No can do. Missy sign chit."

"So? Who give chit?"

"No can say. Have no got."

"H'm. Me missy master. Me sign chit?"

"No can do."

The hawk arose to his feet and swooped upon the chit boy. His hand struck out like a beak and seized the chit book and letter. He returned to the desk, signed the chit book and tossed it to the chit boy.

"Get out!"

When the chit boy had fled the hawk tore open the letter. He read its few lines at a glance and became as white as the paper from which he read. For a moment he did not move. His eyes slowly rose from the letter to the door behind the screen. Well, at least he was no longer guessing. He could act now—that was sure. He had always believed in action.

The hawk walked without haste toward the door on which his eyes were fastened. He did not trouble to go around the screen; he simply brushed it aside with a sweep of his arm. It fell with something of a clatter to the floor. At the sound he halted until the violence within him had become an icy calm. He put his hand gently to the door knob and turned it. The door refused to open at this pressure. So she had not forgotten to lock it, with all her hysterics. His self-restraint departed abruptly. He raised his fist to crash it against the panels, hesitated, and spoke instead: "Elizabeth."

There was a faint "Yes."

"Open this door."

"I'll see you—in the morning."

"Unlock this door at once or I'll break it down."

Silence.

He was about to throw his weight against the door when the key turned in the lock. Flinging open the door he confronted his wife. Her face was tear stained, her hair disordered.

"What is it?" she asked faintly.

"So you wanted to be kind to me, but you couldn't?"

She shrank at his tone and the white menace in his face.

"Gardy, what is it?"

"Gardy, eh?" He seized her by the wrists and drew her roughly into the living room. "Gardy, eh?" He held the letter before her eyes. "Read that—read it aloud."

She obeyed. "'May I see you again for a moment before I go? I shall be in the legation for the rest of the evening.'"

Poor tormented Jimmy! Those few words had struck him as sufficiently innocent should his note by any chance go astray. He had found it impossible to write "Dear Mrs. Bradley." He had therefore omitted his signature as well, and so had damned his few lines past all explaining.

"Well," demanded the hawk, "who wrote it?"

She wet her dry lips.

"There is no signature."

"So I observe. Who wrote it?"

"I never saw the handwriting before."

"Possibly. But you know damned well who wrote it."

His harshness stung her into an attempt to face him.

"I don't know a thing about it. Where did it come from?"

"It came by a chit boy just now."

"And you opened it?"

"I did."

"A letter for me?"

"Certainly. I didn't want you disturbed."

The strange courage of the helpless came to her. "You seem to have changed your mind about disturbing me."

His fingers closed on the soft flesh of her arm.

"That's enough impertinence. I'll give you one more chance. Who wrote that letter?"

"Let go of my arm!" Her eyes were a stubborn blaze.

They did not melt the icy determination of the hawk. He was impervious to womanly scorn. It was her youth her youth alone, before which his assurance faltered once more. It drove him to a more insidious method of attack.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to be so harsh with you. But I'm terribly—worried." In face and voice he managed to suggest a kind anxiety. "You see, you're very young, and I'm afraid you'll do something—some perfectly innocent thing—that will get you talked about. Now, about this letter: Of course you know who wrote it. Of course you have an explanation. But I must know what it is. Perhaps, not realizing, you've been a little indiscreet. Such things happen. Well, just tell me all about it, so that I can advise you what to do. That's what I'm for, my dear, to guard you and help you in every way possible. I was angry—I admit it—through anxiety for you. It's over, and we'll forget it. Now tell me about this letter. To begin with—who wrote it? You know, don't you?"

She examined his face for a long moment.

"I think I do," she said at last.

"Well, who was it, dear?"

"I think it was Lieutenant Lee."

He turned away from her so that she might not see the spasm of rage that distorted his face in spite of himself. "Yes," he said when he could control his voice. "Now tell me—when did he start to make love to you?"

Again she looked at him closely. His face was cold and hard, but it was always like that, and underneath his sternness she had found him kind.

"He—became interested in me that day in the temple. It was before he knew I was going to marry you. He had no idea until you came in. That's all there is to it."

"I see. Where had you met him before?"

"I had never met him before."

"Then he started making advances to you never having seen you before—when you were alone in that temple?"

"Yes," she admitted. "But it wasn't at all the way it sounds. I can't tell you everything—it wouldn't be fair to him when he talked to me in confidence that way. I can tell you this much—Lieutenant Lee is fine and honorable in every way. He's done nothing anyone who knew everything would blame him for. Now please give me my letter, and I'll send word to him that I can't see him again."

"You say he's honorable, do you?"

"Yes, Gardy."

A little of the passion seething within the hawk crept into his voice.

"A young snake who comes into my house and makes love to my wife?"

"He didn't make love to your wife. It was before I was your wife before he knew."

"He hasn't tried to make love to you since?"

Her eyelids quivered in spite of her "No."

"You're certain?"

"Yes."

She was lying, of course, thought the hawk. The letter proved it.

Again he was forced to turn away from her lest she suspect the whirlwind that was shaking him.

"Sit down, my dear," he said as casually as he was able. "I want to think what's best to do."

"But, Gardy, there's nothing to do. Nothing has happened. Just let me write that I can't see him. That's all—don't you see?"

He had begun to pace the floor. Suddenly he whirled on her

"Then you don't care for Lieutenant Lee?"

"Why—why," she stammered. "I'm married to you."

But he had his answer from her eyes. Again he took to pacing the floor. When she made an attempt to speak he motioned her into silence

Back and forth, back and forth paced the hawk. He turned to her at last, smiling a queer cold smile—a relieved smile it was.

"Very well, my dear," he said. "You may write to Lieutenant Lee. Come and sit here at the desk."

She obeyed.

"Now write what I tell you. Just say 'I have received your note. Come here at once.' Don't sign it."

She had picked up a pen; now she dropped it.

"You're not going to bring him here? Oh, Gardy, you're not going to do that?"

"Yes; write as I tell you."

"But why? Why?"

"Never mind why. I'll explain later."

"Oh, please don't, I beg of you."

"Pick up that pen and write." A little of the hawk's inner deadliness came to the surface.

In spite of shaking fingers and tear-filled eyes she managed to obey him.

He struck the gong. "Address this envelope 'Lieutenant Lee, American Legation.'"

As she finished the address the Number One boy came through the doorway.

"I want the orderly, Ty Ming."

"Yes, Excellency."

The hawk picked up the note he had dictated, folded it and placed it in the addressed envelope. He returned the envelope to his wife before the orderly appeared.

"Mrs. Bradley has a note here for Lieutenant Lee. Will you deliver it, Tim?"

"Yis, sorr."

"You'll find the lieutenant in the legation somewhere. Deliver it to him personally and say it's a note from Mrs. Bradley. You understand?"

"Yis, sorr."

"Tim will take it for you, my dear. Just give it to him."

It was not until the orderly had gone that her confused thoughts took the form of questions.

"Lieutenant Lee would come here instantly if you ordered him to. Why did you have me write?"

The hawk sat down deliberately on the couch and gave her a look that chilled her to the heart.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, smiling a sneering icy smile. "You've told me that this young snake who has you fascinated is perfectly honorable. Now of course I don't believe that. But I'm going to give him the benefit of the doubt. Before I—step on him I'm going to give him a chance to prove it."

"What do you mean?" she faltered. "Are you going to question him?"

"Well—hardly. I told you I was going to give him a chance to prove it."

"Prove it? How?"

"When your young friend comes I'll step in there in the window. You greet him in an ordinary way and ask him why he wrote you. I'll hear what he has to say."

The hawk had called Jimmy a snake, but at that moment his girl wife seemed like a small, defenseless, horror-stricken creature gazing into the closing jaws of a reptile.

"You mean—you mean—you'll eavesdrop?"

"I'll listen to a conversation between my wife and a perfectly honorable young man. If his conduct is above reproach it will do him no harm."

She gave a choking gasp and was lifted by wild emotion to her feet.

"You mustn't do that. You shan't! You shan't! Let me see him alone when he comes. I'll never see him again. He goes to-morrow morning. He asked to go—you remember?"

"You mean you asked for him. You said he had a girl in America. You deceived me—didn't you?"

She remained silent, clasping and unclasping her hands.

"Didn't you?"

She tried to choose some sort of words from the torrent of them raging through her mind. She found it impossible, and continued her silence and the wringing of her hands.

"You don't answer. By God! I believe you're as guilty as he."

"I am! I am!" she cried.

"You admit it."

"We're neither of us guilty of anything."

"We'll find out about that in a few moments, my child."

"Don't call me that. I'm not a child. You proved it by marrying me. I'm doing the best thing that can be done, and so is he. Please let me see him alone without interfering. Just let me manage. I can—I have—will you please, please?"

"No."

Suddenly she grew quieter.

"He's honorable," she said slowly. "What you want to do is dishonorable. The moment he comes I'll tell him you're hiding in the window."

She Came to a Stop, But Kept Her Gaze Steadfastly Before Her. "I am Going Back," She Said

"Suit yourself," said the hawk, "but if you don't obey me and greet him as though you were alone I'll have him tried by court-martial for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman."

As he finished speaking they heard the faint clamor of the front door bell. She stiffened at the sound.

"You wouldn't do that?" It was a whisper of horror. "You couldn't. It would be wicked—wicked!"

The hawk rose from the couch. "You heard what I said."

The Number One boy appeared in the doorway leading to the hall.

"Well, Ty Ming?"

"Lieutenant Lee is calling."

"Ah, yes," said the hawk. "You see him, my dear. I must inspect the post. Mrs. Bradley will see Lieutenant Lee."

Jimmy had been admitted to the house by the Number One boy without the faintest sign of recognition. He was wondering over this as he waited in the hall. He had forgotten about the Number One boy. He had hoped that his note would bring her across to the legation for the few words which he felt he must say to her or go mad. But they could be spoken only when they were alone together. He had hoped she would read between the lines and understand. In case she had failed to do so he had brought along a small jade Buddha which he would ask her to accept. This would serve as an excuse for his note and his call if he again found himself under those loathsome piercing eyes so lately cleared of suspicion.

He felt to see if the ornament were safe in his pocket just as the Number One boy reappeared.

"Mrs. Bradley will see Lieutenant Lee."

The same bell-like voice, the same unutterable calm. The calm was not shared by Jimmy. This was Chang Foo Low, the most powerful Oriental in the world. For some reason he was serving in his present humble capacity on Jimmy's account, or so it seemed. His fear of the Chinaman's presence in that house had been partially responsible for his resolve to leave Peking; and yet in his wild regret of the past half hour, in the fever of his determination to see her again before he left, he had totally forgotten the lama. Here was a chance to call him off and send him back to his heathen temple where he belonged.

"I leave Peking to-morrow," he said in a low voice.

The Chinaman bowed and remained silent.

"When do you give up your present place?" asked Jimmy suggestively.

"I leave this house likewise on the morrow."

"Good," said Jimmy, relieved. "We'll forget that—prophecy of yours."

"That is to be doubted," said Chang Foo Low, and held aside the curtain at the living-room door.

Jimmy looked searchingly into the tranquil face as he passed. He saw nothing, and entered the room.

She was standing by the desk alone. Her expression and the way she held herself were queer, Jimmy thought. She seemed shrinking, fearful. Her eyes were enormous and very dark. They fastened on Jimmy's in a sort of wild appeal.

"It was wonderful of you to let me come," he began uncertainly. "I didn't explain in my note. I hoped you'd understand."

"But I don't understand," she said in a startlingly matter-of-fact tone. "Why should you want to see me? Everything was settled about your going to-morrow."

So she was going to keep up the pretense that there was nothing between them! It had made him angry once; it narrowly missed doing so now.

"Yes, it was settled, thanks to you," said Jimmy with a suggestion of bitterness. "But after I'd said I'd go I was sorry. I've been regretting it frightfully ever since."

"You mustn't say that. I think Colonel Bradley will simply ask for another officer without explaining that you requested him to. It's natural you should want to leave. Please don't worry any more about avoiding your duty. Please don't." Her haggard eyes were pleading with him.

What on earth had gotten into her, thought Jimmy.

"My duty? What are you talking about? Do you suppose I care anything about that? I'm thinking about the waiting—forever if necessary—for you. That's what I'm going to do. That's what I had to tell you. I'm going to wait until—but I'll tell you about that in a minute. First, you must say what I asked you to say earlier to-night. Put it in words so I'll know exactly what I'm waiting for. You owe me that much. You've shown me in your face, but I want it in words. I'll love you all my life. Do you love me?"

Her eyes had grown larger, darker if possible, while he was speaking. Now she turned so white that Jimmy thought she was about to collapse and sprang toward her.

As he reached her side she threw back her head and laughed. As he stared at her she spoke.

"Do I love you?" she repeated wildly. And then in a sort of exultant challenge, so that it rang through the room, "Yes! Yes! Yes!" Again came her laugh, and then a sob. "And that isn't all. Any sorrow, any trouble, that comes to you—oh, my dear—I'll share it."

She was sobbing in his arms when the curtains in the bay window parted and revealed a face. For an instant it hung

there between the curtains, inexpressibly cruel, inexpressibly pitiless. But even the shock of seeing it was less startling to Jimmy than the sudden knowledge that somewhere he had seen the same face with the same expression before.

Jimmy's arms sank slowly to his sides. He became aware of something added to the clash and unrest of the room which had vaguely disturbed him earlier that evening. The atmosphere was charged with it. He felt it in every fiber of his being. It screamed through his brain. Murder! That was it. Murder! His right thumb brushed against the leather of his holster and remained just there.

But the hawk neglected Jimmy for a moment. He came slowly, steadfastly from the alcove, his eyes on the piteous eyes of the girl of Jimmy's dreams.

"You orphans' home rat!" He spat the words in her chalk-white face.

And now all knowledge of time and surroundings and circumstances left Jimmy. An instinct much older than man-made laws, infinitely more powerful than the discipline of armies, replaced it. He stepped between the evil face that had come from the alcove and the quivering girl's face into which it was glaring.

"I guess not," he said.

"And for you ——" The hawk sprang to the desk and tore open a drawer. His hand had plunged into the drawer before Jimmy's gun was out and his tongue in action.

"Start thinking, or you're a dead man."

The hawk contemplated the muzzle of the heavy service revolver unwinkingly, but his hand remained in the drawer. Whatever else he was, he was no coward. He had sprung to the desk on an impulse. Jimmy's words, not his gun, had checked the impulse. "Start thinking." The hawk was doing so. There stood a lieutenant ready to shoot down his superior officer in his own home. That ended the lieutenant. And the girl, the gutter snipe who had torn his heart out and trampled on it—of the two he hated her more. If luck went against him in an unnecessary affair of bullets she would escape scot-free.

"Bring your hand out—empty," the hawk heard.

He obeyed.

"Close the drawer."

The drawer was shut with a faint bang.

"Stand away from the desk. Further—over there by the mantel." Jimmy's eyes swung to the girl of his dreams. "Come," he said.

And now again, as she moved toward him unconsciously, her soul seemed about to join his somewhere in infinite space.

"Where?" she breathed.

"Somewhere out of this. I have friends in Tientsin. I'll take you to them."

She stood uncertainly, gazing at him with searching eyes. They still seemed quite alone.

"We'll go by cart," Jimmy was explaining softly. "It's only three days." He moved to the door leading into the garden. "Come."

"But I—but we ——" Her eyes left his face to stare through the doorway into the Chinese garden with its winding paths that seemed like broad roads leading to lands of mystery and charm. Peaceful was that garden—the peaceful threshold to a new world. Turning she picked up the cloak she had laid on the back of the chair when she had come in from the garden that evening. She had seen a figure at the mantel then and had tried to steal back to the garden. There was another figure at the mantel now, as silent, as terrifying as death. But she did not look toward the mantel. She threw the cloak about her shoulders and walked with wide eyes and lifted face out through the doorway into a moon-lighted, beckoning path.

They were presently in the street, moving away from the legation. Jimmy felt her hand shaking in the hollow of his arm.

"Frightened?"

"No," said she.

"You're trembling."

"I'm not frightened."

"Don't be," Jimmy told her. "Everything's going to turn out all right."

He devoted a moment to wondering what would be done to him. They couldn't make it desertion; he'd return at once after seeing her safely in charge of the Belknaps at Tientsin. Threatening a superior officer? No, he'd hardly bring that up. Conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? Probably. Dismissal from the Army? Perhaps. Well, it couldn't be helped. That was one astounding fact of which for some reason he was absolutely certain—it couldn't be helped.

"It had to turn out this way," he said aloud. "It simply had to."

She made no reply, but her arm crept further into his and tightened.

In a sudden ecstasy Jimmy ceased to speculate about his fate and became blissfully silent.

They walked a block or more before he spoke again.

"We go out the Chin Mien gates. We can get a cart there. But it's quite a ways from here. Shall I look for a jinricksha?"

"Can't we—just keep on this way?"

"Why, yes," said Jimmy, with another glow of ecstasy. "I'd rather, of course, if you would."

They walked on without noticing, hardly seeing the few Chinese that dared to be abroad after sundown with Peking still full of devil soldiers. The moon was just above the buildings on one side of the street. The front of those buildings was black velvet in which now and then the warm gold of lights would gleam. The buildings on the opposite side of the street, full in the rays of the moon, were gray and silver with geometrical purple shadows. Jimmy thought it best to keep to the darker side.

The spasmodic tightening of her arm in his had done a strange thing to him. He felt tremendously alive and entirely untroubled. It seemed to him that he could walk on with her through the moonlit streets of Peking, on past the Chin Mien gates, clear to Tientsin as buoyantly as he was walking now. Presently, however, he felt her begin to lag.

"Tired?" he asked quickly.

"N-no," she said; "not tired—exactly."

"It isn't so very far now," he urged.

She nodded and made an effort to press on. In a moment she slowed down again.

"You are tired," cried Jimmy.

"Perhaps," she said in a troubled voice, "but I don't feel tired. I feel—I feel ——" She came to a halt.

"Well, it's the queerest feeling," she confessed; "I feel as if there were two of me, and I had to pull the other one along."

"We'll fix that," said Jimmy, and looked about him.

He saw a jinricksha across the street. Telling her to wait he darted over to it.

The squat and sturdy drawer of the vehicle informed him that he was waiting for a high-born passenger who was passing the hours in honorable discourse with his venerated uncle on the maternal side in the august house before which this, his entirely and particularly private jinricksha, was now standing.

As Jimmy recrossed the street he saw that the girl of his dreams was looking back along the way they had come. Before he reached her side she began to move slowly in that direction. Jimmy overtook her.

"The other way," he said. "That's the wrong direction."

She came to a stop, but kept her gaze steadfastly before her.

"I am going back," she said.

A cold sweat broke out on Jimmy's forehead.

"Back? What do you mean?"

"I'm going back," she repeated. "I must."

Jimmy bent forward and looked into her face. Her eyes were wide and strange. They continued to stare fixedly in the direction from which they had come.

"What for?"

"I—I don't know."

"You're going back to him?" cried Jimmy.

"Never, never! But I must go back there now."

"Then you're not going to Tientsin with me?"

"Yes, I'll go anywhere with you—anywhere on earth."

"Then come!" implored Jimmy. "I'll carry you if you can't walk."

"Not now. I must go back. Will you come too?"

"You're mad," cried Jimmy. "We mustn't go back there."

"I must," she said, and moved away from him, slowly at first, and then with rapid, assured strides. In a moment she was almost running.

Jimmy caught up with her.

"What are you going to do back there? Do you want to get something? Won't you explain?"

"I can't," she said. "But please, please, come!"

Jimmy, too dazed for further speech, followed her mechanically.

"Just a minute," he said at last. He was forced to seize her arm before she halted. "You promise me you'll never go back to him?"

"Never," she said again.

"You promise you'll let me take you to Tientsin later?"

"Yes, anywhere you say—I promise."

"All right, then," said Jimmy. "Whatever this is I'll see it through."

Bewildered, uncertain, fearful, he strode beside her as she sped swiftly, feverishly back to what ten minutes before they had forever left behind.

VI

THE hawk had stood at the mantel for a full minute. His eyes were fixed on a moon-lighted doorway. The fierceness had gone out of those eyes for a moment.

Their flame had been extinguished by a dark film of pain. At last they began to roam in dull anguish about the room, to find it empty. They suddenly ceased their wandering. The hawk was listening.

"Post Number One, nine o'clock and a-all's well."

(Continued on Page 133)

The Hawk Sprang to the Desk and Tore Open a Drawer. His Hand Had Plunged Into the Drawer Before Jimmy's Gun Was Out

THE ONE-MAN WORLD

By Calvin Johnston

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

AS SPIED upon from an eyehole in the close-curtained window of bankrupt Morley's residence the young man ascending the leaf-strewn walk had nothing better to recommend him to admittance than had the three or four other visitors who had rung and knocked in vain during the past two weeks. His pace was deliberate enough for Claire Morley, kneeling on the window ledge, to inspect him closely, and the embittered little girl had already decided against him as she had against all comers, when he rang at the deadened bell. But, the bow window commanding the porch, she continued to spy on him, and discovering the badge of mourning on his sleeve her sullen curiosity gave place to a fraternal feeling toward the bereaved caller, this fifteen-year-old warden of the bankrupt's castle having clothed herself in deepest black since the demise of the Morley fortune; but she was startled with the unexpected answer to a cherished secret hope when she found the full dark eye of the caller fixed upon her own as if his gaze penetrated the pinhole in the curtain.

He did not ring a second time as the others had done, but, as if assured that his presence on the porch was not unobserved, he smiled slightly and walking to the bow window repeated his knock, upon the pane. Claire drew back, pressing her slim white hands together; but she remembered the sober not unhandsome face, which had lighted so remarkably with the little crinkling smile at the corners of the mouth and eyes; the bright glance that had so quickly detected her hiding place. And the hope, romantic and secret, which she had been nursing, of some messenger to their distress from the old, gay, prosperous world, seemed wondrously verified.

She Felt the Companion of Her Watch Standing Beside Her and Looked Up

She looked hurriedly back through the door to the library, where her father sat by the student lamp as he had sat all day every day for weeks, staring blindly on a book picked up at random, but reading only the chapters of his own life between his eyes and the paper pages—the chapters of industry, honor, failure and poverty. Sometimes during the day he would murmur to himself, stealthily so that Claire might not hear; but at night he would start up exclaiming in his sleep—brief, broken, dreadful apostrophes to God, to fortune, to life.

The single moment that Claire stood with her hands pressed together broadened into ages; beyond the curtain sounded a footfall; the messenger of destiny was departing?

Still she hesitated. Then an abrupt peremptory knocking shook the casement. He was not to be denied, and trembling she flung up the curtain.

But the man facing her with now only the glass between did not see a distressed and trembling little maid; rather, a diminutive grand dame with a mass of brown hair piled high above her slender neck, her slight figure taut as an Indian's war bow; her black habit made her face seem small and ghostly. She looked at him steadily, her bright lips compressed, and gray eyes unwelcoming; then, walking away into the hall, opened the door.

The young man came in, indifferent to the little girl's tragic importance.

"You are Mr. Morley's daughter," he said; "I am Mr. Wickford Sparks. I have come with the means of floating him again."

Claire thrilled to his voice, not a musical one, but clear and low, and grandly offered a chair; then she went to announce the visitor to her father, who, secluding himself since filing his petition for bankruptcy, now made signs of trepidation.

"A Mr. Sparks has come to float you," said Claire. The girl was not looking at her father or at the wall, but, with face lifted slightly and a dazzle in her eyes, studying at life which kept in call of the distressed such deliverers as the composed, dark-browed young man in the hall.

"Float me!" whispered Mr. Morley. "But that is correct; I am sinking; I have sunk!"

Then Claire looked compassionately on his gray hairs and round lugubrious face. "You must just brace up and shake hands and listen to him," she urged, adjusting his tie and wrinkled coat; then with a meaning look, "He is perfectly dressed and good form."

"But, Claire, I have no money, no security! He can't give us things. You will be disappointed."

"No," said she, shaking the small head with its great soft brown coils; "we will not."

She stepped to the hall and beckoned Mr. Sparks, and, after watching him shake hands with the still timorous older man, seated herself in the conference.

"You have been a depositor in the First National, where I am a clerk," said Sparks to Mr. Morley. "I have heard your affairs talked of and know that no one accuses you of fraud or deception. Yours is simply one of the thousand mercantile failures brought about by the panic three years ago, 1907."

"I have been losing money from that time," assented the other.

"In other words, you continued the same business on the chance that it would pick up."

"You might put it that way"

"And when it did not pick up," said Sparks, "you continued to fling good money after bad."

"But you are giving business the aspect of gambling," objected Morley feebly.

"If you please, we will return to that aspect of your case by and by," observed Sparks respectfully.

He had not paid any attention to Claire's presence, nor indeed looked toward her; yet his concentration upon Morley was not a strained, obvious one, as he leaned back in his chair and went on thoughtfully: "I have clerked in the First National for five years; supporting my father, who died but two days since. I have saved eleven hundred dollars. Eleven hundred dollars is the sole result and profit of five of the best years of my life spent at hard work."

"But, my dear young man," Morley, moved suddenly to forget his own misfortunes, expostulated, "you forget the reward promised for such unselfish service to a parent."

"You, too, have been of service, Mr. Morley," returned the young man with a smile, "in a number of ways—to business associates, to the community and to personal friends. Now how are you requited?"

"I do not expect to be requited in material things," replied Morley with more dignity than he had yet assumed.

"But does the hope or belief in a distant reward console you for the absence of material things—money and comfort?" Sparks bent his dark brows on the older man. "If it does, then you have nothing to gain by my partnership."

"No; no! You see it does not; I know it; I am very miserable indeed," exclaimed the bankrupt, brought to face his own condition with a sort of terror, and rising he paced the room its length before returning to his chair. "You say a partnership," he said then abruptly; "and you have eleven hundred dollars. That is very little, but I have nothing; this house has gone with the rest; the sheriff will turn us out any day."

"I have heard at least three men say they would like to help you; you can certainly find three more. I need six thousand dollars in my firm, you to furnish five and myself one."

"You mean borrow—but none of them have come to console me since my failure."

"I never yet knew a lender to seek a borrower," returned Sparks dryly.

"If I approach them what shall I say? They'll wish to know what I intend doing with the money."

Wickford Sparks shook his head. "They will wish to know nothing. If they should ask, and approve your proposed investment, and then you should lose, they would in a way be committed to back you with more. But lend a bankrupt friend a thousand and let him lose it his own way, and he will never come back for more. So the friend who lends buys himself free of responsibility by a single contribution."

Morley stared. "You speak sagely for so young a man."

"It is not age alone that matures one," said Sparks, indicating Claire, who leaned forward in rapt attention, her hands clasping her knees. The face of the girl, but a year ago that of any gay careless child, was now drawn by anxiety, and her eyes in a shadow answered with hard, defiant flashes.

Morley understood and trembled. "What is your proposal, Mr. Sparks? The nature of the business partnership?"

Sparks' answer was so prompt and vigorous as to leave no doubt of its finality. "That is secret—my own property

altogether. It is a formula and process of manufacture which I'll intrust to nobody."

"Manufacturer of what?" asked Morley, amazed.

"Money." Wickford met the old man's look and then that of the girl's squarely; in his countenance was downright though sophisticated honesty. Claire, with a sighing breath that seemed to free her heart from prison, answered Wick's look.

"Papa, it's come true; I told you somebody would help us."

"But, Claire," reasoned her father, "Mr. Sparks hasn't—now don't be disappointed!" He turned to Wick. "You say yourself I am an honest man; then I can be trusted with your secret. I must know, of course, what your business is."

"No business man can be trusted in this enterprise," replied Wick positively, "because he would make a gamble of it." And upon the other arguing that he had never gambled in his life Wick pointed out: "You have admitted the chances you took in business. Business is all chance, all gamble. The enterprise is such that I am justified in answering you that I manufacture money. I have a sure thing. I will not risk the thousand I worked five years to save, on chance, though offered odds of a thousand to one!" His was not the frenzy or enthusiasm of the inventor or promoter.

"But six thousand is so small a capital."

"It will pay four hundred per cent!"

"Twenty-four thousand a year on six thousand! Incredible!" declared Morley.

Wick said slowly: "I offer my record and my references. Would I blot my reputation and future for your five thousand dollars? You will receive twelve thousand a year from your investment."

"But that is as much as my business paid in good times!"

Sparks did not answer, and they were deadlocked, when Claire found herself standing before them.

"Papa, believe him. I do."

"Why?"

The child turned to Wick and searched his countenance for her answer. Half whispering, "I can't tell why," she suddenly gave up and raised her face to her father in mute, haggard entreaty. "I mustn't be disappointed," she told him.

Mr. Morley, beset by conditions that were indeed full of danger to Claire, found her pleading irresistible and yet could not do so unprecedented a thing as borrow from his friends to invest blindly with this young man, however shrewd he might be.

"You have a host of books in this library," said Wick. "Do you read and understand them all?" Mr. Morley nodded. "You ought to be able to read and understand just one man," said Wick. In another moment he retreated, bowing, really departing the house.

"Wait!" said Claire, and her little hand gripped her father's wrist.

"Child, child!" he exclaimed despairingly. "What do you understand of all this—of Mr. Sparks?"

"Yes! I understand," she breathed. "You mustn't let him go."

Suddenly the man, already broken, gave in to her. "God help us, Claire!" he said, patting her head. "I can do no worse than I have done."

"I will write the names of the three friends I heard talking of you," said Wick, and did so on a sheet of paper. "You will see them to-morrow. Ask a thousand apiece."

"Yes -yes; I'll ask them." Mr. Morley shook hands and, the question just occurring to him, asked, "Why didn't you go to a successful man, a wealthy man, instead of to me?"

"They would not admit themselves to be gamblers—nobody but a loser ever does—and would not take a chance on me," explained Wick. "You admit you gambled because you have lost, and are willing to take another fling on my honesty and sense."

"What would you do if a man came to you with such a proposition?"

"Turn him down. I never take a chance."

He moved to the door, Claire beside him.

"Don't you believe the Lord did send you?" she asked.

Wick shook his head, smiling. "He never sent anybody or anything to me," he answered good-humoredly; "I don't see why He should send me to anybody else. Little girl, He doesn't meddle in this world at all."

She closed the door on him slowly, and was drawn to the window to look after. Her father's question haunted her. Why should she believe in him? The answer came with a throb and hurt in the flat little breast, and a scared blush which caused her to hide her face in her arms.

Meantime Wick, reaching his boarding house, fell under the attention of a fellow worker in the bank, who with much curiosity possessed a natural gift of satisfying it. This man, August Framer, was about twenty-five—Wick's own age. There was an incongruity in his physical make-up, the thin inquisitive face with its narrowed green eyes and sandy lashes and high forehead being miscast above the short thick neck and stocky, muscular body.

This evening Framer quietly followed Wick from the dining room and upstairs, and with a single tap on the door of his room pushed it ajar and intruded his head. He saw Wick, bending over his reading table and studying a sheet covered with minute writing and figures, instinctively shelter it with his hand.

"Why, that's the sheet I saw you working up a year ago," observed Framer, whose body had followed his head inside. "Don't put it away if it holds secrets; I only looked in to offer my sympathy and move on." Wick thanked him, and Framer turned, but completely around. "Wick, now that the old gentleman has passed and you're free of responsibility, you ought to be at something better than the bank job. You have a longer head than the rest of us boys."

"I'm leaving the bank job next week," replied Wick, his hand still sprawled over the sheet of paper.

Framer casually seated himself in a chair by the table; his eyes though bright with curiosity did not stray from his companion's face.

"Leaving next week?" he repeated. "Then you have something on the stocks." He drummed on the table within an inch of the paper. "Or is it a hunch, worked out in this Treasure Island puzzle here?"

He smiled, touching the paper itself, and Wick almost imperceptibly winced.

"I never had a hunch," he replied, his anger rising against the meddler.

"But, Wick, I don't get you," urged Framer. "You're leaving the job, as I expected. On your first night free of the care of the old gentleman—God rest him—you have out the plan you've been working up a year or two. Is it your own game or a plan to beat somebody else's game?"

In a rage Wick did the last thing he should have done seized the paper and tore it into bits

"Now," he said, controlling himself, "we'll talk of something else." *(Continued on Page 68)*

At the End of the Fourth Race Wick Saw Morley Come Over From the Stand and Join Framer

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Water, Water Everywhere

THE farmer too often thinks that he alone is right, while the railroads, the steel industry, the packers, the labor unions, Congress, the board of trade—everybody else is wrong. He knows how the other fellow ought to run his business. He seldom considers that some of his troubles might be lying on his own doorstep.

For example, take this idea of watered stock that the farmer is always talking about. A certain state officer of a farm organization was testifying before the Joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry at Washington last summer and he made complaint that, as a result of the Cummins-Esch Bill, in the $18,000,000,000 value fixed for the railroads of the country there was $5,000,000,000 of water value. But he failed to mention that the farmer is a great little stock waterer too. Take the land boom of 1919, and from beginning to end it was nothing more nor less than an artificial boosting of the capitalization value of farm investments. It was speculation, too—much harangued about by farm orators.

In the fifty years from 1850 to 1900 the total value of farmland in the United States, exclusive of buildings, implements and livestock, increased something less than $10,000,000,000. But in the ten-year period from 1900 to 1910 it jumped from a little above $13,000,000,000 to nearly $28,500,000,000, or more than 100 per cent. From 1910 to 1920 the increase from this $28,500,000,000 was up to the enormous sum of $54,903,453,925—nearly another 100 per cent. The total value of all farm property increased from approximately $20,000,000,000 in 1900 to $40,000,000,000 in 1910, and to nearly $78,000,000,000 in 1920.

Now what caused such an enormous increase in value? Most of all, it was due to what our economist friends call unearned increment. This is the increase in the value of land which is added on by the growth of population. The past twenty years has seen a constant and rapid increase in farmland values over the country generally, due to this force.

Then came the land boom of 1919 and within the space of a month or two the farmer took matters into his own hands and proceeded to add on to the value of his farms the unearned increment that was due him for the next five or ten years; added on to his book value capitalization anywhere from 15 to 35 per cent for no basic reason under the sun. In 1918 the United States Department of Agriculture estimated the value of plowland to be sixty-eight dollars an acre, the country over. In 1920 it estimated that the value had risen to ninety dollars an acre, an increase of 32.9 per cent.

According to the 1920 census there are 506,982,301 acres of improved farmland in this country. If the term "plowland" is synonymous with "improved land"—and it is approximately—an increase of twenty-two dollars an acre in two years, applied to the whole country, would total to the enormous sum of $11,153,610,622.

The farmer wrote up his values right on the brink of a period of falling prices, and sold his farms by the tens of thousands at these inflated prices, laying vast sums in mortgages upon them. Came 1920 and 1921, and with prices cut in half he was unable to figure profits on the inflated land values of 1919, though there were, of course, other important factors in the situation.

Yet the prairie farm that was valueless when the buffalo roamed over it, worth two dollars an acre when the pioneer's cabin was built, was worth fifty dollars an acre when McKinley was President, and to-day may be worth $300 an acre. Provided it has been farmed judiciously it has been improved all this time and has constantly become more and more valuable. Most of this increase has accrued to the farmer by the economic forces attendant upon the growth of population—this 200 per cent increase that has come in the past twenty years to the land wealth of the farmer—and the rest is due to a writing up of the capitalization, to all intents and purposes a watering of the stock.

Against Everything

A FORMER chairman of the national committee of one of the two great political parties was asked a short time ago if the Democrats had any chance of winning the next presidential election.

"Nobody is for anything in this country," he replied. "Everybody is against something. On that basis alone and without regard to the merits of the case, I think the opposition has an excellent chance."

He went on to say that the attitude of complaint, criticism, opposition and negation seems to have very little to do fundamentally with political parties, but that it is merely a circumstance that might well work for the benefit or injury of particular parties.

Politics aside, there is no denying the injury wrought by the prevailing attitude of chiding and stricture. Specific criticism aimed at proved and actually remediable abuses is one thing; mere grousing against everything in general is what damages and destroys. Nothing is more common than a sort of composite attitude of dissatisfaction, discontent, spleen and suspicion, which is nearly always divorced from constructive and practical working suggestions for improvement.

Those who are rich or in other respects fortunate too often look upon labor unions and their leaders, together with most workmen, domestic servants and employes generally, as robbers and loafers. Those whose work is manual look upon the rich and otherwise fortunate in exactly the same way. Inventors and others in search of capital regard the banks as thieves, and bankers quite often look upon those in search of capital as unbalanced cranks. Landlords and retailers are generally supposed to be profiteers. To those outside of it Wall Street is a den of iniquity. To the city man the farmer seems to be asking for special privileges, the farmer often sees every one else turned against him. Everyone suspects everyone else of raiding the public treasury in the form of tariffs, bonuses, subsidies or other special privileges.

It would be possible to go on in this way indefinitely. Perhaps there will be more straight thinking as the war recedes into the distance and the hysterias that it set in motion are slowly calmed. Mental disturbances and economic fallacies were stimulated also by the business depression of 1920 and 1921. A more reasoning attitude may accompany a less disturbed business movement. But responsibility for the carping, grousing attitude of mind cannot be wholly laid at the door of the war or of the great economic movements over which the individual has no control. There is no such ready escape for any given man or woman. No one is exempt from the biting truth of this passage from A. S. M. Hutchinson's novel If Winter Comes: "She thought charity meant giving jelly and red flannel to the poor: she thought generosity meant giving money to some one; she thought selfishness meant not giving money to some one. She had no idea that the only real charity is charity of mind, the only real generosity generosity of mind, and the only real selfishness selfishness of mind."

Education and Success

STATISTICIANS are credited with an estimate that with an elementary education your chance of notable success is 1 in 41,250. With a high-school education it is 1 in 1608. With a college education it is 1 in 172. Duller are the many compilations which purport to show the relation between high standing in school or college studies and success in one's life work.

Such figures may mean much or very little indeed. In many cases the college or high-school graduate would succeed if he did not have any such education, because he has money and family position to start with. In many more cases it is not the education which makes him successful. It is exactly the other way around. Having the inborn and inherited qualities and capacities which inevitably lead on to success, he naturally seeks an education. To a considerable extent those who go through high school or college are a selected group to begin with.

Many are no doubt spoiled by education. It is an excuse for elegant leisure that unfits young men for the hard work without which distinction and great achievement are impossible. Many seem to feel that education is a substitute for work. They look upon it as something more than a mere tool, forgetting that the possession of tools is not the only equipment needed by a good carpenter. Education cannot take the place of inherited brains, natural efficiency and dependability. The most ideal system of education and the most perfect democracy cannot equalize the lot of those who are not created equal.

If any proof is needed that education is not a royal road to success it is afforded by the great numbers of those who arrive without any such assistance. But after making every allowance and providing for every exception it is probably true that education is the greatest single help that can be found for the limited inborn capacities that handicap the great majority of the human race. Whether the man of unusual talents is better off with or without much formal and conventional education is perhaps a debatable, but from any broad point of view a rather unimportant question. Such a man gets ahead anyway. What education does is to give those who have it, whether with or without unusual talents, a start in the race.

Nature is shockingly undemocratic. She goes to the other extreme, giving a few men marvelous gifts, and the masses very little. Education is the essence of democracy. Only a few, it is true, can go to the colleges and universities, and still fewer to those which represent certain exclusive social standards and limitations. But colleges and universities are only one link, and not the most important, at that, in the whole scheme of adult education.

The great state universities have no limitations on numbers, they are easy to enter and expenses are small. To the greater numbers who because of the necessity of working from early youth must forgo residence even at a state university, there are many courses given in the night schools of the larger city universities and by such organizations as the Young Men's Christian Association. To those who live in smaller communities, correspondence courses are available in practically every subject, both those given by the state and larger city universities and by a variety of private correspondence schools. To a constantly increasing extent also the corporations are furnishing education to their workers, and if the employe be suspicious of a capitalistic taint he will find in many cases that his union itself is engaged in furnishing its members with a training of its own.

Anyone who really wants the assistance of education can get it. There is no magic about it, but it is a weapon in life's struggle that only the boldest should be without, and, unlike inherited capacities, Nature has put no limit upon it.

Consumption After the Boom

By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

THE last two decades of the past century witnessed throughout the world unusual developments in mining, manufacture, agriculture, transportation, trading and banking. The resultant increase in goods and services formed the basis of enlargement and diversification of the standard of living. The facilities of production kept pace with the development of consumers' wants and desires. The rise in the standard of living, from the beginning of the century until the outbreak of the war, was a social phenomenon of the first order. This enlargement and diversification of the standard of living extended in this country to all classes. Though wages between 1910 and 1914 did not display so high buying powers for staple foods as in 1895–1900, they purchased many desirables at lower prices and provided goods and services not previously available. As against cheaper staple foods in the earlier period, one must set the added comforts and satisfactions of the later period. The business depression of the last two years provides opportunity for scrutiny of retrenchment in consumption in a population to whom recent elaboration of the standard of living had not yet become stabilized into tradition. Consumption may be studied and measured in three ways—by survey of family budgets, analysis of retail trade in consumers' goods, and estimation of sales of producers' goods.

The Family Budget

THE budget of the family is divided naturally into shelter, fuel and light, tools of trade, clothing, household furnishings, food, and a group of accessories, sundries and services—including such diversified things as amusements, sports, travel, ornaments, cosmetics, gum, tobacco, soft drinks, alcoholic beverages, medical services, church dues, and so on. Study of the standard of living from the standpoint of family expenditure would be definitive if we possessed representative budget surveys extending over long periods of time, applied to all classes and incomes in city, town and country, with sampling so selected as to avoid idiosyncrasies.

Such surveys we do not possess; we have only isolated investigations of particular instances, some very good, but mostly indifferent. Really, we are only learning how to analyze the family budget. Index numbers of retail prices, based upon predicated standards of living, cannot be employed in a specific investigation of relations of consumption. Index numbers of wages, contrasted with index numbers of retail prices, offer indications as to leeway between income and outgo, but give no indication of the directions in which adaptation, expansion or retrenchment may be practiced when the wage curve rises or falls disproportionately to the curve of cost of living. The index number of the standard of living and that of the food supply need not go parallel over a considerable period.

We may compute what a predetermined standard of living would cost a family of set size under varying price conditions. We may work out a series of standards of living that could be maintained on a predetermined income. But we are not comprehensively informed of what families actually do in the different classes of our heterogeneous population. We need selected and comprehensive data on standards of living, family budgets and incomes. We are surfeited with motivated research. In the direction of income the careful and unprejudiced investigations of the National Bureau of Economic Research provide us with a trustworthy basis. Collection of family budgets is more a matter of objective sampling of representative groups than of mass statistics. Standards of living must be studied in terms of scales. Before we can discuss what ought to be we must know more comprehensively what is.

Consumption is nowhere a unit. It is psychological as well as material. Demands for different goods display varying degrees of elasticity. In theory, the accessory outlays should be elastic; in fact, they sometimes incline to be particularly inflexible. The available investigations seem to indicate that when for a short period the income of a family in ordinary circumstances is increased, prices remaining constant, the percentage of income expended for food falls though the absolute amount may rise; outlays for shelter, light and fuel change little; the outlay for clothing is somewhat enlarged; the expenditures for house furnishings and sundries increase most of all. When a family income is reduced, prices remaining constant, the absolute outlay for food inclines to remain the same, but the percentage of income is increased; outlays for shelter, fuel and light remain constant; retrenchment occurs to varying extent in clothing, house furnishings and sundries. If income be sharply reduced the outlay for food may be lowered by substitution of cheaper foodstuffs; expenditures may be restricted to food, rent, fuel and light.

Around food, shelter, fuel and light rotate the other expenditures of the family. Food cost is here usually rated at about 40 per cent of the outlay of the family of a workman. In England it is 60 per cent; in other European countries as high as 70 per cent. But variations in different classes are marked. When prices rise with income all prices do not rise in relative proportions, and different families make different readjustments. When prices fall with income all prices do not decline in relative proportions, and different families make different adaptations. Rising prices and falling prices do not always point to opposite adaptations.

Other Methods of Study

CLASSIFICATION of essentials and nonessentials has shifted within recent years. House furnishings afford a good illustration. To-day the phonograph ranks as a piece of essential furniture; the radio-telephone receiver may be next. The service that families now require from tradesmen illustrates another recent factor. Under different circumstances and with different classes the reactions often depart from expectations, from theory. Trade gives many illustrations of disparities in this direction. The first imports into Rumania after the armistice were perfumes and cosmetics, not shoes. The first smugglers into Germany after the armistice carried tobacco, tobacco hunger exceeding fat hunger. There is much discrepancy in the catalogues of necessaries and desirables as grouped in projected standards of living. Studies from the standpoint of family expenditures, unless carried through with particular care and elaboration, need to be checked up by analyses of trade.

We distinguish between individual or family consumption and collective consumption. Illustrations of individual consumption are: Clothing of wool, cotton and silk; shoes of leather, cotton and rubber; kitchen utensils of iron, aluminum and zinc; hand tools of steel; coffins of lead; ornaments and kettles of copper. Illustrations of collective consumption are: Silk bolting cloths in flour mills; wool and cotton fabrics in railway cars; leather belting; structural and railway steel; lead conduit pipes; copper transmission wires; tinplating for containers. Collective consumption is largely productive consumption that reaches the family later as goods or services. Many instances of collective consumption the individual does not associate with the cost of living. The collective consumption of materials is more reduced in a period of depression than finished articles that appear in the family budget directly. Several forms of consumption are scarcely measurable from the side of the consumer. Railway services,

(Continued on Page 89)

The Print of My Remembrance

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS

I HAVE written of a visit to and sojourn in Arizona in order to get material for the play of that name. I wrote earlier of going back to Missouri, where I was perfectly familiar with the country, in order to refresh my ideas of its local color. In my opinion it would be difficult to overstate the value of this plan of getting information at first hand. It was Fred Remington's way of keeping himself fresh on his own subjects both for writing and illustrating. Richard Harding Davis made it his practice, visiting nearly every country in the temperate zone in his search for his varied and attractive material. So when Charles Frohman, frankly regretting his failure to produce Arizona, wanted something with similar color I was glad to go to Colorado to look for it.

The result of that trip is not very heartening to write about. I got a play that was heavy and overcumbered with material and dramatic machinery. It opened with a string of burros bringing ore down a mountain trail as I had seen them do it in New Mexico. It seemed a fine touch on paper and very excellent at rehearsals, but when the burros got temperamental on our first night and drew attention from the dialogue they weren't so valuable. The greatest fault with the play was its scattered interest. I fancy that some time or other every playwright fails because of the very things that he has considered his strength; that is, fails from an excessive use of such things. About 1902 that facile and versatile dramatist, Mr. Clyde Fitch, produced a play called Her Own Way in which Maxine Elliott was the heroine, but in which a little hairdresser girl who talked East Side slang made the most pronounced impression.

Nothing had been easier for Fitch than to write this character bit, and when he found it was so acceptable he said, "Well, if you like that kind of thing I'll give you twenty such characters," and immediately wrote a play in which he did. This was a piece called Glad of It in which he multiplied his East Side hairdresser till she was a blemish.

I had been successful with Alabama, with In Mizzoura and with Arizona in carrying forward a simultaneous interest in two or three different couples, being careful, of course, to have them contribute to what was the climax of each story. In Colorado I had practically five such interests, and though the material in the main was good, it failed to focus.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF WHITE STUDIO, NEW YORK

Maxine Elliott in "Lord and Lady Algy." At the Right—Margaret Illington in "The Gay Lord Quex"

Posing as a Mine Owner

THE gathering of this material, however, may have an interest. My intention had been to write a play about the Colorado mines. To get the material I had meant to go to work in one of them. I didn't believe that any practical miner would mistake me for an expert. I planned to get something in a clerical way on the surface of one of the properties or in the sheds. To do this I went by the advice of my Rocky Mountain friend, John C. Montgomery, to the law offices of ex-Governor Charles Thomas and Harry Lee. Harry Lee, who was a man of about my own age, advised against my project. There had just been a strike in the mines, and there were still a number of secret-service men working under various guises.

"In the way you propose," Lee said, "you won't be in any danger, but the men will promptly put you down as a private detective, and though they wouldn't molest you, you would never get near them, and the intimate stuff you are trying for would elude you."

There was an experienced, practical miner, tough man and strike leader, on their books by the name of Phil Flynn. He was a good deal of a free lance, constantly moving about on new prospects. If they could locate Flynn and put me under his care I'd be in the way of getting the desired information. A long-distance telephone caught Flynn at Colorado City on his way to a copper district in Northern New Mexico. He waited over a train for my coming. I had had a rather romantic account given me of Flynn before joining him. According to the men in Lee's office he had been educated for the priesthood and had abandoned it. At any rate, he had a fashion of quoting Latin. To my mind, after a few minutes with him, he suggested neither the priest nor the scholar, but rather the railroad foreman. He already knew my business from his long-distance telephone talk, and as we went along on the railroad gathered my purpose in detail. It was decided that I was not to pose as a practical miner but as a mine owner investing in properties. He gave me a few stock phrases that would partly carry out this impression, and when in doubt I was to be silent. We stopped at a junction called Trinidad, where the yard foreman knew Flynn. Flynn told him I was from Leadville. The foreman asked how things were up there. I could answer only in the general way that they were pretty good, but a main difficulty was the lack of cars. He knew this, and was trying to forward empties.

"Where did you get that car stuff?" Flynn said as our own train moved on. I told him I had seen it in the morning paper.

"Well, you'll do, Tom."

In the evening we left our railroad at a town called Springer, from which we had a few miles' ride in a stage to the driver's home, where we passed the night. Next morning we started with a two-horse wagon for the foot of the Little Cameron—pronounced Simmaroon. A prospector was camped there with a tent and a few cattle. Flynn made his acquaintance and left our wagon in his care. We went up the trail on horseback. At the end of the afternoon we had got as far as the animals could comfortably go. They were headed down the trail again and started with a spank. Flynn explained that there wasn't any way that they could get lost. They had to follow the little stream by which ran our trail. No matter how long it took them, they would bring up at the camper's outfit where the wagon was.

The kit I started with we had left at the stage-driver's home in the valley, and each carried only a blanket, besides such toilet articles as one could put in the pockets of his reefer. Leaving Colorado City, Flynn had asked me if I had a gun. I showed him a .38 hammerless which he thought would do. Before reaching the mining camp he suggested shifting it to the right-hand pocket of my reefer instead of the hip, where I had it. He didn't think there would be any trouble, but though my pose was buying certain copper mines, he was really going back to recover these claims; which he had learned had been jumped by the employes of the big mining company operating in that district. I learned this with a creepy feeling in certain peripheral nerves, but have reason to think it was not betrayed.

A Chilly Reception

THE camp which was our destination consisted of a bunk house and a cookhouse, some fifty feet apart, both log cabins. The bunk house had accommodations, such as they were, for eight men. Its interior was divided by a little gangway, say three feet wide, into two parts, each about nine by six. Each part contained two rough sapling bunks, one above the other, each bunk a little larger than the ordinary double bed, and all with bedding of pine boughs. On these boughs the miners at night lay rolled up in their army blankets, two to a bunk.

In the cookhouse, besides a stove, a shelf for dishes and utensils, there was a wooden table about ten feet long, flanked on each side by a rough wooden bench. In one corner of this room were two single bunks, one over the other, for the cook and his helper. There was no accommodation in sight for Flynn and me, and when the miners came in from their work, which they did about half an hour after our arrival, there was no welcome. One of the party was a romantic-looking boy in his early twenties, with corduroy suit and camping boots, as picturesque a figure as one now sees in the movies. There was one other American, a third miner apparently of Latin origin, and five Irishmen. The boy in corduroys was good-natured and genial. He seemed to be operating for himself. The other men worked for the company that owned the buildings, the adjacent territory and the few burros that carried the ore down the trail. We were at a considerable elevation.

The place grew suddenly cold at nightfall, although the days were warm. After supper the men smoked plug tobacco and played cards. The cook let his fire go out in order to get rid of them. When they got too cold they went to bed in the bunk house. The cook said that Flynn and I couldn't stay in the cookhouse. Flynn told him he was wrong about that; his friend Thomas would sleep on the table; himself he was going to stretch out on one of the benches and some boxes that he put alongside.

Without removing boots or any garments, with a folded gunny sack for a pillow, and covered by the blanket, I slept four nights on the kitchen table. The foreman of the outfit would have had authority to oust us, but he made no attempt to exert it. The first morning, after a solemn breakfast, during which nobody but the boy in corduroy spoke to us, Flynn and I went a mile down the trail to

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Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 26)

borrow a couple of picks. The company had plenty in their blacksmith shop, but refused to lend them. The blacksmith, when alone, seemed a little more communicative and more willing to be friendly with Flynn.

When, after getting our picks and an hour's walk, we got to the ground where Flynn had located we found that his identifying stakes and signs had been replaced by newer claimants. These evidences Flynn promptly destroyed, and set up again stakes with his own name on them. This done, we put in the rest of our time digging what in mining parlance was called an assessment. This is the removal of enough cubic material to meet the requirement of the mining laws, and we were just within the expiration of the time limit to do it.

We were in a singular social atmosphere and set of circumstances. The cooks turned us out the same rough meals that they provided the company miners, without any discussion as to the propriety of doing so. The miners ignored us during the meals, although Phil swore roundly at the unidentified thieves who had tried to steal his claims. The cook and his helper were rather poor stuff, and even if they had been friendly, which they were not, Flynn and I and the boy in corduroys, who diplomatically affected an ignorance, all together would have been in the minority against the remaining members of the group.

Alias Jim Jeffries

ALONE each day on the claims, Flynn said he didn't think any of the men had nerve enough to begin shooting, and in his opinion the claim jumping had been inspired by the company, and the men were not to get much out of it, anyway; so that his fears, if he had any, were considerably less than my own, which were numerous. On the fourth morning after our arrival we started on foot down the trail, and to my eyes the landscape grew more beautiful with every rod we covered. We found our horses and wagon with the camping outfit in the little valley, where we arrived in the afternoon. Late that night we were again in the stage-driver's highly civilized quarters, which when quitting I had thought so rude.

On the way north for Cripple Creek we stopped off at the little town, at that time the central office of the Maxwell Land Grant, where Flynn had to make certification of his assessment work, and where much to my astonishment he filed one of his claims as the Little Luke, naming it after my boy and turning over to me the certificate of ownership. The adjoining property belonging to the big copper company was paying heavily, and Phil hoped there might be a fortune in this claim. To hold it required an occasional return to the property and some work with the pick in that unfriendly attitude of the foe and the stranger. So, though I still have the certificate, the claim of the Little Luke is like the grave of Sir John Moore.

At Cripple Creek I met interesting characters and learned much about Flynn. There had been a fire a couple of years before—while Flynn was absent—that swept the side hills and left men, women and children without shelter. Flynn returned when the conflagration was over, and to his astonishment his little cabin was the only one left in that district.

He looked over the surrounding misery a moment and quietly went over to his own cabin and set it on fire. When he rejoined the sufferers he said, "Now I'm with you."

As we went through the little mining city on that first night of our visit we gradually accumulated a crowd of admirers. I was in a fair way to make a mistake about Flynn's popularity until I discovered that the interest was in me. I got Flynn in a corner and made him confess. Someone had asked the name of his companion. As a great secret he had whispered, "Jim Jeffries." Some two years before Jeffries had won the championship from Bob Fitzsimmons, had later won from Sharkey and some months preceding the time of which I write had knocked out James J. Corbett. On the sidewalks and in the barrooms, much to Flynn's amusement, men jostled us a little unpleasantly. I feared that as enthusiasm mounted some local celebrity would take a wallop at me in the belief that he was measuring his capacity against the world champion. Under a pretense of important letters I got back to our hotel.

The stuff I got from Cripple Creek was principally character studies. By the time we reached Leadville, Flynn was thoroughly enjoying the fiction in which we were mutually interested. In that city I was introduced to a man anxious to get rid of a gold mine. It became necessary to inspect it, and I wanted the information that such an inspection would give. To reach its most significant level we had to make a descent of eight hundred feet in the shaft. Our vehicle was what was called a bucket. This was a vessel made of boiler iron, about four feet high, with a diameter of two feet at its rim, used for lifting ore. It was held by a strong iron bale suspended by a steel cable. The rim of this bucket stopped at the ground level. We three men, the mine foreman, Flynn and myself, took hold of the steel cable and stepped on the rim, distributing our weight so that the thing rode level. Upon a signal to the engineer the bucket began to descend. The shaft through which we were going was about four feet square. From one hundred feet down its opening, as one looked up, seemed about the size of a window pane. When we stopped at eight hundred feet it was a pinhole in a sheet of black paper. Our illumination was the three candles that we carried, each set in a miner's candlestick, which was somewhat like an ornamental skewer or steel dagger holding a candle at right angles, and devised to scrape dirt out of crevices or a candle holder to stick point first into a wall. The alley through which we traveled was about as wide as a private hallway in a cheap flat, and not high enough to permit of standing erect.

One trouble with this particular gold mine was that some two hundred feet along this drift the roof had caved in. The owners had dug through this heap a kind of rat hole big enough to permit the passage of a man's body, if he got flat on his stomach and pulled himself along like a lizard. The foreman went first; urged by Flynn, I followed, second. There was no retreat except confession, and the dark shaft from which we had just escaped. After a cold crawl of twelve or fifteen feet we emerged into the unobstructed gallery again. There was no guaranty that the material through which we crawled wouldn't shift once more and imprison us, or even catch us in transit. But it didn't, and after a terrifying hour we were again on the surface in God's free air. I didn't buy the gold mine; the best I could do was to take the matter under advisement. But I was so overloaded with sensations that when I came to write my play I had my villain and his guilty partner eight hundred feet under ground, in a cage on a cable controlled by the hero, who was on the surface with the damning evidence in his hands.

When we got back to Denver, Flynn refused to leave me until I had been given safely into the hands of our friend, Harry Lee. As he said good-by for the time being he turned to Lee:

"What I like about your friend Tom here is we took this two weeks' trip together, and we were in some tough places. But he never said once, 'When are we going to get out of here?' or 'How long does this last?' He's all right."

I confessed to Lee that I'd often thought those questions, but had refrained from asking them because they would in nowise hasten our departure or terminate our difficulties; and, furthermore, I didn't want Phil Flynn to think I was a quitter, which in my heart I was.

Flynn was much interested in stories of the theater, and also the things about Fred Remington, and a year later showed up unexpectedly, but not without welcome, at New Rochelle.

Remington thought him a veritable nugget, and spent all the time with him he could in Flynn's two or three days in the East.

The twenty years that have gone by have probably retired Phil from very active service, but there are hundreds in Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico who remember him and I hope still meet him.

Ex-Governor Charles Thomas' law partner, Harry Lee, now dead, was one of the most gifted men of the Middle West. I will quote two examples of his wit if I can set the stage for them without too much delay: A dinner to me in the Denver Club at which were toastmaster and speeches and one orator, who, I had been led to believe, was the most eloquent in the state. When this speaker began to talk he made three separate starts at his subject. His friends regretted the indulgence that left him a little scattered, and as for the third time he said, "Frémont came through here in '48," Harry Lee remarked, "The record's been lowered since then." The orator joined in the laugh, and under its cover gave way to the next speaker. On one of Lee's visits to New York a club tête-à-tête with Lackaye was interrupted by an English actor, who like the oratorical friend at Denver was not in full possession of his faculties. Each attempt to score off Lackaye proved more of a cue than a hit. His continued failure and the triumph of Lackaye growing a little monotonous, Lee interposed:

"I don't know what the game laws are in New York, Mr. Lackaye, but in Colorado it's considered very unsportsmanlike to shoot mackerel in a barrel."

"Mackerel in a barrel" is now a Lambs Club stencil.

The Craving for Variety

HUMAN nature is so constituted that the wish to escape from boredom is one of its strongest motives. Nearly every playwright is driven into new kinds of endeavor by his wish for change. Bronson Howard, after his comedies of Saratoga and Green Room Fun, wrote The Banker's Daughter, Young Mrs. Winthrop, and after another comedy, The Henrietta, returned to serious work in Shenandoah and Aristocracy. Gillette wrote his comedies, The Professor, The Legal Wreck, then his serious play Held by the Enemy, and, after a string of comedies which included Mr. Wilkinson's Widows, Too Much Johnson and Because She Loved Him So, returned to serious work in Secret Service and Sherlock Holmes. Henry Arthur Jones had even a wider range through outright melodrama and farce, ranging from The Silver King to Whitewashing of Julia. Clyde Fitch, after his lighter social portraiture, wrote his big play, The City. One will not be accused of claiming a professional kinship to these masters if like them he confesses the human side which craves variety. My own attempts ranged all the way from melodrama to musical comedies and broad farce. After the experience with Colorado, the reaction was naturally to the lighter moods.

Before Colorado was produced, and while it was in rehearsals, I went one night to the Empire Theater to see H. V. Esmond's comedy, The Wilderness. That excellent company of Charles Frohman's contained such actors, since stars, as Margaret Anglin, William Courtenay, Charles Richman, Mrs. Whiffen, Margaret Dale, and in a quite minor rôle, Lawrance D'Orsay. My wife and I were watching the play from a box, and when D'Orsay left the stage I noticed a movement in the parquet like a receding wave as the

PHOTO. BY SARONY, NEW YORK CITY

Ethel Barrymore at the Time of "Captain Jinks," Lionel Barrymore and Jessie Busley in "Not With My Money"

PHOTO. BY SARONY, NEW YORK CITY

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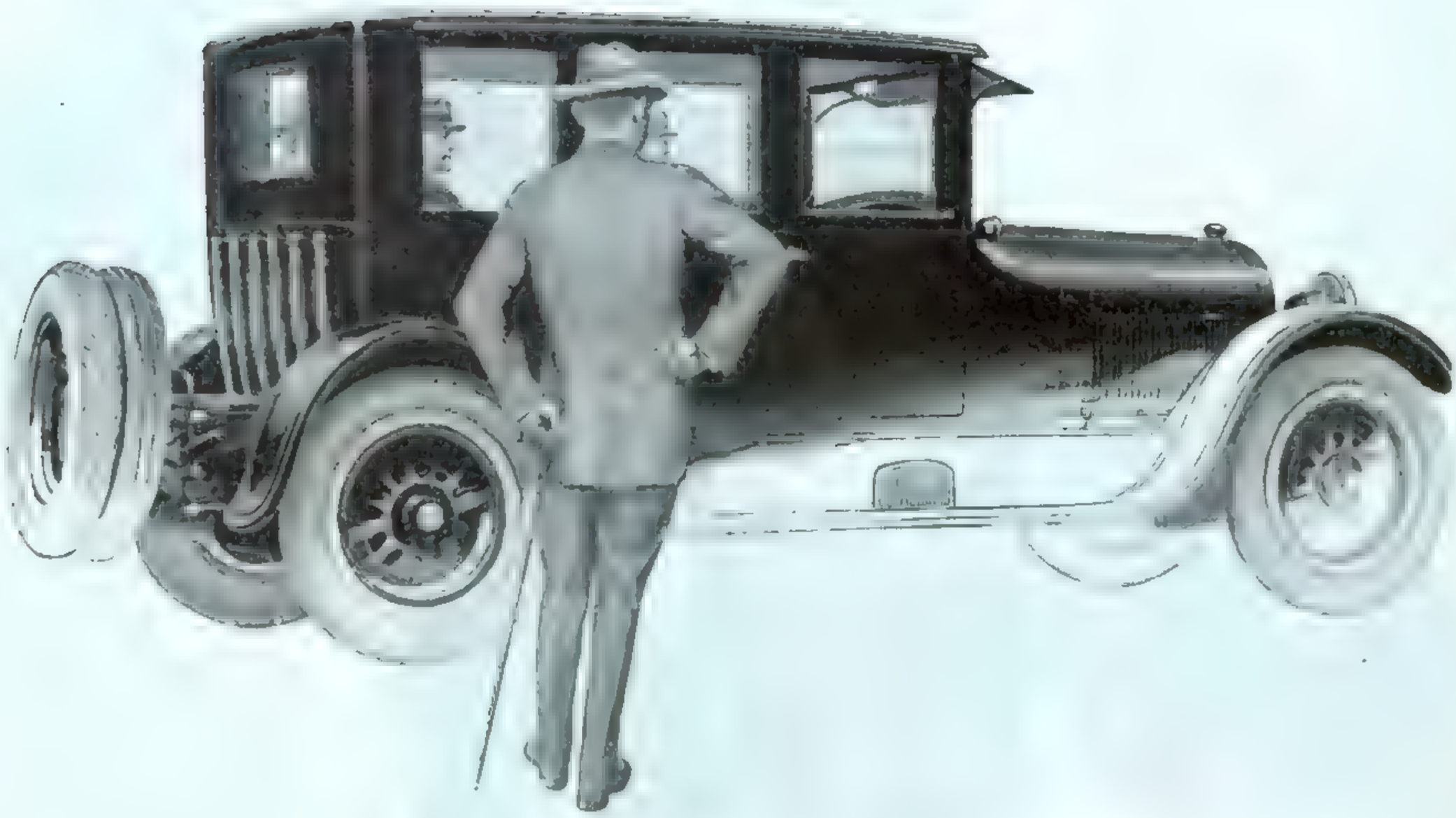

In every man's mind there is the hope that at some stage of his career he will own a Cadillac.

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He ardently desires a Cadillac because he knows it is conceded the world over to be the acme of motor car perfection and enjoyment.

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C A D I L L A C

Standard of the World

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audience settled back in their seats. They had moved forward in their attention in less concerted action; but as they heard D'Orsay approaching for his second scene their interest was immediate and the forward inclination was in unison. I called my wife's attention to the fact, and when D'Orsay came on for the third time we both noticed the peculiar response. I felt that the player so welcome in such negligible material as his slight rôle offered was of stellar quality.

I knew D'Orsay as an actor who had attracted attention in Captain Marshall's play, The Royal Family, and as an interesting personal figure about the clubs. To describe him in a line, one would have to use the phrase so often applied to him by his critics: "The Ouida type of heavy guardsman." His expression is the dominant one of distinguished, opaque, English toleration, alternated with bland astonishment, not unmixed with good nature, but always self-confident, self-sufficient and aristocratic. I began thinking about him as the central figure for a comedy that I had agreed to write for Mr. Frohman.

On the American stage, to get the greatest value from such a man as a kind of comic-paper Englishman of breeding, it was imperative to surround him with Americans and give him an American background. In doing this I naturally saw the Americans amused with his speech and manner as I had seen them amused by him in private life; but as I thought more intimately of him I remembered that his funniest moments were his attempts to be ultra-American. This phase seemed only incidentally valuable until, through dwelling on it, the idea came to me to put him in a situation where he would be seriously obliged to assume it altogether, and with the inception of that idea I had the bent and the impelling factor of my story. The construction would be along the line of establishing an Englishman who would have to pretend to be an American, and his experiences after he began to do so.

If I were permitted to say to a dozen English and American playwrights of today—Pinero, Jones, Gillette, Pollock, Al Thomas, Forbes, Winchell Smith, Davis, Maugham, and so on, "What made an ultra-Englishman in America pretend to be an American? Answer promptly," they would reply in chorus, "A woman." That is the dramatist's formula, and it was mine. And the dramatists would be agreed on the next step: Find the woman.

I felt that it would be piquant for the woman to be a grass widow who had resumed her maiden name. Under the proverb this would make her twice shy, while at the same time it would remove her from the ingénue class, then being badly overworked. After considerable study, which must not be minimized by any ready relation of it, I hit upon the idea of having my Englishman masquerading as an American unwittingly take for sufficient reason the name of the girl's divorced husband. This was a great find, as any one interested in playmaking will readily agree. I decided that my Englishman should have seen and been attracted by this young woman while she was traveling on the Continent, and that instead of coming to America in search of an heiress his trip should be one definitely in search of the woman.

Producing the Earl of Pawtucket

I HAVE more than once in these pages spoken of the value of material which seemed to have no significance at the time of its acquisition. Here's another example: I didn't go up in the Ferris wheel at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 because I dramatized the wheel sticking when my car should reach the top of the turn. In 1899 I said so to Maurice Barrymore as we stood looking at the same wheel transported to and set up at Earl's Court, London.

"Well, since it's been here the thing has stuck twice," said Barry; "one time for twenty-four hours."

A policeman standing by took up the story and told us how a sailorman climbed to the cars with coffee and sandwiches for the imprisoned patrons.

"A lot of good stories," he added, smiling, "fellows with other fellows' wives, and all that sort of thing."

I expressed my yokel astonishment as to how the sailorman could have managed it up to the topmost cars. The bobby's tolerant answer set the story in my mind for all time:

"Well, you see, sir, 'is mother'd taught 'im to 'old on good and 'ard, and 'e did."

The idea of putting two romantic people together for twenty-four hours in the same car at the top of the Ferris wheel seemed to me excellent preparation for a comedy.

When my story was well in hand, newspaper training impelled me to familiarize myself with the proposed scenes of it, the three locations in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. I stated my project to the business manager of the hotel, and met a chilling and discouraging reception. The house could lend itself to no enterprise of that kind. So two days later I drove to the hotel in a cab with my wife, and with a trunk and valises. The room clerk had us shown several rooms and suites. I chose a suite I thought suited to the earl. The rate, without meals, was forty dollars a day. We stopped only one day, but the forty dollars put into my hands many valuable physical suggestions, as well as the truthful color which is so valuable in a well-known district. It also enabled me to make sketches for the scenic artist and get suggestions helpful in the general construction of the story.

After I had begun to write the play Mr. Frohman had gone to London. I cabled him, asking if I might have D'Orsay for the piece.

With characteristic brevity he answered "Yes."

My comedy, The Earl of Pawtucket, was done by the time Mr. Frohman came back, but the cable for D'Orsay had meant to him only the engagement of a minor character. He was warm in his approval of the play, but declined to risk D'Orsay as the star. I could see no other exponent. Frohman generously released D'Orsay. Two hours after he had done so I had completed an arrangement with Kirke La Shelle, who took the play solely upon my description of it, and because he had to move promptly in order to get time at the Madison Square Theater, where Elizabeth Tyree was starring under her own management in a play not very successful. Miss Tyree was exactly the type of girl that we wanted for the heroine, and she had the additional attraction of being the owner of this lease for the Madison Square Theater. While I was still in La Shelle's office, La Shelle arranged for Miss Tyree to hear the play, and before she went to the theater that night I had read it to her, she had accepted it, and after giving the following day to the selection of the company we started on the second morning to rehearse the piece, with only eleven days between us and the Monday on which we proposed to open. Among the company assembled on the stage of the Madison Square Theater for rehearsal was an actor of experience and ability, Mr. Ernest Elton, engaged for the part of the valet. He and D'Orsay had been together in an English company some fifteen years before in the provinces, and met now for the first time since.

"Oh," said Elton to D'Orsay, "are you in this piece?"

D'Orsay said, "I hope to be."

Elton gradually realized he had been speaking to the star. The reported episode amused C. F.

We had one of our best first nights, and next morning a fine press; but our performance had been with insufficient preparation. Being familiar with the script from both writing and rehearsing it, I had at the first performance undertaken the office of prompter, and in order that I might not be more audible than the players stood in the first entrance with a small megaphone through which I whispered when they seemed to hesitate.

In the second intermission a prominent critic said, "I like everything about the play except the wretch with the megaphone."

Augustus Thomas and Phil Flynn After Their Trip Into the Mine

But feeling that much more depended upon maintenance of our tempo than absence of the occasional note from the megaphone I stuck to the method. Our stage manager's time card registered our last curtain at an hour that was not improved upon during the long run of the piece. D'Orsay starred in the play under La Shelle's management for three years, and at the end of that time returned to Mr. Frohman to star in another play.

Altogether I read or proposed many plays to Charles Frohman. Some were accepted, many were refused, both in script and in projected story. Charley one day said to me: "It's always a great pleasure to refuse a play of yours, because it seems to get the thing off your mind, and then we have an interesting conversation."

For my own part, as I look back, I can add that the pleasure was not altogether one-sided, because Charley never refused a play or a story without proposing some project for another one.

When he turned back the script of Pawtucket and released D'Orsay from his company in order that I might do the play elsewhere he said: "As soon as this is off your mind start in and write me a comedy for John Drew, and if you can I'd like you to put a part in it for Lionel."

Drew had recently had great success in a play called The Mummy and the Humming Bird, in which his nephew, Lionel Barrymore, had the part of an Italian who had no English words and ventured on few Italian phrases, but trusted to convey most of his meaning by eloquent pantomime.

Young Barrymore's Studies

I THINK Lionel Barrymore's fundamental ambition in life was not so much to be player as to be artist. Everything in black and white or on canvas or in stone interests him intensely, and for two or three years he left the stage to devote himself to the study of color in Paris. In the theater his happiness is delineating character, and he goes at each new subject with the technical interest of an artist interested in surfaces and in the force behind them. He made his first big impression in New York by playing an old Boer general in a melodrama done at the Academy of Music. The part was a prophecy of his gallery of old-men portraits made notable in The Copperhead and again in The Claw. For his Italian with John Drew he had taken lessons from a master in order to be right in the few phrases he had to ejaculate, and he had gone into the Italian colony to study the manners of its people. It may be that C. F.'s commission to put in a part also for Lionel centered my attention more than the obvious commission to get a story for Drew. At that time, to see Kid McCoy, champion middleweight fighter of the world, and Lionel Barrymore together no acquaintance of either would mistake one for the other. But the mistake could easily be made if either was seen alone half a block away. I began to think of a prize fighter. In order to get a thoroughly contrasting part I chose a minister of the gospel. I was indebted to the current newspapers for that idea, as there was some young clergyman at the time in the public eye through his advocacy of athletics.

There was no haste for the play. My friend Ruckstull was settled in a little town called St.-Leu, some fifteen miles out of Paris, working on his heroic equestrian statue of Wade Hampton. Letters from him carried the alluring post cards of the city beautiful. I was a little track sore with New York, and mentally a little weary with the vociferous self-approval of the National Administration. My boy and baby girl were beginning to lisp French, perhaps wrongly, from their uncertain *bonne*. My wife wanted to pursue her musical studies. I thought it would be fine to have an occasional half day in some Parisian *atelier*. Arizona was doing well. D'Orsay was making money. Letters of credit seemed possible! Paris!

There are too many guidebooks of Paris, too many accurate pictures of its beauties, too many interesting and romantic descriptions of it from Dumas to DuMaurier, for an American playwright fatuously to attempt further to encumber the field. But for a man momentarily escaping from America, and especially from New York, there are some attractions that have not been enumerated.

An editor of a Western paper, recently writing of a local improvement society and of the conditions of individual premises, says of one citizen: "There is no hypocrisy about Brown. He is not one of those men who beautify their front yards and leave the back yards filled with ash cans, rusty tin and disorder. No hypocrisy. Brown's front yard is just as dirty as the back one."

New York has that kind of candor. When a visitor debarks from a steamship and comes through our water-front

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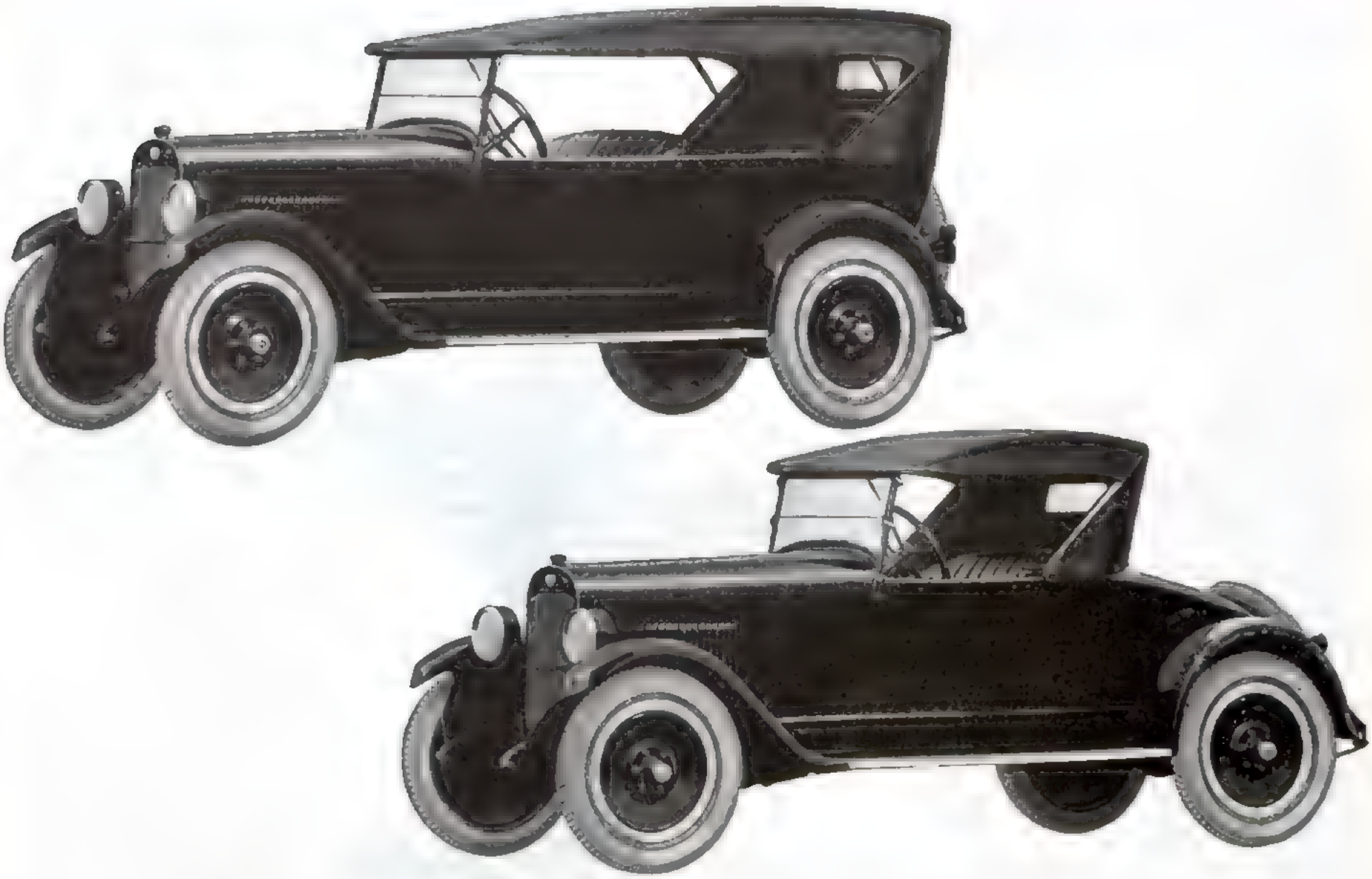

The wave of admiration which the beauty of the good Maxwell inspired upon its first appearance, has widened steadily as the cars have multiplied.

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The Good

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PIONEER METHODS

By George F. Parker

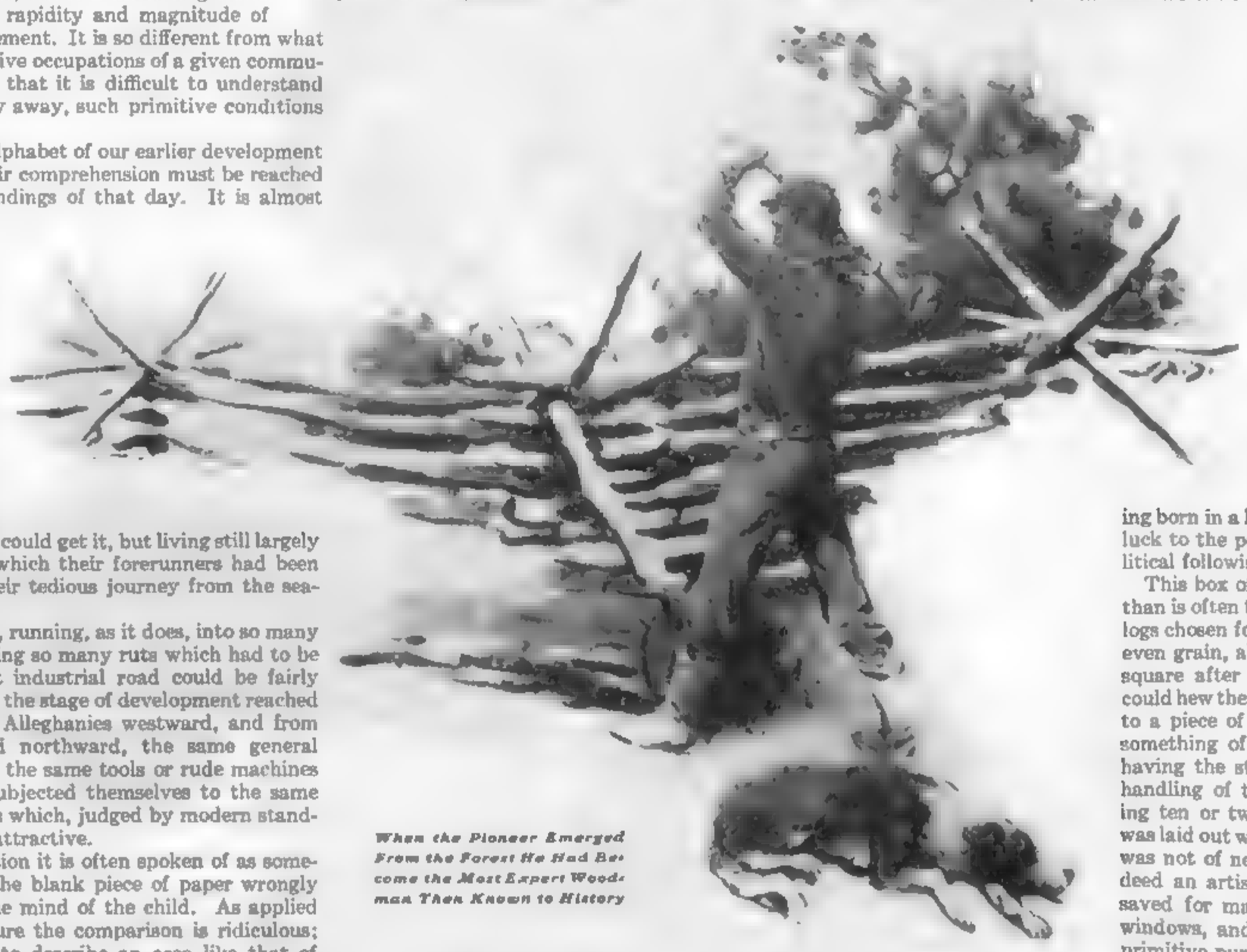
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STICK

AS SIMPLE as the thing itself may seem, it is by no means an easy task to describe and analyze the industry of the pioneer life. Primarily, it is a large subject of itself, but it is made larger and more important by the rapidity and magnitude of the whole Western movement. It is so different from what is now seen in the collective occupations of a given community or state anywhere, that it is difficult to understand how, only a half century away, such primitive conditions could have persisted.

And yet, if even the alphabet of our earlier development is to be learned, some fair comprehension must be reached of the economic surroundings of that day. It is almost impossible to present to the modern student or reader a picture of how these people lived, when there was not a mile of railroad in Iowa until 1854, when nearly one-half of our period had passed away; to realize that the people were subduing, creative and happy; buying and selling, devising and making, taking their pay in money when they could get it, but living still largely in the age of barter, to which their forerunners had been almost bound during their tedious journey from the seaboard.

Large as the subject is, running, as it does, into so many unfamiliar grooves, making so many ruts which had to be filled before the present industrial road could be fairly completed—it represents the stage of development reached by its time. From the Alleghanies westward, and from Tennessee and Missouri northward, the same general methods were employed, the same tools or rude machines were in use, and men subjected themselves to the same hard training for rewards which, judged by modern standards, seem petty and unattractive.

In dealing with education it is often spoken of as something to be written on the blank piece of paper wrongly supposed to stand for the mind of the child. As applied to a sentient human figure the comparison is ridiculous; but it does seem fairly to describe an area like that of Iowa when, long held back from settlement, it was at last thrown open. Access to its 55,000 square miles of land, of unknown but, as was soon recognized, of unexampled fertility, was all at once opened along one side.



When the Pioneer Emerged From the Forest He Had Become the Most Expert Woodman Then Known to History

The Opening Up of the West

ONE settler after another timidly crossed the great river at widely separated points, generally as an individual, sometimes as a member of a small group. He only knew that he did not have to fight his way, so no colony was needed; he had not even the advantage that his predecessor had, as the Indian and the buffalo had not been before him to mark out along the most eligible lines the trail that he could safely follow as the natural path between two given points; there were not even enough Indians to do this unconscious service. There were no houses, only here and there a rude wigwam; no cultivation of the soil except an occasional small patch, planted to corn but imperfectly cultivated. There were no facilities for grinding the grain even when produced; nothing but rude sets of stones for crushing it by hand; no smith or carpenter had been seen; no vehicle, however crude or rough, had crossed the wide, easy-flowing river. No regular industry had found development anywhere within its borders. For the white man's purpose it was literally a blank.

The Government, which owned the land, so far as it had been acquired at all, had not yet passed or confirmed title to a single rood; and yet, with all this before them, with no enemy to check or arrest their progress, the settler and his fellows were as distinctly limited as if they had access to only a landing place on the river's bank. Each had to do everything for himself. There were no engineers to go ahead and blaze a trail for him; although he had gone to territory distinctly prairie, he was still in leash to the forest. He had no axman, as in war, to clear the spaces ahead of him. There were no soldiers to make roads; he could go only so far as the surveyor had marked his series of artificial metes and bounds. He could advance only as fast and as far as he and his fellows were able to carry with them those cognate industries which would enable him in due time to add another mile strip to its occupied predecessors. Even then he had to take with him a blacksmith shop, a gristmill and a sawmill; and he could not go far without a carpenter and a wheelwright. He had probably never even heard that there was, anywhere in all the world, a plumber or an architect; even if he had come from the most highly developed city he would have had no use for such helpers.

No Man Was More Really Trusted Than the Blacksmith

In short, the settler really had before him the equivalent of the fabled white sheet of paper, and he proceeded to write upon its surface. All his first signs and marks were material. He had to provide food, shelter and clothing. As he had passed the time when he could find the first of these by killing wild animals, he had perforce to carry with him supplies and the simple machinery and the skill required to furnish all things for himself.

He had his own hands, the raw land, and neighbors, more or less remote, united with him; with these he had to work until, in a few years, he, as one of a multitude, had built a state. He could neither have government help nor borrow money for development. In all the financial centers there was no banker who would have accepted him as a debtor, and no government which could do more than permit him, under the operation of general law, to provide himself with funds.

In the passage through the great wilderness there had been little change in the style of building—it had become almost an order of architecture—employed by the pioneer. It was invariably of wood; whether constructed of logs or of lumber it was of the square-packing-box pattern, which had given shelter and satisfied the taste of the earliest colonists in Virginia, New England, the middle and the new states. For well-nigh a hundred years when along the Atlantic Coast it was desired to build a church or a house of bricks it had been customary to bring them from England, with the exception that in New York and New Jersey they were sought in Holland; but this was rare. The people were passing through that age of wood from which their ancestors in the countries of origin had escaped within a period then comparatively recent. Most of the original houses were built of logs; the fact of being born in a log house neither brought luck to the person nor attracted a political following.

This box of a house was less simple than is often thought. It was made of logs chosen for straightness and for an even grain, about ten inches or a foot square after hewing. The man who could hew them straight—almost equal to a piece of sawn timber—had to be something of an artist in addition to having the strength requisite for the handling of the great broadax weighing ten or twelve pounds. His work was laid out with the utmost care. He was not of necessity a carpenter; indeed an artisan trained in wood was saved for making and setting doors, windows, and, after the time of the primitive puncheon was over, for laying floors of the best and easiest worked wood obtainable. The dovetailing of these logs so that when finished the corners, with short and not unsightly projections, would be perfectly squared, was a delicate operation—a finishing process always reserved, either in doing or oversight, for that man in the neighborhood with the truest eye, the steadiest hand and the most experience; he only could give the touch and finish necessary to insure the tightness which would exclude or temper cold and heat.

Old-Time Cabin Building

THE four walls once up to the proper height—ceilings were seldom more than eight and a half or nine feet—this wooden wall was completed by what was known as chinks, which were carefully fitted, irregular wedge-shaped pieces of wood about four inches thick by five or six in width. There were two kinds, inside and outside chinking—that is, sufficient in size to leave between them only a small vacant space between the logs. That used on the outside was not so carefully prepared. This done the whole of the space between the logs was daubed with as good a mortar as the neighborhood afforded.

Such a house, with a proper foundation, with the usual cellar under half of it, once finished, presented walls almost as solid as stone or brick, and because of their thickness was a protection against storm, heat or cold. Sometimes it was daubed with a good quality of clay, having the necessary adhesive power, but this was an inferior order of house or for temporary use. If a single house of one room, it would generally be about sixteen feet in width and from the same in length up to twenty feet; if double, it would have two rooms of these dimensions, with a hall six or eight feet between them, all under the same roof though such a house was rare in the earliest days; it generally came later, with the quick prosperity incident to added population and the growth of a market.

The chimney was the most important feature. It was built of brick, generally poor in quality, as good clay beds were scarce. The fireplace ranged from about two to three feet in depth and from four to six feet in width. Like chimneys from the beginning of the world, it often smoked, mainly because, from the scarcity of materials, it had not sufficient height. Sometimes it was made of slats skillfully rived out from some hard wood and then built up almost

(Continued on Page 35)

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1½ x 3 feet	$ .50	3 x 4½ feet	$1.50
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Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 396

Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 512

(Continued from Page 32)

like the logs of the house itself. It was necessary to daub this heavily inside and out, to protect it from fire. Of course in such cases the brick fireplace would serve as the foundation for such a chimney probably to a height of from five to seven feet, or up to the average mantel.

The roof was generally made of clapboards, about thirty inches long, in effect large shingles, rived out with much skill from white oak, black walnut or other straight hard timber; now and then from the linden or some soft wood, though these involved too much risk from fire to justify their use except as a necessity. Such houses were built, one after another, by the combined labor of the men in the new neighborhood. When a settler went six or eight miles away he had to draw help from this distance, though it was not often that this was common anywhere in the West—first, because of the Indians, on earlier scenes, and then from habit and the necessity for association.

I have described thus briefly the best of the log houses because they were the earliest. They had their grades—the quality, the finish and the comfort all depending upon the individual; but for the later pioneer the sawmill often either preceded settlement or followed it so closely that the frame house soon became the standard. It still had the packing-box shape, generally one story and an attic, and differed little from the American standard for frame houses adopted when the material could be sawed instead of hewn. When the shingle-saw attachment came into general use the abundant black walnut along the rivers and the oak on the bluffs made as fine a quality of shingle as could be desired. The lath saw was still longer delayed in development, so that laths were split out of oak or lighter woods, with such skill that only slowness of production interfered with satisfaction of the demand.

Hog Tight, Bull Strong, Horse High

IT WAS inevitable that no distinctive architecture should develop out of the pioneer times. Houses, which, like everything else, had to be utilitarian, were constructed upon the simplest lines. They were rectangular, as both convention and nature's lines of least resistance dictated, generally without a porch; so that log, frame, brick and stone, following one another, maintained the original form and appearance, with only small variations. Often these different materials succeeded one another up to four in number on the same site.

In the earliest days, after the settler had provided the most necessary of his buildings, and had added to them, as has been described, according to his needs, he began the breaking of his land. By this time, though not wholly reconciled to the broad prairie, which had no tree in sight, he had even then some of the advantages which the larger areas of timberland were to enlarge. While crossing the wilderness he was limited to a plow little less primitive than that used in the days of the Gracchi. There was, however, enough level smooth land to encourage the gradual development of the large prairie plow for cutting the roots of the native grass. The river bottoms being sufficiently extensive to justify the use of this new implement, the farmer and the inventor used their opportunities. The native grasses, whether they grew on the bottoms or the uplands, rooted themselves very shallowly but with great firmness; experience, however, soon taught that the need was for an instrument which while breaking these roots would at the same time turn a furrow so wide as still to leave the operation profitable on an economic basis.

More than any other single agency, the plow enforced coöperation. Out of a group of neighbors each would have from one to three or four yoke of oxen, some of them large, powerful animals, from five to ten years old, well-broken and trained to the heaviest tasks. These would be combined as a single source of power, known as a team, and, managed by their owners, go from one piece of land to another until the season was over. The plow was an effective machine, rather heavy and crude, not much changed for many years in its form or weight. It was fitted with levers, had attached at the front two wheels of different sizes, which enabled the operator at the handles to keep it in the ground, to regulate the depth of the furrow, and to carry it through brush, briers or roots.

A proper plow cut twenty-four inches, and to operate it in land of average difficulty eight to ten yoke of oxen were required. These were chosen, as to leaders and wheelers, with almost as much care as a coachman would have taken with his team of horses with which he desired to make fancy movements upon the road or in a track competition. The team could then be completed in the center with animals less well trained, and even smaller. Three or four men were required for the management of such an outfit, and the task of driving the furrow in a fairly straight line across the field was one requiring much experience and a good measure of skill.

With his buildings up and his land broken to the plow the pioneer farmer must make inclosures. So long as he was in or near the timber he could do this only by a worm fence, another American institution. It grew out of the early customs of Virginia, where, after many difficulties and through many vicissitudes, it was enacted by law that livestock should be fenced out rather than either herded or fenced in. There was timber to the torture of all concerned, and so it was easy both to devise and to enforce such a law. From that time until the timber was exhausted or the railroad overtook the pioneer the worm fence was one of the necessary though costly and somewhat crude agencies of progress. Iowa, being the last of the pioneer states, was also the last that used or could use this form of fence to any extent. Perhaps a brief description of it as an actual force during this period may be justified.

As the pioneer went on his westward journey this crooked structure, winding its way over wilderness, river bottoms and prairie, came to be known merely as a rail fence, often acquiring the nickname snake fence. It grew in elaborateness, and certainly the legal height of four and a half feet, as originally fixed in Virginia, was considerably increased, probably due to the use of larger rails or sleepers, or to the growing size or aggressiveness of the domestic animals included or excluded, until it averaged, when perfectly developed, about five and a half feet, and often ran a foot higher. It was composed normally of eight rails, the bottom one resting upon short sleepers under each corner, the latter so buried that swine could not dig under and yet raised enough to prevent decay.

It was essential to choose as straight a rail as could be found, fairly large, as it must serve for a foundation. A rail was ten feet long and the depth of a fence from its straight outer line was four feet. A panel of it—that is, the length of two rails—when carefully made, covered a space of one rod, sixteen and a half feet; the size of a field so inclosed could be accurately estimated by counting the number of corners, or locks, as they were sometimes called farther south. After the foundation had been laid ahead for some rods the building of the fence proper began. Each rail for the various tiers was chosen with care until six had been laid. Crooked rails were so turned and tried that no possible chance remained for the energetic outside marauder to get in or, when penned inside, to get out. The corners were so laid that they would satisfy the requirements of a plumb, although one was seldom used, so accurate was the builder's eye. There was one universal formula both for the making and the judging of a rail fence like that described: It must be hog tight, bull strong and horse high.

Pioneers as Road-Builders

ALL this care was the absolute necessity of the time. Those familiar only with the ordinary well-fed, lazy domestic animal have no conception of the cleverness as well as the strength of each of the species mentioned when running at large, idle and mischievous, often uncared for and hungry, outside a fence, with a rich growth of half-ripe corn on the other side, only a few feet away from a feast. If there was anywhere a hole that could be enlarged by digging, the hog's snout would find it, and it took many precautions to overcome his ingenuity, power of calculation, and that persistence which nothing could surpass. Oxen, especially powerful animals, from five to ten years old, when turned out to pasture, however rich it might be, seemed to have a genius, hardly to be suspected, for finding weak spots in the fence, which in like manner was the only object between them and a bovine banquet. The horse also ran at large with equal freedom. In his marauding hours he developed on his own account jumping abilities that would not have discredited the best trained high-bred hunter, come from where he might. As these horses and cattle were almost sure to gorge themselves, as well as to destroy, it was to the interest of their owners that the neighborhood fences should be kept in the most effective condition. Probably more lawsuits grew out of such cases than from all others together, so that the primary test of a good farmer came to be the efficiency of his fences. Twice a year—in spring, before planting, and in fall, after harvesting—they were inspected for repairs or renewals.

Even in the matter of roads the American pioneer was dependent upon his own efforts. Other settlements of civilians—especially those in Western Europe—were made after the soldier had blazed the way through the forests and opened, with the most practical engineering talent known to history, roads which, with improvements carried on in the same way, are still the wonder of the world. The settler had to be his own engineer and axman, to dig, ditch and grade, so far as these were possible, and thus to carry his roads from one newly organized district into another, and from township to township, and then from county to county. The territory, after the Indian title had been extinguished in one zone after another, could not do much in the way of making a road to the interior. It had no scheme or program. It could have neither, because it could not pass, even in an exploring capacity, beyond the land acquired by the Federal Government. So as the settler pushed forward he organized in his township, both by custom and under the law, a series of road districts which often long remained the most important political centers in the new settlement. The governor and council were far away, so that the settler knew or cared little about them. The government surveyor passed out of his ken as soon as he had made plats and filed them in the government land offices; but working under general laws, as his predecessors had been doing for three-quarters of a century, and ready to coöperate with all comers, the settler had made roads through the woods for more than twelve

One Settler After Another Timidly Crossed the Great River at Widely Separated Points

hundred miles. In pursuance of this object he had felled the great trees which grew in a soil of surpassing richness—the gift of producing mud being one of the primary evidences of this quality. He threw the tree trunks into the chosen way, only to see them sink, in many cases, into the almost bottomless morass; he made corduroy roads, the wonder of those who saw, the torment of those who had to use them; and finally worked up to plank roads and, when he found stone and gravel, built company turnpikes and, very properly, charged toll upon them.

The early roads were of necessity crudely constructed; the only wonder was that they could be made at all. They were the product of the plow and the scraper, the latter then a rude instrument, with some help from a field roller made from a peeled log, generally of sycamore, because of its weight. Working in a loose black loam, without even clay as a binder, without stone or gravel, often over a surface so nearly level that drainage was difficult; forced by the absence of bridges to creep along the low, often marshy bottom lands until they came to an eligible site—which during low water would be a ford, and in floods a ferry—the task was one that would have taxed the resources and the ingenuity of an experienced road builder working with instruments, materials and men in an old and settled region.

It was here that the resource and adaptability of the pioneer served him well. With his quick eye both for the practical and for an emergency, without any trained or technical supervision, he worked away in patience, year after year, until he had so heaped up dirt over a long distance that, at its best estate, either when dry weather came to his aid or the ground was hard frozen, he had something that the king's highway could not excel. Over it the heaviest load could be drawn or the most famous driving speed reached and maintained; let the frost but heave up the ground in the spring or the early fall rains soak down to its uttermost depths, and there were not enough oxen in a neighborhood to draw a quarter-ton load to market or horses sufficiently swift to drive at more than a snail's pace. Perhaps, roughly speaking, under the law of averages, the road was perfect for about four months in the year; practically impassable for another four, divided into two almost equal parts in spring and fall; and for the remainder was again nearly perfect for use with runners.

From mid-November to about the first of March the sled and the sleigh were in use as substitutes for wheeled vehicles. The early fall of snow filled up ruts and hid imperfections so that grain, hay and wood were carried to market, logging was done, rails distributed for making and repairing fences, fertilizers scattered over the fields—when indeed almost half the heavy miscellaneous work of the year was done. This both saved time in the summer and, fortunately perhaps, rendered it unnecessary to maintain the roads at the high state of improvement otherwise necessary. On the prairie at a later day, when board fences had become common, if the snow so drifted in the lanes as to make it impossible to break or clear them, a sleet, soon frozen into a heavy crust, enabled the heaviest loads to be drawn on sleds over the drifts. This often continued for weeks together; if the heaps in the lanes became too mountainlike or irregular it was easy enough to drive over the fences and make a trail in the adjoining field, returning to the road again at a favorable point.

Past Masters of the Ax

AT A VERY early period, when interior counties were still more than one hundred and fifty miles from a railroad or a Mississippi steamboat, it was common for the best farmers to haul to market the surplus products of the year's labor. Loads of small grain—wheat, oats, buckwheat, seeds, corn shelled by hand—or dressed hogs, now and then the skins of the simple wild animals left in the woods along the streams, averaging perhaps over a ton for two horses, and considerably more for four, or even, in rare emergency, with oxen for power, would be drawn for long distances and sold in these remote markets for money to pay taxes or purchase necessaries that could not be grown at home. These were, mainly, salt, sugar, coffee and other groceries, or leather for boots, shoes or harness.

Such wagons would be loaded both ways, bringing back supplies for their owners or neighbors or for the country store. These journeys often required four weeks and, as experiences, were about as lonely as any that men could have. Camping out or stopping with farmers of their own type, often delayed by bad weather, illness or loss of a horse, the wanderings of Ulysses could scarcely have been more trying; but, next to endurance, patience was the one great pioneer trait. Nor was it all hardship. Such a man had many interesting adventures. He saw larger, or at least more life than that immediately about him, he expanded his business training and experience, and formed with remote and congenial people many friendships that stood him in good stead. These business errands had much to do with drawing farther into the state men who, having already succeeded, carried their small but helpful resources inland, to cast in their fortunes with a still newer community.

When the pioneer emerged from the forest he had become the most expert woodman then known to history. He no longer thought of clearing a farm for himself by barking, cutting or burning trees; instead he began to employ all his skill in woodcraft and to utilize every machine, whether it was old or so new that it had been hurriedly designed to meet some particular emergency. Soon the bottom portion of his land became a source of revenue. He was then the farmer, pure and simple, and this occupied him during the season of planting, cultivating, harvesting and garnering. With the cold weather he became again the woodman. He felled his timber, drew it to the sawmill—which by this time was only less common than the blacksmith shop—either sold it outright

A Proper Plow Cut Twenty-Four Inches, and to Operate It in Land of Average Difficulty Eight to Ten Yoke of Oxen Were Required

or had it sawed, by his own aid, on shares, or for money payment, and had the product ready for an addition to his house or for a frame building to replace the outgrown log one, for his own fencing or for sale to his neighbors, near or remote. Often in the scarcity of ready money he could only exchange his product for labor, which had a double value because otherwise his progress toward independence would have been retarded.

These river bottoms were covered with a virgin forest, never before seen by the white man. The principal varieties were black walnut, the sycamore, the white hickory, the hackberry, the horse-chestnut, the oak and the white walnut. It was upon these that the American woodman exercised his strength and skill when he found himself in surroundings where handling timber was an industry and not merely a destructive orgy. An early Iowa farm, thus divided into meadow and woodland, became a factory of double capacity for food and for articles in wood. Its owner was both a worker and a merchant with a market for something that had formerly been without commercial or moral value, and he brought to bear a large degree of skill both as workman and trader. He had the best facilities of his time for handling his secondary product, and the help of men thoroughly trained in their art. The woodman's ingenuity could only be appreciated when by his skill in cutting great trees; in handling the logs with the oxen or horses which he had trained into a large intelligence; in eking out his chains or ropes when, in loading great logs, he would bring the wild grapevine into service to reach those remote from the wood roads; in the manipulation of skids, wagons or sleds; in the use of crowbars, cant hooks and all the devices of timber handling, he showed as much courage and almost as much knowledge as if he had been in command of an army.

The making of rails, generally supposed to be a simple process, was far otherwise. The felling of the tree in a most favorable spot for the use of the crosscut saw; the driving of wedges for starting the work of splitting; the making and the use of gluts and mauls; the knowledge of how to handle a given cut in order to get just the size and shape of rail wanted; the calculation, by eye rather than by mathematics, of the number of rails that could be expected all these were operations in which the modern mechanical workman would be lost. It was no wonder that the rail-splitting experiences of Lincoln appealed to the West—where every man and boy knew what they meant—or that they excited mirth or ridicule in the East or in Europe. He had no unusual gift; he merely did his part in the life which surrounded him. Even the cutting of cordwood, though only into four-foot lengths, demanded an art and an experience the absence of which would soon impress itself upon both the spectator and the worker. In the making of pickets, palings or fence posts—everywhere, indeed, the wonderful training of the American axman was both apparent and necessary.

The Lure of the Prairie

AND yet this man was essentially a farmer, fixing his home in the wilderness; helping to make the houses of a people; designing, making and repairing the roads; building the schoolhouses and employing the teachers; in due time organizing the churches, leading the prayer meetings, sometimes preaching the sermon, and very often exhorting in a revival meeting. With such foundations there is hardly any reason to ask why this is a country of independence, of ingenuity and character, of mechanical skill, and of great industrial achievement in every line of human endeavor.

The average age of the heads of families who went to Iowa, from the year 1840 onward until its foundations were completed, must have been about thirty. Most of them had not only already started in life, with growing, promising families, but had achieved some measure of success. They had demonstrated what could be done in simple surroundings through industry and steadiness. They went into this remote pioneer life for the many reasons that then entered into a removal from one part of a new country to another still newer. By 1850 the prairie had become a lure; it was no longer feared or suspected; proximity and use, as well as reputation, had made it familiar. It had become clear that energy and ability could command their reward in about half the time necessary under the forgotten despotism of the forest, so that the majority of the newcomers soon accumulated a momentum that meant continuance of initial success. With comparative ease this would carry them over many difficulties that had hampered their fathers on the older scenes.

If any figures could be compiled they would show that such men, when destined to win a fair measure of success, started by the purchase, often with some deferred payments, of about eighty acres of land, of which something like one-third was timber, and the remainder bottom land or on the ridge between two streams. It was the general rule that forty acres of this land would be broken and prepared for cultivation by the farmer himself. He had to wait some years for help from his boys, relying in the beginning almost wholly upon his own labor. In most cases from fifteen to twenty acres would be fenced in for hay or pasture. Of the cultivated forty acres about thirty would be planted in corn, leaving some ten acres for small grains, including a tiny plot, perhaps a quarter or half an acre, for a garden, in which the potato would occupy the most space. There was no allotment for fruit, because it had not yet become acclimated or adapted to the soil, and for the further reason that crab apples, wild plums, cherries, blackberries, strawberries and grapes grew in great profusion. For either pasture or hay there lay before him government land or that owned by the speculator, with its rank growths going to waste.

By the time the really enterprising man needed more land his boys had come into adolescence and man's work—these were convertible terms—and the farmer was ready to spread out. Those who failed or became discouraged could sell on favorable terms so far as prices bore any relation to real values; so that the man who had successfully managed his eighty grew naturally and easily into a quarter-section holder, and that without incurring the heavy debt which both precept and example had taught the pioneer to dread and avoid.

While passing into the prairie, invention had been so at work that the farmer's personal efficiency was doubled between 1840 and 1860, certainly by 1865. In due time,

(Continued on Page 38)

It is nothing uncommon for Peerless owners to report that they have driven their cars an almost incredible number of miles without finding it necessary to remove the carbon from the cylinders, grind the valves, or indulge in any readjustment or repair of any consequence whatsoever.

It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of such experiences occurring as frequently as they do with the Peerless.

It can, of course, spell one thing and only one thing—not merely correctness of design, but an accuracy of measurement and of manufacturing method far above the ordinary.

With the experience of men who have always engaged in the highest type of manufacturing practice to draw upon, it is safe to say that nowhere in the world is closer, finer craftsmanship being applied to a motor car than is being applied to the Peerless.

The same principles and practices which keep cylinders clear of carbon over extraordinarily long periods, and free the Peerless owner from readjustments and repairs to a really unusual extent, express themselves also in every phase of Peerless performance.

The car reveals its greatness every time it is called upon to do those things which motorists value most—in its smooth, unlabored start, which merges instantly into sweet, even running; in its swift rush of acceleration; in the certainty of everything it does.

There is warrant for repeating the conviction that, considering its charm of performance, its luxurious comfort, its pronounced beauty and its economy, it would be impossible to find a sounder, better investment than the Peerless in the motor car market today.

THEODORE F. MacMANUS

Seven Passenger Touring Car, $2790; Four Passenger Roadster, $2790; Four Passenger Coupé, $3500; Five Passenger Sedan, $3650; Seven Passenger Sedan, $3790; Seven Passenger Sedan-Limousine, $4060; F. O. B. Cleveland

The Peerless Motor Car Company has been acquired and is being operated by R. H. Collins and his associates

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JUNE 1922

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Next to the desire to battle this "king of the waters" is the need for tackle that's extra strong and dependable, to meet the wild rushes and frantic leaps of the mighty Muskie. Such is *South Bend Quality Tackle* which includes the *Musk-Oreno* and numerous other tried, proven and tested Muskie lures. Ask for them at 'most any sporting goods dealer's.

"Fishing—What Baits and When" shows and describes Muskie and other game-fish lures. Gives valuable fishing hints. *Sent Free.*

Send for this Booklet

SOUTH BEND BAIT CO. *2514 High Street South Bend, Ind.*

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also, land and stock had acquired sufficient value to give the really efficient man a standing with the neighborhood banker, who, himself, had so improved his position that he was no longer dependent upon a discredited currency, and had become something other than a usurer or note shaver. The tendency to expand farms was not speculative, leading into the morass of debt, nor was the ownership a thing of boast or show. It was a real and wholesome progress for the fit with an accession of nature's tendency to eliminate the weak and unfit. This does not imply that all farming or any large proportion of it was high class, because this never became the case, but it afforded an opportunity to the best to improve their methods and made them exemplars for those prone to be careless or idle.

While this process was fairly under way the younger generation was making itself felt. As a rule it stayed at home later than had been the custom, and the labor of all began to count, so that the family position, which in the pioneer life inspired a real pride, became fixed. There was hard work for the first and second generations—neither yet in middle life, and all still able to do it—and when this was over, markets had come, railroads were on the way, the character of local industries had become fixed, the prairie had justified itself, and Iowa had taken another step in its making.

Scientific Farming

It was to the growing of corn that the pioneer farmer had mainly to devote himself, and he soon carried on this trade in all its branches with a proficiency that for the time was surprising. Working on a small scale, without help from the Government or anybody else, they learned the secrets of their trade, not in a laboratory but by themselves. It has become impossible fully to understand the many farm theories, propounded with a confusion of authority; but before the formal application of science to agriculture these early men not only knew the soils they worked in, what fertilizers were needed and how to treat and apply them, and how products must be grown in rotation, but they had a practical knowledge of the nutritive value of the corn which, fed to animals, would yield the best and quickest results. The experiments were unrecorded, but they were practical, and news of them was spread about and shared with all who might be interested in it. The few best farmers in a given county, seldom more than one to a township, soon became the exponents of these ideas and the improved methods based upon them. They early formed local agricultural societies, whose annual fairs became features in the social and economic life of the day. Such men were never content with what they themselves had tried to do. Drawn from many geographical sources they kept in touch with the progress made in their old homes. They were little given to writing or lecturing, but useful information was so passed on from one individual to another that the best that could be known was probably distributed almost as effectively as now—though less widely.

There was such a strong desire to cooperate with all honest effort, such a concentration of thought and intelligence, that the greatest pains were taken to be helpful. As I have already insisted, it was more than an economic system that was under development; it was free republican institutions, and as in the public mind these were so closely related to every individual, he was encouraged to make himself worthy of his great privilege.

It is almost impossible to understand how closely every industry, every development in education, every social improvement, was connected with the fundamental institutions and ideas of government, which, curiously enough, were thought to be still on trial. Everywhere talk was heard about the great experiment, the importance of making no mistakes, or of doing nothing that would betray to the watching monarchic peoples of Europe—from whose ideas of government it was supposed that we had emancipated ourselves—the slightest suggestion of failure. These could only be avoided by constant watchfulness, even more in government and political methods than in industry and social systems. Every man was constantly admonished that success depended upon him; if danger was finally to be averted he and his family might aspire to anything within the world's gift. Responsibility was not limited to what each might make of himself, but by a curious process of reasoning it was impressed upon him that he was an Atlas upon whose shoulders, potentially, the weight of the world might rest. Seen now, in time's long perspective, there is something of the grotesque in this idea; then it was serious, an ever-present reality which contributed in a high degree to make and keep life hopeful. It may have been a delusion, so far as individuals were concerned, but if so it was a dear and powerful one

Coöperation was not a cant word, something to be talked about; people both meant what they said and did it. The newcomer was tested by the help afforded him. If he deserved it there was no withdrawal; no begrudging in offering or giving; he might have seed, tools and assistance until he could get on his feet. If he was inappreciative—or worse, if he was useless—he and his family were soon dropped, and there was the end of him, as he would probably soon become a mover-on or a mover-back.

This helpfulness to others, indeed to all, has gone deep down into American life, and it is only when its loss is threatened that its value to society is recognized. It was not an incident of big business, about which so much is now heard; but it was the one quality which made possible every kind of business, big or little. The old custom of the newcomer borrowing seed to plant his first crop, with the promise to pay back at a given rate after harvest, had come down without interruption from the earliest settlements. It saved the settler the trouble of carrying such supplies with him and he was able to procure those adjusted to his new environment. Under these conditions, dealing with a soil of such surpassing fertility, the increase in the production of grains outran the growth of population and the demand or market necessary to give them a value, judged by modern prices, fairly commensurate with the labor of producing them. This concurrence of conditions, then thought favorable, long confined the Western farmer to a standard of success that was much lower, from a money point of view, than that of the artisan, who was so distinctly the beneficiary of both the increase in population and the favoring legislation of the time. It gradually drew away from their historic industry a considerable proportion of the more active and intelligent of the young yeomanry and drove them prematurely into the cities. This production of grain beyond what could find a market at a price competitive with other forms of industry has had a permanent influence upon American life, one from which it is to be feared that small agriculture will never again so recover as to attract the type of men who for nearly three centuries made it what it was, and, with it, made their country and its institutions.

Coöperative Threshing

Perhaps nothing better illustrated the actual working of a coöperation that was almost unconscious than did the threshing machine. No farmer in any given township would have enough grain to warrant the individual ownership of a thresher; so two active and experienced men, generally handy mechanics, often blacksmiths, would purchase one, and then start out just after the small-grain harvest to canvass the neighborhood for threshing. This done, they would make their plans, so fixing their route that they would double on their tracks as little as possible. Each of these men would have a pair of good horses, well trained for their duty of furnishing their share of the power, which required for its proper generation either eight or ten horses, the rest being furnished by the customer. Everybody was expected to be on hand as nearly about sunup—"sunrise" was practically an unknown word—as possible. The owner with all his hands was there, and he had drawn the remainder of the necessary labor from his nearest or most efficient neighbor. The assignment of crew, probably numbering ten or twelve, was made with as close reference as possible to the known fitness or training for this particular work.

One of the owners of the machine drove the horses from the always-turning circular platform, this being perhaps the most difficult part of the work. The other owner was known as the feeder, a task requiring an almost equivalent amount of skill. Alongside of him was the band cutter, who was generally a nimble, well-trained, nearly full-grown boy. He had to have a steady hand and study the feeder's moods and methods in order to keep a regular supply of sheaves properly spread upon the apron. The pitchers from the stack—or from a wagon when grain came in from the small farmers who had not a sufficient product to warrant them in hiring the machine—were also important links in the chain, while the straw stackers had the dirtiest job of all. Once under way the machine would probably not stop for more than a few minutes until the noon hour came

The threshers' dinner made one of the hard days of the year for the housewife and her help, which was drawn mainly from neighbor women, who thus did their part in the coöperation process. There was a real rivalry between the housewives of a neighborhood in the matter of furnishing the best dinner for a dozen men famished by their long turns at work and always looking forward, ready afterward to award the palm of merit to the cook who was thought to be the best. As a rule the work was laid out for completion within the day, after which the threshers would imitate the old-fashioned circus, pull up stakes and move on in the darkness to the next task.

A Race of Horse Traders

This was a strenuous work that tried men in both strength and willingness. Every workman had his stint; if he failed, the whole crew was stopped, something that seldom happened, because each man was really working for himself. Often a set of farmers would thus work together for ten days or a fortnight, or until every stack in the neighborhood had been threshed, and the grain garnered or marketed; so that the owners could go into the next township, when another set of workers would be taken on, and this would continue until their season was over. With fairly good crops the thresherman's job was moderately lucrative and nearly always as agreeable as such hard labor could be made.

No like animal, whether useful or ornamental, has ever been able to command greater devotion, even from a knightly master, than did the horse that helped to conquer the West. The skill that was developed in knowing horses grew into an instinct, a sort of sixth sense. A student of natural history might have learned many lessons from the American pioneer about the structure of the horse as well as about his character and his usefulness. The mystery in judging him, the facility for seeing faults, the brutality in pointing them out when owned by another, and the deftness in concealing them in his own; that knowledge used in the determining of age, a gift now almost lost; the insight into disposition; the suspicion of balkiness or viciousness; the quick recognition of a difference in values when trading one for another, and, in the latter case, the still higher quality of reading his rival's mind, united to make the born horse trader a man apart, far above anything described in David Harum and other books dealing with this subtle gift. Even the horses whose ownership was involved in a trade were credited with the power attributed to the slave, of watching with selfish interest the processes incident to exchange, and thus of showing off ill or well in accordance with their desire to remain with an old owner or go to a new one.

The skilled horse trader acquired almost an uncanny reputation in his own neighborhood, not of necessity from anything shady in his character, but because his gifts were recognized and feared. As each horse in a township was nearly as well known as his owner, an expert, with whom trading was almost a mania, had to seek victims or opportunities farther afield. Many a man would take advantage of a lull in work to ride off on some animal not quite satisfactory, for the purpose of seeking a match—this was a difficult game because it put all the trader's powers to the test to pick out a mate for an absent horse—or he would drive away with a pair, avowing some other errand when, in fact, nothing was in his mind except to return with one or two new horses better suited to fancy or needs. The art of showing off nags was one of the most recondite as well as one of the most interesting ever practiced by man. In many cases the exchange would be advantageous to both parties, especially if the men were well-matched, so both might in this

(Continued on Page 40)

fresh from the factory-

It takes time—and lots of it—to cure smoking tobacco properly.

Nothing can hurry it—but once it is aged, blended, and packed, the sooner you smoke it, the better it is.

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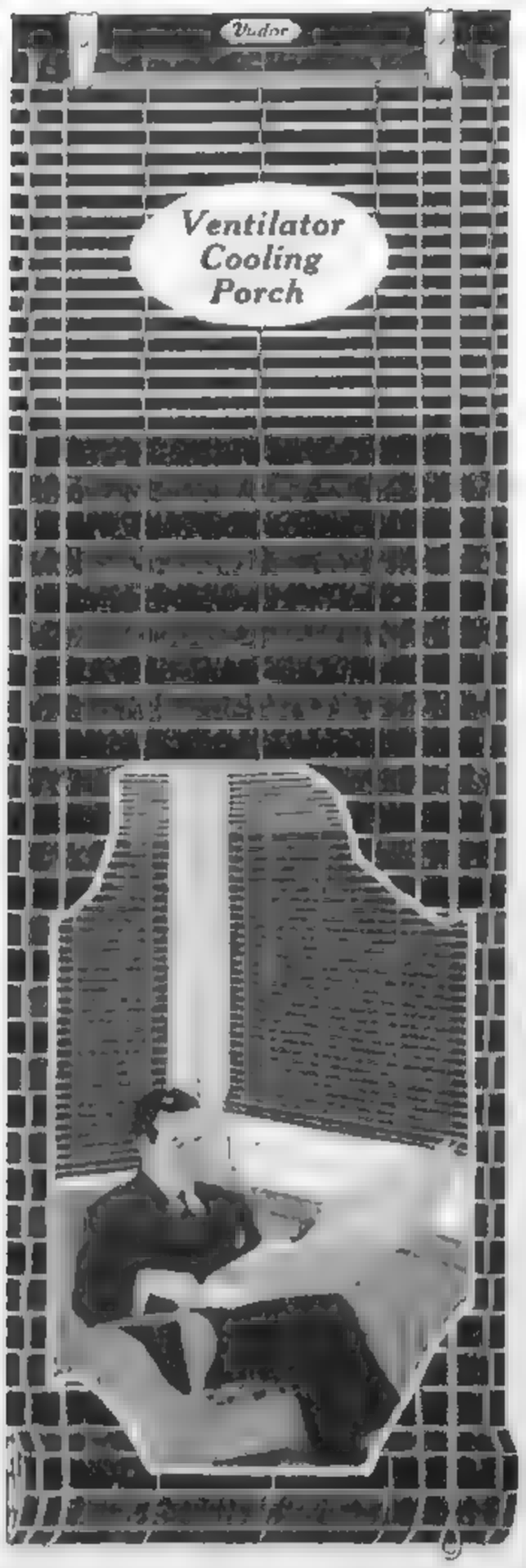

Cool, Comfortable Hours

Hot afternoon hours become cool, comfortable hours where VUDOR Shades are used. Their beautifully stained wood strips impart a pleasing, easy restfulness to the light which filters through. Invigorating fresh air circulates freely through the ventilator at top (an exclusive VUDOR feature).

VUDOR Porch Shades are greatly reduced in price. A shade 6 feet wide with a drop of 7 feet, 6 inches, now costs only $6.25 north of Alabama and east of Colorado. Sizes to fit any porch priced proportionately

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Ventilating
PORCH SHADES

(Continued from Page 38)

way get what they most wanted. Taken all in all, horse trading was one of the distinctive features to be found in the pioneer life, and often guided the expert to some other branch of work or business. It was a natural gift which often indicated to men that some kind of merchandising was their special forte.

The horsemanship of the pioneer was less theatrical or showy than that of the vaunted cowboy: it dealt with the animal not alone as a mount but for driving. Such a rider did not belong to a type that wanted to become part of a circus or to amuse a gaping crowd. He did not affect the single horse to harness, but give him the lines over two, four, six or even eight, with the right kind of wagon or sled, harness and whip, either with a company of merrymakers or a heavy load, and he could handle them with characteristic skill. When four horses were necessary to draw a reaper the old custom of putting a boy on one of the leaders to guide them was given up and the driver managed both his four-in-hand and his machine. It required a coolness and skill seldom brought into play in the handling of a coach, because in this case the driver had no help and was dependent wholly upon himself for managing both machine and its motive power.

The sure-footedness of the pioneer riding horse, acquired by long practice over difficult roads and through heavy timber, early attracted the attention of foreign travelers. Though the breeds did not develop special qualities until the Morgan horse was fairly perfected, these soon grew, out of necessity and use. Probably at no time or place in modern history has the horse been so distinctly a riding horse as he was in America from the middle of the eighteenth century until the close of the Civil War. This horse, with that variety of gaits which has made Kentucky famous, was no accident, nor was he so much the outcome of horse breeding as of the uses which made it necessary for the man and the horse to cultivate and perfect these gaits. The trotter, which came later, grew out of the continued devotion to the horse and the desire to find a new form of an old sport. It was an evolution slowly reached, and had its beginnings mainly within the period covered by my study, although it was not to reach its perfection until some years later than 1870, the period marked by its ending.

Horse Stealing

Along these simple lines the horse was the close associate of the man. His treatment, even in a period when there were much coarseness and some brutality, was better than might have been expected. Among some classes or types of the population this was the result of imitation of their real superiors and leaders, but mainly from the necessity which recognized the horse to be next in importance to the man. For the most part, he was well housed and amply though often somewhat coarsely fed. He worked no harder than his master, and in the hands of idle or lazy owners he was often better off, so far as mere hard work was concerned, than under the ownership of more energetic men. Where he was treated viciously he generally returned it in kind; he would kick or bite or balk, and often become almost unmanageable, but in general this conduct would change when he fell into the hands of a considerate owner. Wherever a hired man was kept this merciful treatment was enforced, often at the cost of severe suffering by some incorrigible reprobate. No facility or willingness could save such a man from punishment with a black-snake whip or the fists, or dismissal, or both.

With the pioneer the institution of lynching was built up round the horse. He was such a constituent part of life that to steal him incurred the fate decreed, as the clay tablets attest, in like cases, from the times of King Hammurabai. It came to mean the summary punishment of the offender, without the possibility of successful appeal either to law or to mercy. It stood next to the taking of human life, because it was considered that many lives were dependent upon the work of the horse. If the statue of a saint to represent the pioneer should ever be raised it would be difficult to find a subject more appropriate than the figure of a horse under the name of Saint Equus.

But the horse did not come into the ordinary definition of livestock, a term reserved for the meat-producing animals—cattle, swine and sheep, in the order named. Of these the milch cow stood next to the horse in importance and immediate value; but even her portion was far from ideal for an animal that must make so much of a return to man. Her yield of milk would have put her at the very rear of even the worst herd now to be found anywhere between the Missouri and Mississippi rivers and the far-off Atlantic Coast. She was generally small in size, and had her calf to nourish besides supplying her product to many hungry children. One relief came from the fact that because of the poor quality and small quantity of their milk every farmer had to keep two or three cows where now one would serve. With all the facilities for feeding and keeping cows, probably one-half the families did not own one; so though there was milk to give away to poor neighbors its sale was practically unknown. If the cow failed to breed within any given year, regardless of what she had done in the past, she never had another chance, but was fattened and the meat she produced was distributed in the neighborhood to be eaten fresh or it was packed in a barrel for summer use as corned beef. The same fate awaited the heifer when she had entered her third summer and still remained barren. It was seldom that a steer was butchered for family use; he was too valuable, either as an ox or for shipment—often, in succession, for both uses—to be sacrificed upon the altar of the family.

Crude Dairy Methods

The vicious cow was more than an incident, she was an element, in this early life. Added to the occasional case of bad temper in the animal was the awful exposure to cold, heat, floods, noisome insects, and the brave struggle for forage. Worst of all was the carelessness or brutality of boys or hired men, or more frequently of cross, tired women with peevish children waiting impatiently for the milk while it was still warm. Almost uniformly the milking was done in the open, without shelter for animal or human, and the cow, suffering perhaps from an overfull udder which demanded relief, with teats cracked from the cold or torn by briers or by struggles in the brush when seeking food, was expected to bear the roughness of treatment from a coarse, freezing man or an ignorant learner, and then to stand, thus exposed and treated, until the milking process was over.

In the main the methods of gathering and saving the milk were dirty and discreditable; in these days, when the product is offered for sale, they would not be countenanced; but when used at home, in perhaps half the cases it was collected in a way as primitive as in patriarchal days when men wandered with their flocks.

Though this describes a general tendency, it must not, however, be concluded that ill treatment of the milk-producing animal and slovenliness in the man or woman were universal. Here again it became a question of type; the really good, efficient farmer taking the best care of his cows in the matter of shelter and food as well as in methods of handling and milking, caring for the milk in cool cellars or wells or spring houses, and in making butter, which was the only form in which the cow yielded a money profit. In such cases the animals were afforded the same good housing provided for the horse, the money profit being multiplied many fold, and the example of efficiency spreading slowly down among that part of the population open to influence.

The American pioneer in his different stages of development has generally had some product that would yield ready money. Living through successive generations practically limited to barter, it was a necessity to have or find some article that would enable him to meet the demands of the taxgatherer and to buy the supplies that he could not produce, or exchange with an accessible neighbor. Taking things in the mass, in Virginia, tobacco; in New England, the fisheries, enabled him to provide the circulating medium, which, in the case of his predecessor, was the wampum of the Indian.

In the remainder of the country the swine furnished this ready money. Everywhere in the Southern colonies its flesh became a standard article of diet in spite of prejudices and attachment to the letter of Scripture, where in those days of literalness reference to it as an unclean animal was not easily explained or overcome. In Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania it was universal, and from there it spread to the Southern colonies and into the West as settlement went slowly forward. In the former colonies and their offshoots the hog—the term "swine" was never in general use—ran at large, and in so doing caused an unusual amount of trouble. Always recognized as a born marauder, its victims were protected by a varied assortment of laws, ordinances, regulations and proclamations. It was probably responsible for more damage claims than all other causes combined.

And yet in a favorable climate and encouraging surroundings it grew not only in numbers but in importance. In addition to furnishing wholesome food in ample quantities at a nominal cost for labor, the universal demand soon made it the producer of ready money. This was increased as wild game declined and the settler plunged farther into the wilderness. Once in the business, it was as easy to raise two hogs as one, or twenty as ten; and as, in spite of this facility, many families could not or did not grow their own supplies, there was an assured demand for the surplus at a price which, though low, was fairly remunerative. In the scarcity of money a married hired man could be paid in part with a ham, a shoulder, a side of bacon or some lard, which he would carry home to his family; or these articles could be traded for something else or turned in at the store in payment for necessary products from the outside world.

The hog was the early and sure reliance in paying a debt on the farm, taxes of all kinds, interest on the small credit necessary; and its proceeds were available for doctors' bills, the extension of business or additional land as wanted. It was often the only meat-producing animal that was moved bodily as population shifted itself from one place to another.

Hog-Killing Time

The slaughter, dressing and curing of the hog were something that the farmer had to learn, just as he mastered the growing of corn and the various processes incident to his main business. On the prosperous farm, that day in early December fixed for butchering—after the corn crop had been gathered and preparations were under way for the winter—was one of the busiest and most important of the whole year. Then the great kettles for heating the water; the barrels or hogsheads into which the slaughtered animals were twice plunged; the careful dressing after they had been hung on long poles erected for the purpose; their gradual pushing together, until the flesh was cooled, for cutting into the proper parts; the division into heads, feet, hams, shoulders, sides, backbones, fat, ribs and offal—all these processes were carried on with an efficiency or a carelessness that marked the character and training of the man in charge.

Often one or more farmers with a considerable number of animals would combine, while other neighbors with only one or two would also bring theirs and unite in carrying on the work. By nightfall everything would be done, the annual killing was over, and the supply of meat had met the demand of one or more main families and their immediate neighbors. For some time the livers, hearts, ribs and backbones would be eaten fresh—the frost acting as a natural preservative—the meats, whether cured with salt in barrels or smoked as the spring opened, serving for the rest of the year so far as this variety of animal food was concerned.

The smoking process was the maintenance of an old art handed down from century to century, but always adapted to local conditions. In the Middle West smoking was done in small log or frame smokehouses or sheds, not far from the house. The hardwood chips that had been carefully saved from all the chopping of the winter were put into a little heap, supplemented by limbs from the same trees, and in or under it a smoldering fire was lighted, which was never permitted to come to a blaze. If fire came both house and contents were often lost, so that success literally depended upon having smoke without fire, which had to be maintained in this form day and night. When, at the end of about three weeks of watchfulness, the cured meats came out they were ready to do their part in the assured sustenance of the family during the next year. They supplemented in their particular form that ample supply

(Continued on Page 42)

The full joy of motoring comes only with complete confidence in the unfailing performance of your car. What is more representative of that ideal than the well-nigh perfect performance of Hyatt Roller Bearings? Quietly operating at vital points they function so smoothly and so self-reliantly that one often forgets their very presence.

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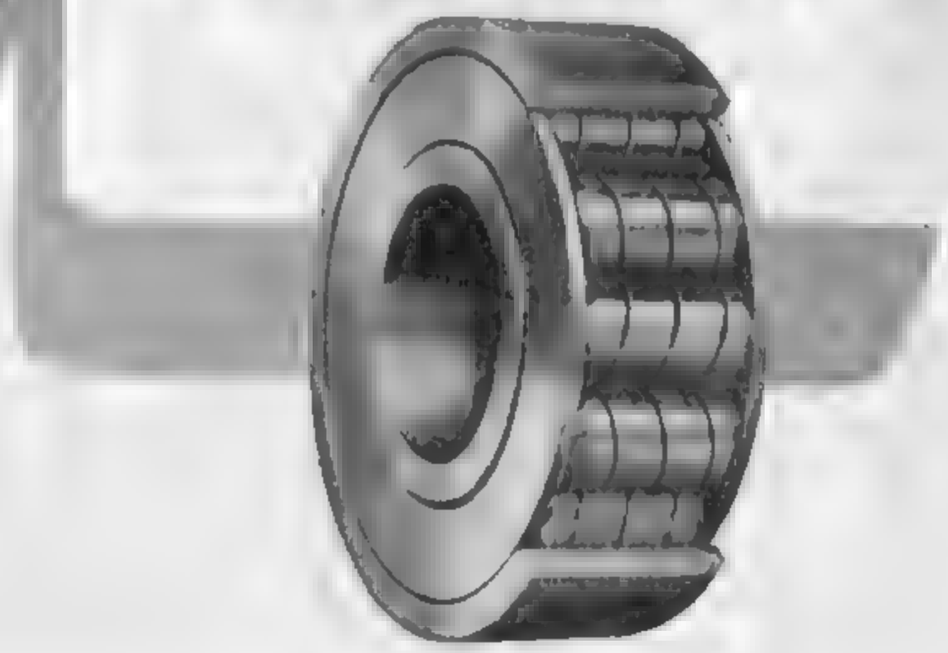

He Trained for Bigger Pay

Now He Earns $100 a Week

Fifty-two hundred a year! And yet there are many men who still wonder whether specialized training *pays!*

Tom Blythe used to wonder, too. That was only a few years ago—when he was earning less than $30 a week. All around him in the big main office other fellows his own age were pegging away at their little routine jobs and trusting to luck to get them by.

But Blythe wasn't satisfied. He could not leave work to attend a resident school—nor could he afford to wait ten or fifteen years for "experience" to push him ahead. His only alternative was home-study training. He enrolled with LaSalle Extension University.

Remarkable how a fellow's viewpoint changes once he really starts after the bigger job!

First thing that surprised Blythe was the actual fun that he got out of home-study training under the LaSalle Problem Method. Mighty interesting, he said, to take those everyday problems which highly successful business men are compelled to solve and to work them out for himself.

Next thing that surprised him was the fact that the bigger job he had longed for was actually waiting for him! His chief had been quick to observe the better work he was doing—how he was now able to help on the more important tasks; and to make a long story short, Harris was leaving and how would Blythe like to take his place?

That was how Blythe stepped into his first real executive position—and why he today is earning a salary of $5,000 a year.

Your Shortest Route to a Big-Pay Position

Typical, Blythe's experience, of that of thousands of ambitious men who have found their path to success in the LaSalle Problem Method.

Letter after letter in the files of LaSalle Extension University tells the same inspiring story. If the men who write them could see those actual letters, [illegible] telling of rapid progress from small pay to positions paying $3,000, $5,000 and up to $10,000 a year, they would never rest until they had learned of this specialized training that has helped to such success.

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What are you going to do with your spare time during the next few months? Will you use some part of it to help you get ahead in your work? Or will you continue to let it drift by, as most men do? If you want to [illegible] with your present earnings, you should [illegible] the thing most important, you should [illegible] you should get the facts. The coupon will bring them to you—a complete explanation together with particulars of our convenient [illegible] plan, and a copy of that inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." "Get this book," said a prominent Chicago executive, "even if you have to pay five dollars for it." We will send it free.

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Law: Degree of LL.B.	Expert Bookkeeping
Commercial Law	Business English
Industrial Management	Commercial Spanish
Modern Business Correspondence and Practice	Effective Speaking
	C. P. A. Coaching

Name [illegible]

Present Position [illegible]

Address [illegible]

(Continued from Page 40)

of provisions required for home use, for exchange with neighbors and for hospitality. They worked into that general system of foresight which made independence the pride and the distinguishing characteristic of the pioneer.

Sheep growing developed slowly in the pioneer states west of Ohio, and never became a dependence. As early as 1840 the old-fashioned domestic processes of carding, spinning and weaving had begun to decline; the American woolen mill was fairly under way. While these processes survived it was almost a necessity for each neighborhood to grow its own wool, but even then mutton did not become a profitable venture. It did not fit the popular palate and it was long before its dressing became familiar knowledge. When the big Eastern woolen mill came to its own, local sheep growing naturally declined.

After the settler emerged from the woods the difficulties incident to this branch of industry were enhanced. The rank prairie grass was not adapted to sheep, and the lack of shelter was so serious as a drawback that even the Vermont-bred merino did not thrive; but the most serious trouble was the dog. Whatever the quality of animal carried into a new country, or whatever effort may have been made to improve breeds, no such process entered into the dog. Perhaps as many as ninety-five of every hundred were of the worst mongrel order. As the supply seemed to be legion—the proportion in both number and badness bearing a universal ratio to the uselessness of their owners—the dog, instead of being a credit to his masters, became and remained through most of the settlement period in the West a nuisance more destructive than his predecessor and relative, the wolf. It became the practice of industrious and enterprising men to shoot dogs on sight—not from cruelty, but for the protection of the community.

No present-day knowledge and even no effort of the imagination can measure the task of caring for animals on the wide-open prairies, where there was no natural shelter and no time or opportunity to provide it through barns, sheds, high fences, groves or other contrivances suggested by necessity or ingenuity. All this made the task of the settler a constant trial of work, patience and persistence. He knew that upon the care of his stock depended his home and any reward of his labors to which he might aspire. He must watch the approaching rain or snow storm, the tornado or blizzard, which might scatter his few cattle, hogs or horses to the four winds and often doom them to destruction in their effort to protect themselves. It was his business never to let them get out of reach, and no labor or exposure could be spared to insure this result. After a few years, by the planting of cottonwood or soft maple, he could have a fairly efficient windbreak. In his dire necessity he thus made himself a forester long before conservation and even Arbor Day were so much as heard of as public movements.

Early Trade in Livestock

It was well into the Civil War before hay and animal scales came into general use even in the older West; it would probably be safe to say that they did not become universal until after 1870, when the region had attained a large measure of prosperity and wealth. It was possible to weigh a pig or a sheep on the old-fashioned beam scales or steelyards, but there were few even of these. The weight of cattle and hogs when ready for sale was determined by guess, with the usual byplay between buyer and seller. Sometimes the dispute would be left to a supposed expert, but in most cases it was settled upon the well-known splitting-the-difference practice. After much negotiation over an animal or a drove the seller would make his maximum claim and the buyer his maximum concession, and the sum would be divided by two. As this guessing of the weights of an mass was one of the things upon which men prided themselves, sufficient earnestness was generated to have settled grave questions in law, politics or religion.

The fattening of livestock was much slower than now, due in part to the inferior quality and the lack of knowing how to mix feeds; but the process continued even after the improvement in this respect had substituted Shorthorns for native breeds. Calves, pigs or lambs were seldom slaughtered, the youngest animal that was habitually sacrificed being a three-year-old heifer when barrenness was assured. There was a pride, inherited from English habits and traditions, in sending to market large animals; but perhaps the principal reason was found in the universal belief that meat produced slowly was more wholesome and nutritious than that which came from a stuffing process similar in character to the making of pâté de foie gras in Switzerland and Germany. It was the custom to send steers to market upon the completion of their fourth year, when, by 1870, with improved stocks and stall feeding, the best animals would have reached weights running from thirteen hundred to fifteen hundred pounds. Hogs were kept until they were eighteen months or two years old, and an average weight for many droves of eighty or a hundred was often three hundred pounds. Corn was cheap, perhaps averaging, from 1850 to 1870, round twenty cents a bushel, and seldom reaching twenty-five cents anywhere, except during the war period; woods along the river bottoms were available for summer pasturage for hogs; while the prairie afforded free range for cattle at costs which bear no comparison with modern standards.

Village Blacksmiths

Prices were correspondingly low. In the spring of 1860, hogs sold on foot within ten miles of Des Moines, the capital, at two cents a pound; cattle brought three or four cents; yearling wethers, two to three dollars a head; turkeys of ten to fifteen pounds brought at Christmas from seventy-five cents to a dollar apiece; geese, when eaten at all, about the same price; chickens were marketed, when purchasers could be found, for three dollars a dozen, and often for two dollars; eggs were considered high when paid for by the store at ten cents a dozen in trade, and even then the demand was narrow and uncertain; the best butter brought ten to fifteen cents a pound, and the average price through the year did not perhaps rise much above the sum first named.

The ability to draw from the outside tools and machinery to meet the ever-broadening demand gave the settler a decided advantage over his forerunner, the colonist, in that he carried with him in larger degree the essentials of manufacture, and had command in his work of the wider variety of articles that had become either necessary or desirable. He could exercise and develop his domestic industries either for himself or others, so that gradually he could produce food, tools, vehicles, houses, clothing and the necessary paraphernalia of his life without outside help, his own skill and the finding of the necessary raw materials being the prime essentials.

He carried with him, as part of himself, his own blacksmiths and machinists, wheelwrights, carpenters, spinners and weavers, millers, hatters, and others trained in mechanical trades. Even before the farmer could break his land and raise his trial crops these artisans were ready to set up their shops in every neighborhood large enough to require their services. They belonged to the same type from which the farmer himself was drawn—the sturdy yeoman. They were an essential part of the general scheme of life in which they found themselves. In many instances they bought land, although in few cases did they give personal labor to its cultivation.

The most indispensable mechanic was the blacksmith. In his special work the farmer, however ingenious, could not compete. In general he had reached what then passed for middle life, with experience in several tasks in various stages of development. Though the shoeing of horses and, later in the season, of oxen constituted perhaps the bulk of his work during the winter, the summer brought with it the making of plows or their sharpening, harrows, cultivators, hoes, scythes, rakes and tools used in field or garden.

He must not only have acquired a fixed skill—something that would always stand him in stead—but must be able to work rapidly. When something went wrong with a prairie plow, leaving men and oxen idle, or with a threshing machine, where ten to fifteen men and almost as many horses were left for the time with nothing to do, the blacksmith was expected to drop everything else and, without regard to meals, sleep or rest, to persevere until his task was done. This was the essence of his unconscious contract with his customers and he must keep it. If there was one thing that the industrial leader in a pioneer community dreaded more than another it was that men assembled for a given task should be left idle while daylight and good weather were running.

The neighborhood that commanded the service of a really expert and artistic blacksmith could count itself fortunate. His trade was naturally the primary attraction, but it meant even more to have a smith who was really interested in the people who were his constituents and had their own peculiar interests. His shop was the recognized meeting place, a social center, even more important than the country store. It was the resort of boys of all ages, the older of whom were often gratified in their desire to blow the bellows or even to handle that mysterious tool, the great sledge, when two red-hot heavy bars of iron were to be cut or welded or others were to be split into strips. The passing matron or schoolgirl looked in through the open door with a sort of awe; so that the blacksmith who either had or might develop the qualities of the curmudgeon was destined to a brief career or absolute failure, and might just as well make up his mind to move.

It was, however, as the meeting place of an ever-ready debating society for religious questions that the smithy was most distinguished. There the fate of those mighty universal questions—baptism, infant baptism, free will, foreordination, election, predestination, the final perseverance of the saints—whatever this common though cryptic phrase might mean—were constantly under discussion. The smith literally earned his living by the sweat of his brow, but a day was never more than a day even if prolonged far into the night. No true smith could resist the challenge to talk on these subjects, then the primary problems of surrounding humanity. He was nearly always active, sometimes even unctuous, in the Wednesday-night prayer meeting or in the Sunday class meeting, so that in those historic days nobody even so much as thought it among possibilities that there could be an undevout blacksmith.

Backwoods Carpenters

No man in any pioneer category was more really trusted than the blacksmith. His nature united with his trade to make him as nearly strictly honest as men can be. Other men—the carpenter, the shoemaker, the weaver or the tinker—might be suspect, and the customer could go somewhere else; but the blacksmith was the destined monopolist of a neighborhood, so that while he held his place there was little chance to question his position or his probity. Though seldom a leader in matters of high public import he was knowing to everything that was going on. Take him all in all, he was a fine figure in the pioneer life, as indeed he had been in his association with the yeomen during the preceding five hundred years. His character and its peculiar traits have been overlaid, though it is not possible even under the lavalike inclusions of the factory system entirely to hide him from view.

The carpenter was a less impressive figure. In the first place, there was little of mystery about his trade. It was possible to follow every part of his material, from the great tree as it stood in the forest until it took new shapes under the operation of the sawmill, the broadax or the adz, or when it finally found its way to his bench for manipulation under the square, with handsaw, adz, plane, drawshave, chisel or hatchet. It was, comparatively speaking, an easy trade to learn and, being in universal demand, its votaries were large in number. It was more often than others an inherited trade, so that the boy could the easier pick it up from his father. The pioneer life did not lend itself with conspicuous success to the higher development of this trade. Everything was too rude; there was, as already narrated, such an absence of architectural form, happily even of pretension, that little opportunity was afforded for much effort outside that of the ordinary slop-shop order. The doors and windows were rude, with little, after the earliest days had passed, to distinguish them from one another, whether they went into the largest frame house, itself attractive in size and design, or into the humblest log cabin. The carpenter class was therefore inclined to be migratory, ill-trained, subject to fitful employment, somewhat boisterous in habit, and not on a level with the leaders of the average new community.

(Continued on Page 44)

Ye Hall of Discomforts

Containing
ye following Collection of
Quaint and Curious
Antiques, namely
and to wit:

[1] *Starched Ruff*

Because its starched points wrought grievous injuries to both wearer and spectators and thereby caused unseemly brawls and bloody encounters at her Court, this picturesque neckwear was forbidden by the Good Queen Bess.

[2] *Hard Boiled Shirt*

Men have attacked and conquered this fearsome monster alone and unaided, but it was customary to call in the neighbours to help. The Society for the Suppression of Profanity abolished it when the soft shirt appeared.

[3] *The Dickey*

Some historians contend that this quaint device was an article of fashionable attire, while others insist that it was a means of defence in time of war.

[4] *Detached Cuffs*

When stiffly starched these primitive and cruel fetters caused great woe and misery to malefactors and the ungodly. Said to have been impossible to keep them in sight when clean or to hide them when dirty.

[5] *Beaver Hat*

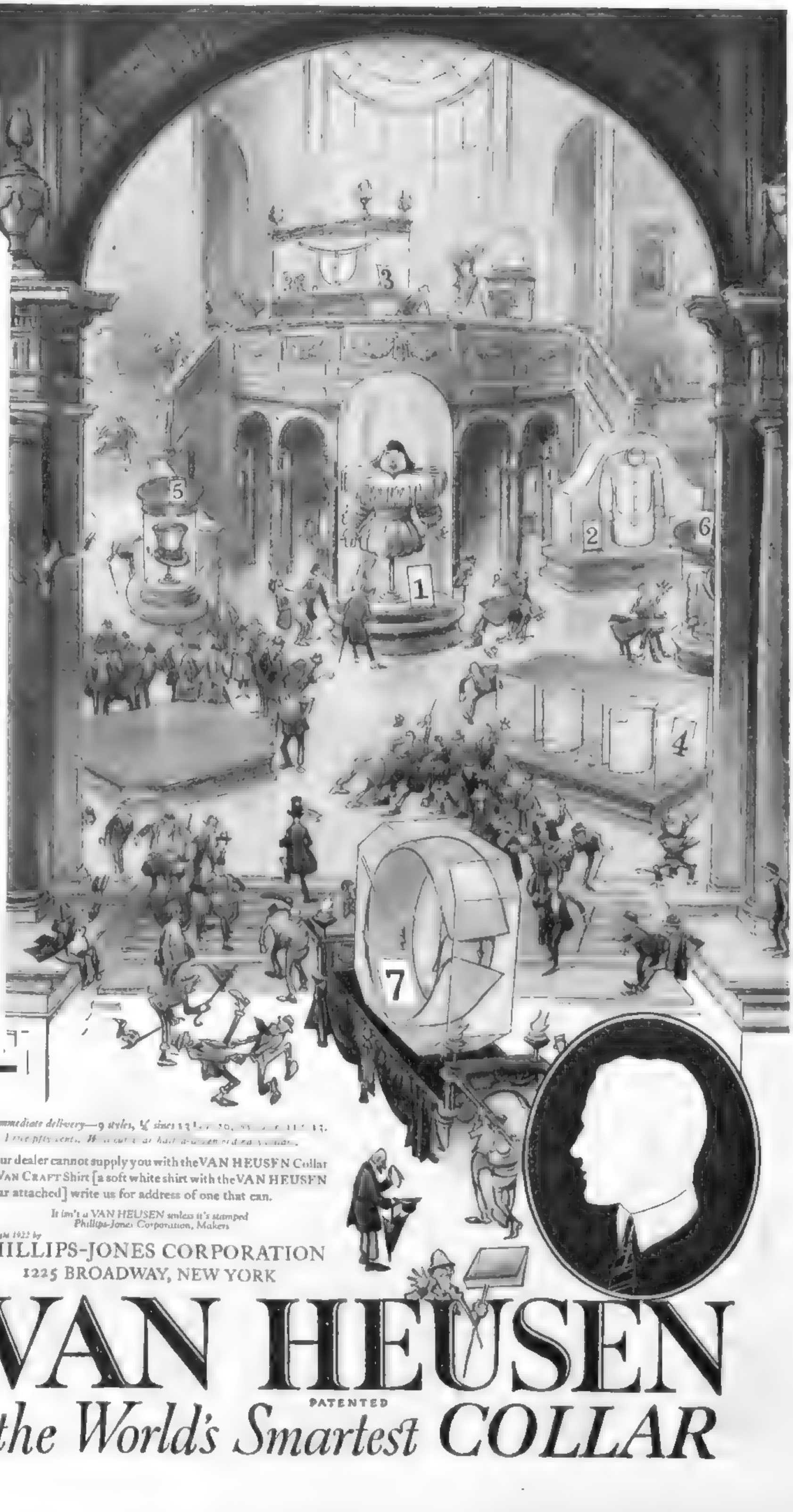
Originally modelled on the lines of the Mississippi steamboat funnels. Walked the plank when the soft felt hat arrived.

[6] *Coat with Padded Shoulders*

The padded shoulders of these coats [which bear a remarkable resemblance to the New York Public Library] often provided sufficient horse-hair to make a sofa, when the eldest daughter was married.

[7] *An Uncomfortable Collar*

Any ordinary collar, stiff or soft, which does not afford comfort with *dressiness* may now be replaced by A Collar With Character—not merely a more comfortable collar—but a new collar with style and comfort both *woven* and *tailored* into it.



For immediate delivery—9 *styles*, ½ *sizes* 13½ to 20, [illegible] 13. *Price fifty cents. If your collar and shirt dealer cannot supply you*

If your dealer cannot supply you with the VAN HEUSEN Collar and VAN CRAFT Shirt [a soft white shirt with the VAN HEUSEN Collar attached] write us for address of one that can.

It isn't a VAN HEUSEN unless it's stamped Phillips-Jones Corporation, Makers

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1225 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

You wear a *soft* shirt, with a *soft* bosom, and *soft* cuffs; a *soft* hat; a coat with *soft* rolling lapels. Why?

They're more comfortable, and better-looking.

Yet not one of these things is nearly so comfortable as is the VAN HEUSEN compared with a starched collar—nor nearly so good-looking as is the VAN HEUSEN compared with ordinary collars—*soft or starched*.

The VAN HEUSEN is the World's Smartest Collar because—it is the *only* collar with style *woven* into it—and comfort *tailored* into it.

VAN HEUSEN
PATENTED
the World's Smartest COLLAR

It scores with Golfers

El Dallo is the golfer's smoke—the ideal cigar for active men. Activity whets smoke-appetite. The palate is keenest to appreciate fine flavor, rich bouquet.

El Dallo meets the *activity* test. On the course, or in the club house after the game, it "hits the spot." Every puff is *satisfaction*. That's because El Dallo is made of finely blended tobaccos, properly aged for flavor and bouquet.

You get El Dallo *factory-fresh* at all times. The tinfoil-tissue "humidor" wrapping protects against "killing" climate changes. Each cigar in the box is of even quality.

Prove the quality with 3 El Dallos the next time you play.

If your dealer hasn't El Dallo, send us $1.00 for the Handy Pocket Edition Package of 12 large Invincibles.

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Actual Size

EL DALLO

"EACH CIGAR IN ITS OWN HUMIDOR"

Famous for Quality

Invincible Size 3 for 25¢

"Straights" Size 2 for 15¢

(Continued from Page 42)

Another worker in wood, few in number but always having in him the potentialities of the artist, was the cabinetmaker. The number was small because the demand for furniture other than that of the plainest order was limited and grew slowly. This was one of those slow-working trades where quality was always more important than quantity—with too few men engaged to enable it to lend itself to distinct characterization; but whatever articles they made, its votaries worked only in fine woods and with delicate tools. As the ordinary products disappeared the fashions of the time required the use of mahogany and rosewood, and yet it may well be a question whether, within the area under study, there now remains any considerable number of the prized household articles of the time. Other than as an item in an exhibit the old four-poster is as dead as the Cæsars; the elaborate cupboards would fit only in museums, if any exist; the chests were as antiquated as the furniture of the ancients and have disappeared as kindling; while the walls and wainscoting, which in an older and more fortunate time the makers would have fashioned, were never thought of and so did not come into existence. Another historic trade was thus driven out of the world—this time by automatic planers and gigantic glue pots, often employed to turn out articles with little more character than an angleworm.

Coopers and Millers

The cooper was present, but his function was never important. He had awaiting him, in white oak for staves and heads, and hickory for hoops, the most perfect of materials; but as few products took a liquid form there was not much for him to do. It was before the days of cider, and vinegar was imported from great distances, as were all the intoxicants used. The occasional cooper who made his way into this unfriendly environment turned to his trade mostly for odd jobs, thus really merging himself gradually into the class of real farmers.

Another interesting character was the miller. There was more of mystery about him than could exist in the blacksmith or any other artisan. In the first place, as considerable capital was required, the working miller was generally a hired man, the agent or representative of an owner in the form of a company or at least of a man who seldom knew the technic of the business. Mills, whether grist or saw, were the only factories in the neighborhood or district; if both existed they were often under a common ownership or control, so that their managers never became individual to the degree that was inevitable in the personal trades, where no intermediary was possible. To the spectator, unfamiliar with the miller's work, his passed for a lazy sort of business. He had only to take in the grain brought to him by a large number or variety of customers, keep all the bags or barrels separate, after taking out his legal toll put one grist after another into the hopper, see to it that his power was ready and kept in order, pull the lever controlling the water from the race or stream, and then wait with patience until one batch after another was ground. The customer, perhaps waiting nervously to get flour for the family dinner, or the boy loitering about or fishing above or below the dam or in the mill race, or exploring the mysteries of machinery, so new to him, thought this a simple job; but those who knew how many things this one man had to do—the irregular but heavy weights he had to lift, the help he had to give in so many directions—realized that here was no easy task.

In the earliest days custom came to a gristmill from long distances, not seldom from sixty miles away. One man would carry to the mill as large a load as the roads would permit, made up of contributions from several neighbors, some other making the next trip for the same purpose. As they came from every direction and often met remote from a village, at the mill, it would be surrounded for days with campers, each awaiting his turn, all impatient to get back to a neighborhood often not too well supplied with bread. This was additional to the custom of the miller's own neighborhood, which could not be favored until all ahead were served. The miller was therefore often in a quandary how to meet the most emergent demands; so that, taken in connection with the uncertainty of water—often he had to wait for it to accumulate—the necessity for sharpening the burrs from time to time, the poor quality or bad condition of much of the grain offered, his lot was not one of unalloyed happiness.

Closely related to these trades, and inseparable from them, was the mechanical skill inherent in the great body of settlers. There were so many articles that could not be bought—for the double reason that they could not be found in the market and there was no money to pay for them—that versatility became a necessity.

If an ax handle was needed somebody in the neighborhood had to make it. To do this generally lay out of the way of the carpenter, the wheelwright or the cabinetmaker; so it remained for some man familiar with the ax to become an expert in fashioning this particular article. Generally speaking this man was a farmer who was also a woodman. He thus drew from his own woods the material, chosen with a care that was characteristic, and executed his task with a skill that could not be surpassed. It required the choicest of hickory, first split into a half square or square, containing material for two or four handles, then hewn into rough shape with the ax or the adz, and ripped by a handsaw into parts for the individual article. After it was still further roughly shaped with a hatchet and then with a plane on a workbench and by the drawshave until it neared completion, it was finished with a large, very sharp pocketknife, English made, remaining only to be smoothed with broken glass and polished with various grades of sand and emery paper from coarse to the finest, until it shone almost like ivory, oiled, and then so seasoned before the fire that it lost none of its straightness or flexibility. No pattern was used in these various stages of progress; the maker must know to a nicety every curve and line, and be sure that, when inserted in the ax, it would balance to perfection.

Craftsmanship in Wood

The making of a whipstock from the same fine variety of wood required skill and art. The long slim piece of wood, ranging from three to eight feet in length, balanced for carrying a whiplash ranging from six to twenty feet long, according to its uses, had to be so strong and flexible as to respond to every motion, whether it was used in the driving of a spirited four-horse team or eighty or ten yoke of oxen in front of a breaking plow on the virgin prairie, or by a drover, guiding from the back of a horse a herd of refractory cattle. The fashioning of a wooden ramrod for a squirrel rifle, whether from hickory or white oak, was another delicate process. The plaiting of a whip of the order that fitted the handles already described was scarcely less difficult. Beginning in a simple way with four strands of leather—generally buckskin, calfskin or sheepskin, though sometimes dogskin—the skilled whip maker would so practice his art that he ran up to as many as twelve strands, putting the bulge at just the right place to balance it, both in itself and for its uses. As much pride was taken in this as could have been found in some achievement much more talked about, but probably less useful or important. The skins of the few fur-bearing animals were dressed for use in making mittens, rugs, lap robes, and other articles for use or ornament.

These accomplishments and many more of a mechanical sort carried out with simple tools, though with the best materials, executed with a patience that was monumental and a skill that could be learned but not taught, belonged to the best farmers in every considerable neighborhood throughout the whole of the pioneer area. They were passed on from father to son without loss of skill or efficiency, and became part of the mental and industrial outfit of the community. This comprehensive personal knowledge of a variety of trades—only a few of the articles thus produced have been mentioned—gave the farm boy an insight into many forms of useful work outside his nominal occupation as farmer.

The Gospel of Work

Interest in work did not stop at this general knowledge of it; but all participated in it. Everybody—except the incorrigibly lazy and idle, doomed to crime or uselessness—if strong and well, was expected to support himself and thus to contribute to the general stock. The keeping of a garden was universal, and neither men, women nor children thought themselves exempt from its making and cultivation. Probably the majority of the children, born on high-class pioneer farms, whether boys or girls, had paid back to their parents and the world every possible penny of their actual money cost before they were sixteen years old, and in many cases, especially during the Civil War, at least one or two years earlier.

The work was not considered child labor, it was a part of the general scheme, assumed to be as necessary to the making of men and women as it was to come into the world at all, and the better the family, the more keenly its heads felt their responsibilities to society and to themselves and their children, the more effective was this rigid training. If the growing boy was routed out of bed early in the morning, either by inclination or insistence, he sought it with the same relative earliness at night, so that probably no class of children anywhere were better provided with sleep during their years of rapid growth. It was not subject to interference by the looseness of methods or the outside attractions now the incident of urban life. Food was plentiful, wholesome, though somewhat rich, mostly well cooked, and in only a few cases was there exaction. The pioneer farmer was seldom a slave driver except of himself, the very interest in the work of those engaged in it sometimes leading to overexertion. Owing to the extreme heat the hours were early and late, but there were many interruptions for rest; much thoughtful care for man and beast. There was some let up in winter, less in hours than in intensity; but the work impulse was never allowed to sleep; that which the bounteous summer had produced, the cold sterile winter must use, foster or preserve. It was never a season of lethargy, of bearlike living on accumulated fat; but, as will be seen later, there was a constant study of conditions and an effort to learn how best to utilize or improve them.

In the pioneer theology not much attention was paid to mortal sins as taught by the church; instead, however, there was one of their own—laziness. Everything else could be expiated and forgiven, but nothing could overcome this weakness. Ill health might excuse the ability to work like other people, but only the confirmed invalid, the idiot, and the old who had done a full share, were exempt. An active people might accept in theory the idea that work was a curse, but every act showed that they both felt and knew it to be the most exalted of blessings.

Author's Note—This article on "Pioneer Methods," and a successor on "The Pioneer Family," soon to follow it, have been extracted from an elaborate, and as yet unpublished, study made by the author on "The American Pioneer." It deals comprehensively with the population origins of the West, with settlement, with political life and organization, with religion, with education and with social conditions, between 1840 and 1870, thus including the Civil War. It is not, in any sense, a formal history, but seeks to interpret the philosophy of the movement that made possible the growth and development of that great region.

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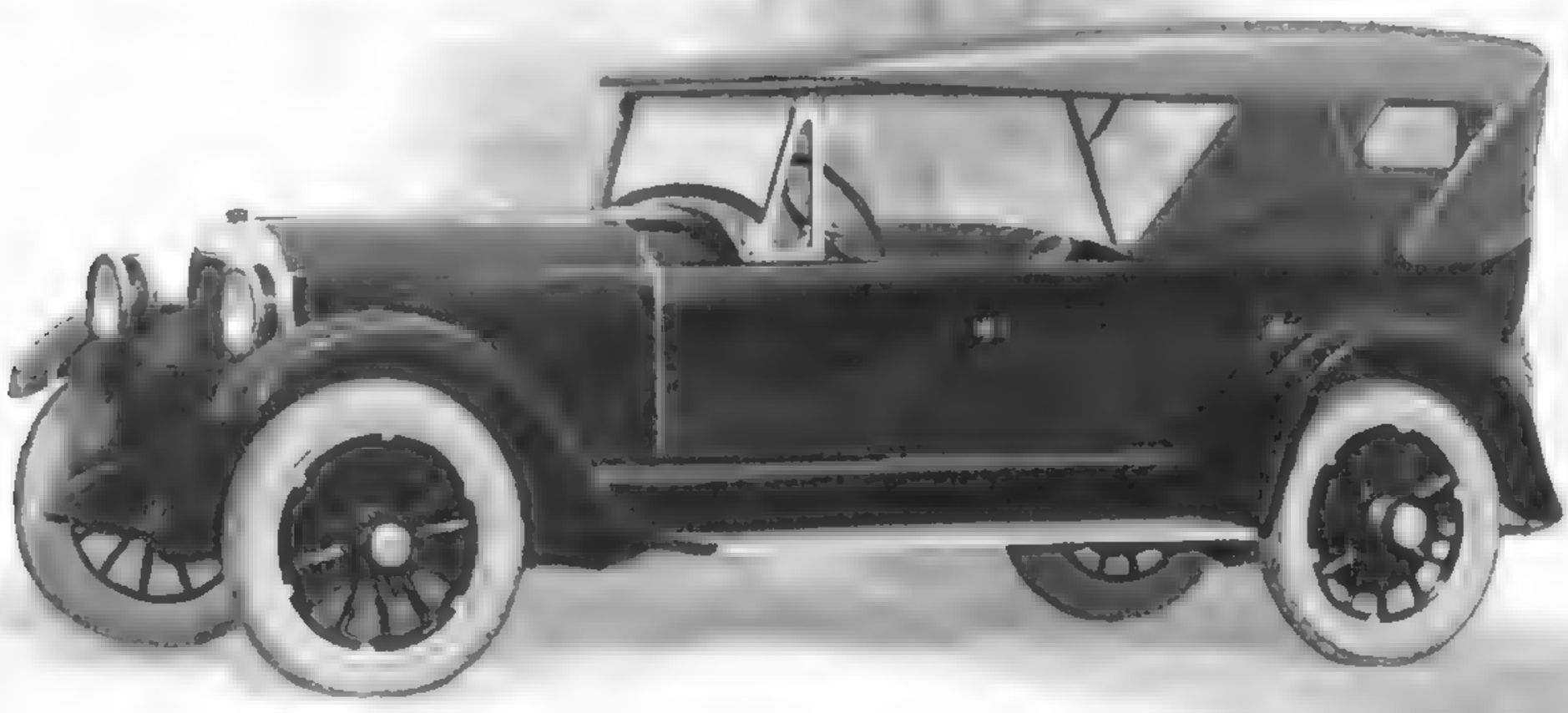

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These are the most highly prized records in the automobile world, for they are final and convincing proof, not only of power and speed, but the more heroic qualities, brute strength and endurance.

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HERE is a tennis racquet that can be used *every* day in *any* kind of weather. It is unaffected by sun, rain, heat or cold. It can not warp or break and does not require a press.

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It has a steel frame and is strung with resilient steel strings. It is perfectly balanced and is made with standard wooden handles and grips.

Invented by William A. Larned

The Dayton Steel Racquet is the invention of William A. Larned, *seven times national champion.* It is the result of more than twenty years' experience and has the enthusiastic approval of every player who has used it.

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This new racquet is distributed by A. G. Spalding & Bros., Wright & Ditson, Wright & Ditson-Victor Co., and Alex. Taylor & Co. You can see it in any store where their goods are sold.

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Then consider that the Dayton Steel Racquet keeps its shape, reduces restringing and costs only ten dollars. It is not only the best but the most economical racquet you can buy.

Booklet will be sent on request.

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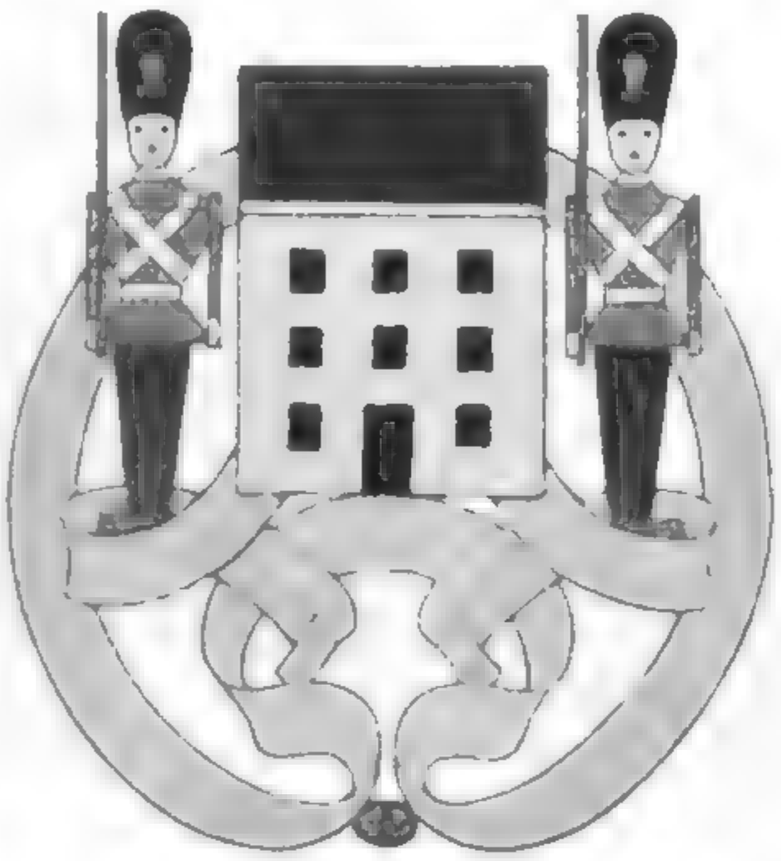
HARD TO PICK 'EM

By a Village Movie Man



I WAS placing an easel in the lobby of my movie theater this spring, showing the photograph of a golden-haired young lady standing barefooted on the sands of a desert island. Her clothes seemed to be made up of a couple of shredded linen handkerchiefs tied around her waist. The sea breeze was making the golden hair and the tattered handkerchiefs flap.

In the background of the photograph came a hairy-looking Robinson Crusoe. He wore the conventional sheepskin. Quite a nifty poster, I should say. For better effect I was about to move the easel closer to a lobby palm. Someone touched me on the shoulder.

"Mr. Dowe," said a voice, "do you realize that such pictures as that are endangering the morals of our children?"

It was Doctor Alton, our leading village minister.

"What do you mean—our children?" I came back with a smile. "I've got no children, and neither have you."

"Unhappily, that's quite true," he agreed. "But it's my duty, you know, to guard the morals of the children of the whole community. I don't think you realize how these sex pictures are affecting them."

"I don't think you do, either, doctor."

I'm not lacking in respect for the cloth and didn't mean to be impudent, but I could see him stiffen a little.

"You mean ——"

"Listen, doctor. No reflection intended, but in ten years of the movie business I believe I've found out more about kids than you'll ever know in your life. I've still got a lot to learn, at that. You folks are doing all the good you can—I know that—but you've got the wrong angle."

I wasn't looking for an argument, but the attitude of my minister friend kind of got me going.

"And you think I have the wrong angle, as you call it, in protesting against movies like that?" He pointed at the bare-kneed lady in the photograph.

"Exactly," I said. "In the first place, you think that is suggestive or has something to do with a sex problem, don't you? Well, it's nothing of the kind. That's a nice clean picture—nice as you ever saw. Just go in and take a look at it."

"I'll do it," he decided, "but I still can't understand your putting out a poster like that."

"It's pretty, at that, isn't it?"

"Well, er—yes, artistically," he agreed, "but not for children."

Catering to the Kids

"Why not? That's exactly the point. They see worse than that every day down at the beach. Doctor, bare legs don't mean anything to a kid. Now I'll show you where you've got the wrong angle. You notice that I'm just putting this poster out, don't you?"

The picture inside had been running for nearly an hour. He had not thought of that.

"And?"

"Why, I'm putting out this advance poster now so as to catch the eye of the old folks for to-night. They may think it a sex picture—just like you did—but I'll have to take a chance. Believe me, though, I take no chances on kids. If I'd put that out before the matinée there wouldn't have been a kid in the house. Take it from me, doctor, if there's anything in the world a kid hates it is a vamp movie, a sex-problem triangle, or a long love scene. I know. The surest way to kill a picture house is to run suggestive pictures for kids. If you want to ruin your kid trade just give 'em sex problems. It's sure-fire. They are wise little owls. They catch the posters first, and if they see any signs of mush stuff they are through for the day. Didn't you ever hear them give one of those long kissing scenes the razz?"

He shook his head and smiled.

"After that," he said, "I guess I will step in and see a little of it."

And what I told him was the truth. All this stuff about kids being lured to suggestive pictures gives me a pain. It's the older folks who fall for the lure. It's been more than a year now since I ran a sex picture in my house. I stopped simply because it was killing my trade, and I got my first hint from the kids. They have healthy minds and they want healthy stuff. Everybody does, for that matter, but older people are not so frank in expressing their tastes. If you will remember, a few years ago the woman vampires of literature were considered terrible things—things folks weren't supposed to talk about. Everybody talks about 'em now, and it's always good for a laugh.

Putting vampires in the pictures didn't even splinter a moral in my town, simply because the kids turned 'em into a joke. Kids even invented the word "vamp." I don't believe anybody ever took the vamps seriously.

But what I can't get into my head is where people get all these queer notions about kids and their morals. If Doctor Alton had just remembered himself as a youngster he would have been on. At heart kids are no different now than when we were all kids. Just think back a moment. Did you ever sneak around somewhere to read a sickening love novel when you were a boy? You did not. If you were like me you got off in the barn and read the daring deeds of Diamond Dick and Calamity Jane. I don't know quite so much about girls, but I do remember that they always wanted to play our games and we had a tough time slipping off from them.

Did you ever spend your own quarter to slip into the gallery of a theater to see a show with a lot of kissing and love stuff in it? No. You saved up your money for real he-stuff, like the minstrels and plays like Old Glory Betrayed and In the Cowboy's Cave. Remember how the peanut galleries were packed to see the daring hero batter down the door and shoot up the villain? Remember the laughs in MacFadden's Row of Flats and Humpty-Dumpty? Remember how we all applauded with hands and feet and shrill whistles when Little Nell staggered into the police station with the telltale message, and the heroic coppers, led by Lieutenant Fearnot, started to the rescue? Oh, boy!

Yes, and I'm going to tell you something else. If you weren't afraid of being undignified you'd go to see the same things to-day—if they had 'em.

Your kid is no different. I've watched him, and those are the things he—and she, too—wants to see in the movies. Did it ever occur to you that nickel novels began to die with the birth of the movies?

Doctor Alton came out to the box office, laughing.

"You were right, Mr. Dowe," he said. "It's a regular old Swiss Family Robinson story. I'll admit I was fooled. You know, it took me back a few years. I like those adventure stories."

"Of course you do, doctor. Now come round here in the office a minute. I'll give you something—provided you won't tell."

Though we are both past fifty he read something boyish in my eye, and came in expectantly. I reached over in the corner and handed him a rolled-up pamphlet. It was an old-fashioned nickel novel entitled Dick Deadshot, or The Road Agents of Death Valley. The minister smiled humanly and tucked it in his pocket.

"I used to read those things sometimes," he confided, "and I'll look this one over."

Since I've got a little money it's kind of easy to sit back and figure things out. But it wasn't always like that with me. Running a movie house in a small town has taught me a lot of sense.

I never was much good as a young fellow. My mother used to say I'd never get along in a regular job, simply because I couldn't take commonplace things seriously. From her I inherited too keen a sense of the ridiculous ever to stick in a groove.

They first picked out a newspaper career for me, but I got fired out of the country-newspaper office for making errors in setting up type—did it on purpose too. I simply could not resist the temptation of mussing up the old editor's masterpieces. Once he wrote a long-winded boost of our congressman in which he said "He has returned to the home town radiant with hope," and I used an *s* instead of an *e* on the last word. It got in the paper that way.

Pioneer Days

After that I worked as manager of a livery stable, but it didn't last long. My father, who died when I was a mere lad, was a prominent man and everybody tried to help me along on his account, but it was no use. They tried me in the post office and then gave me a job as notary public. And so it went. We had a big farm and by renting it out I managed to live off that for many years. I spent my idle hours around the village and on weekly visits to New York, about thirty miles away.

I read extensively and kept pretty well up on what was going on, but was looked upon as a sort of ne'er-do-well, and was a distinct disappointment to the village. The whole thing, I know now, was that I never struck anything that really interested me.

I was past forty, unmarried and comparatively happy when the moving-picture craze set in. I saw possibilities in it at the start. At that time, though, everybody regarded it as a sort of catchpenny scheme, a glorified magic-lantern show.

A plumber started a movie house in our town and I was a regular customer. The thing fascinated me. He had converted an old shack into a theater, with benches seating about two hundred people. Though the place wasn't very inviting I used to go every day. The audience was made up entirely of men and boys. It was very unusual to see a woman at Ben's movie.

To attract passers-by Ben had a blaring phonograph outside and the front of the house was covered with circus-looking posters. Inside there was sawdust on the floor, and an old nickel-in-the-slot honky-tonk piano rattled from noon until late at night. It was enough to frighten away the timid. Even so, the crowds were pretty good. I studied the thing out and made up my mind that this was to be my business. I talked to Ben about buying him out. He admitted he wasn't making so much money as people thought, but he wouldn't hear to selling. His rent was fifty dollars a month and his picture service cost him twenty-one dollars a week. He charged five and ten cents admission.

(Continued on Page 48)

When the Verdict is "Dead Plates"

The Car Owner knows that it means a New Battery

Face to face with a worn out battery, the car owner appreciates the vital importance of battery plates.

When the old battery is lifeless, he realizes that the *life* of the battery is *in* the plates.

But the *right* time for him to realize it is when he is buying a new battery.

It is then he should stop and consider this fact: He would not be buying a new battery if the plates in the old were still alive and fit.

In Buying a Battery First Buy Plates

Experience with the old battery should be the guide in buying the new.

Experience says that to get the best battery, it is first necessary to choose the best plates—the liveliest, longest lived plates.

And there is always *one best* of anything manufactured.

It is best—usually because the maker first realized the full importance of it, and next, specialized in manufacturing it.

PREST-O-PLATES For Long Life

Alert to the importance of plates, Prest-O-Lite has always made them the outstanding feature of Prest-O-Lite Batteries.

But not content with having superior plates, Prest-O-Lite experts went deep into the peculiar nature of plates, and produced Prest-O-Plates, a basic improvement in quality battery making.

What the thoroughbred is to commonbred, Prest-O-Plates are to ordinary plates.

They are bred, so to speak, to possess finer properties, and deliver finer performance.

They have a certain tenacious hardness, linked with the *utmost porosity* possible in a long lasting plate. The combination so eagerly sought by battery makers.

Prest-O-Plates reveal their two-fold value in a heat-resisting, non-buckling strength in hottest summer, and a ready reserve power in coldest winter.

PREST-O-LITE Best All-Weather Battery

Tried and tested from the Arctics to the Tropics, they have established Prest-O-Lite as the all-around, all-weather battery. The battery for all climates and all seasons.

Car owners may well select Prest-O-Lite Batteries on account of Prest-O-Plates alone.

But they may choose them, confident that every other part of the battery is par with Prest-O-Plates.

Secure in the certainty of quality and uniform product, Prest-O-Lite underwrites every Prest-O-Lite Battery with a liberal guaranty.

PREST-O-LITE'S Strong Guaranty

This is a specifically stated obligation, plus a policy that says the car owner must be pleased.

Prest-O-Plates, in themselves, hold forth the assurance of a better battery.

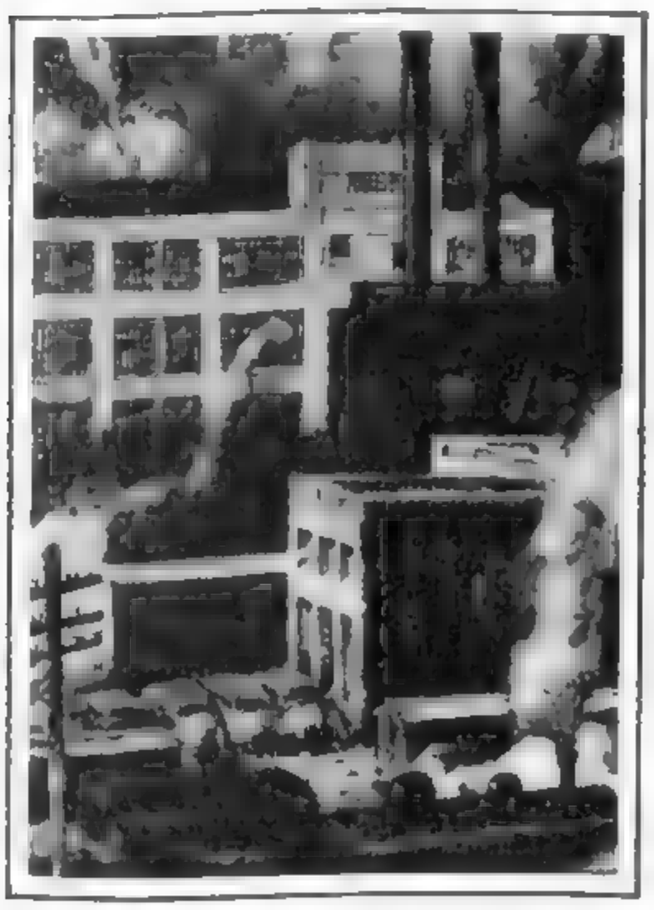
The name, *Prest-O-Lite*, guarantees it, and Prest-O-Lite Service carries it to complete fulfillment.

Select the Prest-O-Lite Battery. Prest-O-Lite Sales and Service Stations everywhere.

THE PREST-O-LITE COMPANY, Inc.
Carbide and Carbon Building
30 East 42nd Street, New York
Eighth and Brannan Streets, San Francisco, Calif
In Canada
Prest-O-Lite Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

Note: Prest-O-Lite makes a battery specially adapted for Radio use. Ask a Prest-O-Lite dealer to show it to you!

THE OLDEST SERVICE TO MOTORISTS



PREST-O-LITE Factory Control is best possible guaranty that a PREST-O-LITE Battery fulfills its promise of service

SLIPOVA
CLOTHES for CHILDREN
Pretty—
and
so low-priced!
—such a
long-wearing
middy
The girl who wears a "SLIPOVA Middy" is wearing an attractive, well-made garment—she's wearing a blouse that costs so little it's almost beyond belief. Any purse can buy it—any girl can proudly wear it. It is full cut, roomy, with double seams and fast colors.
Ask your dealer to show you these inexpensive garments and other "SLIPOVA Clothes for Children"—Middies, Boys' Blouses and Suits, Rompers and Creepers. If your dealer hasn't them, write Dept. D.
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253 Church St., New York City
Look for the label
SLIPOVA

(Continued from Page 46)

I had about a thousand dollars that I could put my hands on, and I desired to do a little financing. I had some big ideas about what I'd do if I could get hold of a theater. I was determined to open up in opposition to Ben.

After many conferences I persuaded a friend in the real-estate business—he is rich now—to build a frame theater, seating about six hundred, and rent it to me for a term of three years at one hundred dollars a month. He owned a store on one side of the site and a vacant lot on the other, and figured that it would increase the value of his property. It did—about 400 per cent.

Ben heard about what I was doing, but didn't worry. He claimed there wasn't room for two movies and that he had the jump on me. Ninety per cent of the movies went broke in those days.

Anyway, I started. As Ben's pictures cost him only seven dollars each and he had a change three times a week, my idea was to get the real classy trade by putting on something expensive and using better judgment in selection. To begin with, I called my house the Elite. Ben's was the Nickelodeon.

While the building was going on I got in touch with the proper people for a picture service. There were two services, but, as I learned later, both were controlled by one head. There were a twenty-one-dollar service and a fifty-dollar one. Each would give me three changes a week and allow me to hold the Saturday pictures over for Sunday.

I was in for shocks and disappointments, and have been having them ever since. With everything ready for a start I engaged a boy to run the projecting machine for twelve and a half dollars a week. Then I engaged a young lady in town, who worked at the music store, to play the piano during the performances, for the same amount. I proposed to stay in the box office and take in the money myself. I had to be around, anyway, to see that everything was run right; besides I wanted to talk to the patrons. I wouldn't have a door tender at first, but would let the patrons walk right in after buying their tickets. My electric bill I figured would be about fifty dollars a month, which included lobby and entrance display. Later I would need heat, and that I figured to cost around fifty dollars a month. So, you see, with my pictures costing two hundred dollars, help one hundred dollars, heat and light one hundred dollars, and rent one hundred dollars, I had an overhead of five hundred dollars a month to start with. Later I had to get two ushers, who also worked as cleaners, and they cost me another hundred. No matter how I figured, it was bound to cost me about twenty dollars a day. Immediately I saw why Ben wasn't making so much money as people thought. It takes a lot of dimes and nickels to wipe out twenty dollars in a day. And I hadn't figured my salary at anything. To make money I'd have to pack the place.

Getting Started

I was in pretty deep but decided to go through with it. I've done many foolish things, but I was never accused of being a piker. With my staff engaged I went to New York—an hour's ride—to close the deal for my picture service.

"I'm going to run a high-class place," I said to a little squint-eyed man who came out to see me. He took me into his office.

"You want a fifty-dollar service, then," he said.

"That's the idea," I told him; "and I want to select my comedies very carefully."

"What do you mean—select?"

"Why, I think a theater manager ought to use a little more judgment about what to offer than my competitor does. Don't you?"

"Sure," he agreed; "but there ain't no such thing as selection for a hick house."

"No selection?"

"I should say not!" he explained. "Why, if every movie man could come in here and pick out his bill how do you think we'd ever get 'em all around?"

"Then you make up these bills to suit yourself, and we've got to take 'em—sight unseen?"

"That's the general idea. But we've got a coupla guys back here that's pretty good pickers. They'll give you somethin' to knock 'em dead."

"Somehow I don't like that," I said.

"Well, friend, that's what you'll have to take, whether you like it or not. You ain't runnin' the Metropolitan Opera House, you know."

"About what will I get for fifty dollars?" I asked. I didn't like this fellow at all. I think I must have shown it.

"Oh, a world's news feature, a coupla trick comedies, and maybe a prairie rescue—oh, the stuff'll get you by all right. Your fillums will all be first runners, and clear. The twenty-one-dollar-a-week fellows run seconds—fillums that's old and chipped. There's some snappy French-girl stuff coming over soon."

There being no competitive service I was helpless. It made me sick.

"Oh, all right," I surrendered. "Start me off for a week from next Saturday." I got up to leave.

"How about the dough?" he asked.

"Oh, that'll be all right."

"How do we know it'll be all right? Guess you'd better leave half payment in advance. That's the rule. We make some of 'em pay in full before turning a hand."

In those days there was no such thing as a picture that ran more than one reel. We had no regular plays, as we do nowadays. Stars had not been heard of. Regular actors scoffed at the movies.

The so-called comedies consisted mainly of Frenchmen jumping out of second-story windows and falling to pieces. Then the parts would run back together again by a camera trick. I never knew how they did that, but it was considered great stuff. After that the comedians would start running down the street, gathering a crowd as they went, and knocking over fruit stands, apple carts, ash cans, baby carriages, and so on. The American comedies had pie throwing from the start, and, strangely enough, it's good stuff to-day. I used to wonder why the French pictures didn't have pie throwing, but I learned that they don't have pies in France. As a result they missed a lot of comedy. The American slapstick boys then began to invent mechanical tricks with automobiles and other forms of machinery. They gradually dug up so many new forms of rough stuff that the old-fashioned French comedies—the pioneers—became *passé*.

Close Figuring

That is the kind of stuff that I had to offer in what I thought was going to be a movie of class.

The first night, the formal opening, I had four hundred dime customers. Forty dollars for a single performance made the prospects look a little rosy. In a few days, though, it began to die down. I caught Ben's man counting my house one afternoon, and I promptly sent a boy over to count his. I had thirty dime customers and fifty-one kids at a nickel. Ben had a total of eighteen, ten at a nickel a head. Somebody was going broke; I could see that.

At the end of three weeks I was able to get a pretty good line on my house. It was costing a little more than twenty dollars a day and I was running but one afternoon and one night performance. This meant of course that I would have to have a little more than two hundred dime patrons or four hundred nickel fellows to break even. And I wasn't getting anything like that!

We then inaugurated the system, used in nearly all movies to-day, of giving two afternoon and two night performances. It didn't work so well at first, due to the crowd refusing to leave after the first performance to make room for newcomers. In time, though, they got used to it.

To boost up the business I put on a bill of cheap vaudeville Saturday nights. That was the worst thing I ever did. People would rather see a poor picture than a poor vaudeville act. It cheapened the tone of my house—already dirt cheap—and I was farther than ever from the high-class trade. I simply couldn't get the women to come. I found that they couldn't stand the loud language and disorderly conduct of the boys. This was a dilemma. If I got rid of the boys I might not have any trade at all.

In the meantime Ben's house went flooey. His failure helped me some, but I was still on a losing basis.

A change for the better started when we began to get two-reel pictures. Each of these had a sort of story, worked out in a crude way. They began to interest the women. The brightest spot in my career as a movie manager was when four ladies stopped at the box office one day to say that they had enjoyed a picture because the story was so interesting. They had previously read it in a magazine, it seemed.

I urged the distributing monopoly to get some more of that kind, but their attitude was one of annoyance. I got others to write to them, and by degrees we got better pictures.

By this time I had to hire a young man to go through the audience and keep the boys quiet. My great problem was to stop them from eating peanuts. The crunch-crunch got on the ladies' nerves, and the grating noise as patrons walked on discarded peanut shells was an added objection. We had to sweep out twice a day.

Keeping the Boys in Hand

The climax came, though, when a customer, a boatman, stopped at the window to suggest that I put in a few cuspidors. He couldn't enjoy a picture, he said, without chewing tobacco. Others must have had the same idea of enjoyment, but weren't so particular about cuspidors. This was a more serious problem than you may imagine.

After thinking it over I placed this printed sign in the lobby:

TOBACCO CHEWING AND PEANUT EATING
ANNOY LADIES
MAYBE YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN

It didn't bring about complete reform, but we could notice an improvement. To stop the rowdy conduct of boys always has been a stickler. If I had been a stranger this task would have been impossible.

In my theater I have seen the little fellows grow up from babyhood, and they know that I know all about them. They do not want to appear badly in my eyes because I know their families. But they have to be watched constantly. I have taught my ushers to pick the rowdy ones out and reprimand them by name. If they are brought to me I give them a severe lecture. Often I bar them from the theater temporarily, and that is considered a village disgrace. My office is frequently like a juvenile court.

My favorite method of impressing these little fellows is to take them in my office, call up an imaginary judge on the telephone and lay the whole case before him. Then I ask for instructions. Whether it be debarment from the theater or a talk with the parents, I repeat these imaginary judicial rulings to the little culprits. Their white and frightened faces always arouse my pity, but I have to force myself to appear deadly serious.

The main crimes committed by these youthful theatergoers are yelling and stamping their feet, booing the love scenes, eating peanuts, throwing candy and paper wads at each other, and putting chewing gum on the seats. Another favorite sport is to jeer at the pianist, who occasionally makes the mistake of trying to correct them.

Not long ago a bright-eyed little Italian boy was caught in the act of placing chewing gum where he knew some girls were going to sit. A few minutes before, he had tacked one girl's hair to the back of the seat in front of him. Children of foreign parentage are more easily frightened by my imaginary conversations with the judge than are the American boys. This little Italian was a handsome, happy-faced little rascal. His eyes fairly twinkled with merriment. One couldn't help liking him. He is so terribly mischievous, though, that something had to be done or I should lose many girl patrons.

When the boy came into my office, led by the usher, his big brown eyes had a frightened look. Someone was using the telephone and I could not call up my imaginary judge. In a very solemn voice I questioned the little fellow, putting great emphasis on every word. Then I decided to try a new scheme.

"Now, young man," I said, summing up the crime, "I want you to go right over to the judge's office"—the village magistrate—"and tell him just what you have done. Tell him the truth just as you have told me. Then ask him to pronounce sentence on you."

The boy, I figured, would scoot for home just as soon as he got out of my sight. Anyway, the scare would be beneficial.

Three-quarters of an hour later I was interrupted by a little boy walking directly

(Continued on Page 50)

The greatest danger in your meals today

The body has two constant needs which must be met by what we eat every day—the need to build up body tissues and help eliminate waste matter

A GREAT nutrition expert says we are in danger because we eat so many artificial foods—use too many of the things which are convenient under modern conditions but which have been robbed of valuable properties in manufacture. Or perhaps in preparing foods for cooking at home we remove much that is healthful. Many even of our natural foods are incomplete and do not give us the food factors we need.

One familiar food, however, stands out above all the others as the richest known source of water-soluble vitamin—yeast. Just the every day cake of Fleischmann's Yeast you buy from the grocer. With the addition of Fleischmann's Yeast to your daily diet you know you are getting what you need.

Fleischmann's Yeast helps you get full benefit from the other foods you eat. It has a truly remarkable effect on the whole digestive system. It builds up body tissues, protects against disease, and keeps your intestines healthy.

No longer a need for laxatives

How many have heard that laxatives never remove the cause of the trouble and yet never act on that knowledge? Begin now. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today—keep on and you will soon find laxatives unnecessary. Laxatives weaken the muscles of the intestines, but right eating strengthens them. That is why many men and women have already found relief from intestinal inactivity—even chronic cases. Take advantage of their experiences and free yourself from this widespread complaint.

Doctors and professors of medicine recommend fresh yeast as an intestinal antiseptic, an aid to complete and regular elimination.

Digestion kept in sound working order

Vast numbers of people have discovered that Fleischmann's Yeast is the natural corrective food for indigestion. It is so digestible itself that it places no strain upon the weakened system. It helps the flow of bile and pancreatic juice. The addition of Fleischmann's Yeast to the diet helps the whole process of digestion in the stomach and intestines. It makes it possible for you to get more nourishment from the other foods you eat. It keeps your appetite keen.

Fleischmann's Yeast is good to eat in many ways

Almost everybody grows to like the distinctive flavor just as they grew to like olives or oysters. Many prefer the taste of the plain cake, nibbling it a little at a time. Others like to dissolve it in boiling water, cold water, milk, fruit-juices, coffee or cocoa. Still others like it spread on bread or crackers. It is very popular in malted milk drinks.

Get your 2 or 3 cakes today. *Place a standing order with your grocer. 200,000 grocers carry Fleischmann's Yeast. If your grocer is not among them, write to the Fleischmann agency in your nearest city—they will see that you are supplied.*

Send for free booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." Use coupon, addressing THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 611, 701 Washington St., New York.

It was easy for primitive man to secure an abundance of vitamin and other necessary food factors from his fresh meats and green leafy vegetables. But our modern diet—constantly refined and modified—too often lacks these vital elements.

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 611,
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Please send me free booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

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Fleischmann's Yeast—a natural corrective food

Because Fleischmann's Yeast is a fresh food it does for you naturally and permanently what drugs, with merely temporary effect, can never do. One cake of Fleischmann's Yeast gives you ten times the amount of yeast-vitamin found in most so-called yeast-vitamin preparations to which drugs have been added. Be sure you get Fleischmann's fresh yeast. Do not be misled by substitutes.

An active boy needs Educator Shoes

YOUR sturdy youngster is probably on his feet most of the time. He needs shoes that will treat his feet fairly—Educators. You want his feet to grow strong and supple, not bent and crippled by narrow torturing shoes.

Get him Educators, scientifically made to "let the feet grow as they should." They are made to fit feet.

Educators, you know, are made for every one. Try them yourself. You will like the perfect comfort they bring you. They are good-looking shoes, too.

Send for our booklet "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet," full of vital foot facts. Your local TEL-U-WHERE Bureau will tell you the name of the nearest Educator dealer.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., 14 High St., Boston, Mass.

RICE & HUTCHINS
EDUCATOR SHOE

For MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN

(Continued from Page 48)

into my office—an unusual occurrence. I had forgotten all about my instructions to the little Italian, and looked up, surprised. But, sure enough, here he was.

"Mister, I went and waited," he announced tearfully, "but de judge he don't come."

"You mean you have been at the judge's office all this time?"

"Yes, mister, but he won't come." He was about to cry. "Can I go home now?"

Of course I couldn't hug that little shaver, but I felt like it. I told him he could go on probation. The incident had a very salutary effect in his neighborhood of foreigners.

I didn't make any money for three years, but I held on. I knew the business would be standardized or systematized sooner or later, and I was patient. Visits to the film-distributing company had taught me that the trouble was with the type of men at the head. An enormous industry had grown up over their heads and it was of such proportions that they couldn't see it.

The tide turned very suddenly for me. It turned with one little incident. For some time I had been reading of the invention of a moving picture that talked. Articles in the trade papers told of a man's having succeeded in synchronizing a phonograph with a picture machine so that the voice and the action would be simultaneous. The thing was finally put on the market and an expert came out to see me about putting on a talking picture in my house.

I am a gambler at heart, and decided to take a chance. It would be expensive, though. The talking-picture man demanded half the gross receipts. A special man was sent out to rig up the attachment and instruct my boy in the projecting room how to use it. I advertised the novelty extensively and got everybody in the village talking about it a week in advance.

At the first performance the house was packed. Women of all classes had come in numbers, and I even noticed the presence of leading business men for the first time. At last, I gloated, I had turned the trick.

The voices on the phonograph were those of a man and a woman, each taking all the male or female voices. Of course these tinpanny voices didn't sound natural and true, but they worked—at first. I walked about the house, convinced that the future of pictures was the talking screen.

A Costly Experiment

The two machines were synchronized perfectly; so perfectly that in the first scene the effect was uncanny. Even if it didn't sound real it was interesting.

Suddenly a titter ran over the audience. Then another. I stepped in from the box office to see what was the matter. In a few minutes the crowd was rocking with laughter. The screen showed a love scene in a kitchen. The hero had just taken the heroine into his arms, but the talk didn't fit. The girl released herself and went over to the stove to take out a pan of biscuits. As she did so the voice of the man was saying "Look at me again, darling."

Instead of looking at him she was touching the hot biscuits with the tip of her fingers, and evidently had burned her hand.

"My hero," the phonograph said for her, "I could look into your eyes forever. Oh, let me run and look after the biscuits." But she already had looked at the biscuits and the hero was now tying his shoe.

The film had been damaged and in repairing it they had cut it and pasted the ends together, but something had slipped. The loss of inches was not compensated for in the phonograph and it went right on talking a full minute behind the action of the picture. Later on there had been another cut and the thing got worse. It looked like a good bet that the picture would beat the phonograph to the finish by two or three minutes.

The people never enjoyed a show so much in their lives. But they were giving the picture the razz. No business can stand ridicule. I writhed in mortification. On top of this fiasco I had to pay the man 50 per cent. My profits were no greater than if I had run my regular bill with an ordinary crowd.

The talking picture, as a new idea, died a quick death. The trouble I had was typical. Something always came up to spoil the synchronization. Besides, the monotonous voices grew extremely tiresome after the novelty had worn off.

The next day I had several complaints from ladies whose skirts had been ruined by wads of chewing gum stuck on the seats. By the way, I have had so many cases of this kind that I have learned to tell them that benzine will take chewing gum out of a garment instantly.

That might be a tip for some ladies who don't know it.

The big crowd also had brought in some new peanut and tobacco offenders. The wife of one of my neighbors told me she was so annoyed that she couldn't even enjoy the hilarious fun of my talking picture. This was pretty tough luck. At last I had got the women to my theater, only to lose them through the bad manners of my regular audience.

One of the habitual peanut eaters passed my place the next morning and was pointed out to me by an usher. I knew the young fellow very well and hailed him.

"Say," I said to him, "why do you persist in eating peanuts in my theater when you ought to know it annoys others?"

"Never thought of it," he said. "Forgot to read your sign."

"You may not know it," I informed him, "but you and the other peanut eaters are going to cost me a lot of money."

That seemed to surprise him.

"If folks can't stand a little thing like that they ought to stay out of the movies," he retorted. He was not at all apologetic.

"You don't eat peanuts and scatter the shells around when you visit people's houses, do you?"

"Of course not. I don't eat 'em in church, either. But I do in a circus."

"Well, my theater isn't a circus, you know."

"It was last night."

The First Five-Reeler

The young man was inclined to be a smart-Aleck. I gave up trying to appeal to his sense of politeness, but he had given me an idea.

Right then I recognized forcibly a truth that has been of much value to me in the last few years. To make a man or boy act like a gentleman, as a rule, treat him as if you thought him one. I was going to make these thoughtless peanut and tobacco eaters feel as though they were in somebody's parlor or in a church when they came to my movie. My plan at that moment was to install an organ instead of a piano, but a big thing happened unexpectedly, and I didn't carry out that part of my scheme for a long time.

For some time the producers had been talking of wonderful five-reel pictures. Two days after my interview with the peanut eater I was notified that a great feature picture had been completed with a famous grand-opera singer as star. It was the screening of one of the classic novels at enormous expense, a hundred thousand dollars; some of them cost a quarter of a million now.

Knowing my willingness to try out new ideas they had invited me to come to New York to see an advance showing of the film, with a view to leasing it for a run in my house.

Never before had a star of international fame appeared in a movie. I was eager to see it. Already I had made up my mind to show that five-reeler if the price was anywhere near within reason.

The time had come when movie men would be able to select their own attractions. This was a starter, and I flatter myself I saw it quickly.

I went to New York full of enthusiasm, and was not disappointed. The picture was a wonderful piece of work for those days. They quoted me a price of one hundred dollars for two days or one hundred and twenty for three days. I jumped at the three-day offer. The bigger movie theaters just beginning to operate on Broadway had to pay more. But of course they would get the first crack at it.

The big picture was to run on Broadway for a week before being sent out, just as they do new plays. I was promised it in three weeks.

Now was the chance to try out the scheme suggested to me by the attitude of the peanut eater—a way to make my rough customers act like gentlemen. I couldn't have hoped for a better combination of circumstances.

First, though, I took pains to see that my master picture was well advertised. After hanging out a big sign I went to the editor of the local weekly and got him to write a piece explaining that our town would be the first village outside of New York to exhibit this wonderful work of dramatic art. He took the attitude that it was a triumph of showmanship on my part, but fully as much an honor to the town as to the theater. I helped him a little.

I then went to the president of the bank, a lover of drama and a regular theatergoer. I told him what I proposed to do in the way of refinement, and he agreed to loan me the five hundred dollars needed to make the Elite a real shrine of art and letters, as I put it.

I never was a piker, so, to make sure that I made no artistic slips, I went to a big concern in New York and in addition to my purchases secured the assistance of their expert interior decorator.

We decided first to put folding doors in the open entrance to the lobby. We then had the walls painted a light gray. The floor was to be covered with a good quality of olive-green carpet. All the glaring posters were to come down forever. For future announcements gold-and-white-framed easels would be placed artistically in the lobby. We added a few palms and then made the box office less conspicuous.

All this, mind you, cost something more than five hundred dollars, but I had a little money of my own, and the loan was to help out.

We also bought thick carpet runners for the aisles inside, and installed delicately shaded wall lamps. We selected some palms to be placed along the front of the stage at the base of the screen.

"Now," said the decorator, who appeared to enjoy playing with my theater as much as I did, "we've got to touch this off with a spray of delicate perfume from atomizers, or maybe some incense."

That was going it a little strong, but I accepted the suggestion. I'd go it whole hog or none.

We both lamented the fact that I was unable to put in better opera chairs or paint the old ones. Also we regretted my inability to put in a pipe organ. But we had gone pretty good for a starter, and decided to stand on that for a while.

The old Elite was going to be some shrine!

I had the pianist go into New York and see the big picture so as to arrange the proper incidental music.

The Great Occasion

Though the painting and hammering went merrily on we took pains not to put the carpet down until the last minute. We couldn't afford to lose the effect by having the daily customers seeing it ahead of time.

You may be sure that while all this was going on the town folks knew about it. It was being whispered all over the village. Several ladies called up on the telephone to inquire about the coming event. Their attitude seemed to be that if a world-famous operatic star was willing to go into pictures it was certainly good enough for them. Besides, those who had never felt able to pay five dollars a seat to see this star at the Metropolitan could now see her for twenty or twenty-five cents. Women, you know, like bargains even in movie houses.

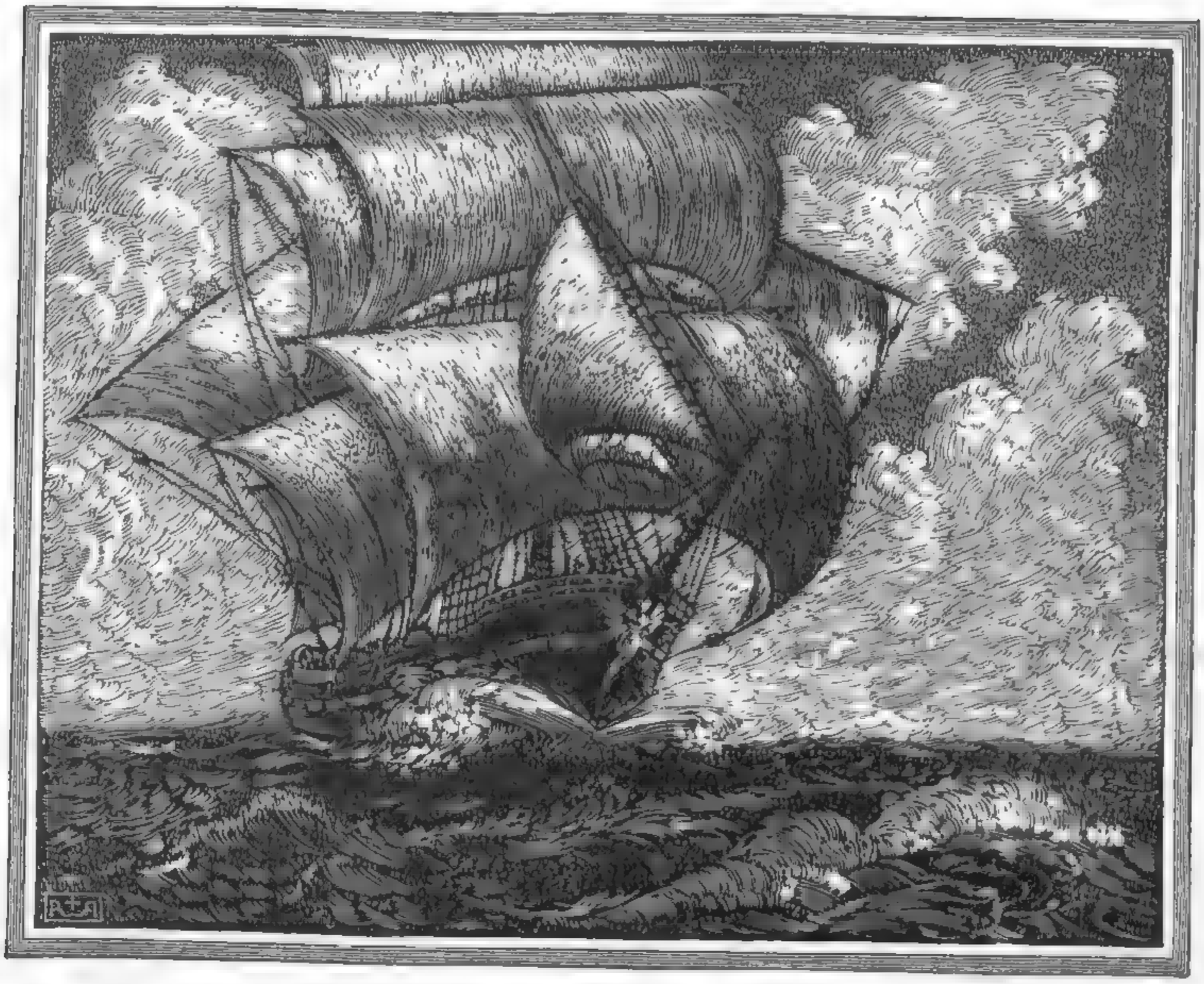
It was late spring and I had all the attendants dress in white duck. Oh, believe me, the Elite was to be no piking establishment! Everything I had was at stake. We had shot the works.

It gives a fellow a wonderful thrill to have a shot like that win. I knew that I had won the moment the first patron stepped in the doors for the afternoon performance. The first was a woman, leading two little girls. They were all dressed up as if going to a party. The minute their feet hit that thick carpet they began talking in subdued voices. A whiff of the perfume sank the tone lower. There's no use in talking, I had 'em. Those atomizers were a knockout.

Some boys came in, and right away took off their hats—an unheard-of procedure. They also dropped their tones and began to act like company. The silence of their feet seemed to tame their voices.

A couple of steamfitters came in in their working clothes, and I could see they felt awkward. They found seats, though, and said nothing. The only complaint I had, by the way, was from one of those fellows later. He declared that I had made the place too fancy; that a fellow wouldn't be able to enjoy himself without dressing up. He predicted that a lot of workingmen, accustomed to dropping in between hours, would stay away because they wouldn't feel easy. As a matter of fact, I did lose a few

(Continued on Page 53)



GIVE WINGS TO WORDS!

Let thought be unfettered as the wind. Let expression be clear as sunlight. Wherever you are, the Underwood Portable can be there to record and communicate your message.

The Portable is obtainable at Underwood offices in all principal cities, or direct from Underwood Typewriter Co., Inc., Underwood Bldg., N. Y.

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UNDERWOOD PORTABLE

They Tempt the Whole Family to be Neat with Trash

Nothing is more discouraging (as every woman knows) about keeping a home neat than the eternal "picking things up." Odd pieces of trash tossed carelessly on tables, chairs or floors; a crumpled newspaper, an empty package, scraps of lint or string, a cigar band, children's bits of cloth or paper—there's no end to the discarded things which are just dropped or laid about to be picked up and thrown away.

Sometimes it's just thoughtlessness, but more often it's simply the lack of a trash basket conveniently placed wherever trash accumulates. The whole family would welcome a handy Vul-Cot Basket in each room as the easiest place to "throw things."

And more housewives would have had these convenient places for trash long before, had they known just where to get the right kind of baskets. Now there is an absolutely new and different line of Vul-Cot receptacles to meet this need.

Office men, and business men in general, have long known Vul-Cot Baskets. Made of vulcanized fibre, they withstand the roughest possible usage—they can't dent or rust like a metal basket—they can't break like a wicker basket. They can't chip or crack like an enameled basket; nor can bits of paper and other trash sift through Vul-Cots, because sides and bottom are solid.

This new line of Vul-Cots for the home has all those advantages and in addition is now made with a very attractive basket-weave design stamped right into the fibre, and finished in three colors which perfectly harmonize with any of your furniture—a rich brown and deep green for general use, and light colors appropriate with white enamel of bath and kitchen. The new sizes also are most convenient:—a smaller basket for the living room and bed room, a large one for the kitchen, and a roomy clothes hamper.

Attached to every Vul-Cot is an absolute guarantee to replace any basket that fails in normal service in five years.

Your favorite department store or house-furnishings store should now have Vul-Cots in stock. If for some reason you can't get Vul-Cots in your neighborhood, write us at once, giving us the name of your dealer, and we will see that you are supplied.

An interesting color-booklet illustrates all of the Vul-Cots; gives sizes and many suggestions of their helpfulness to you. We'll be glad to mail you a free copy. Just ask for it on a postal.

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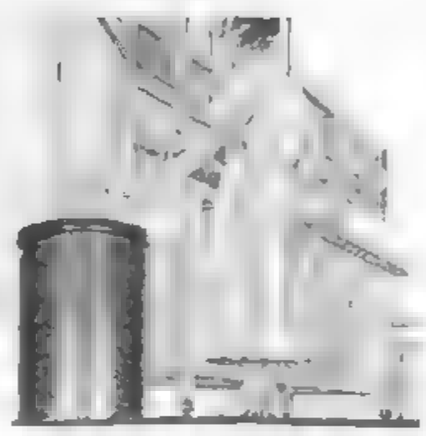
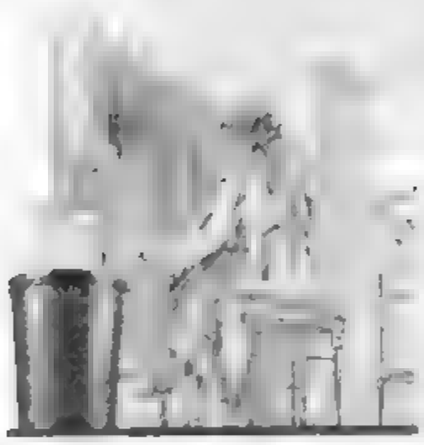
Wilmington, Delaware

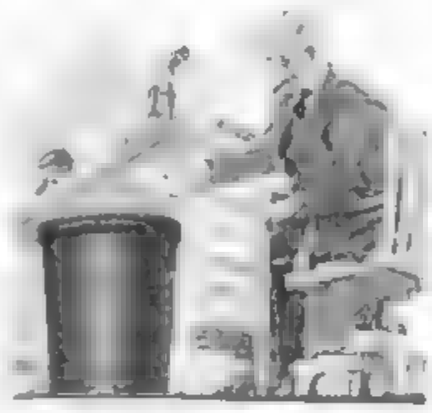


For the Kitchen



For the Bed Room

For the Bath Room



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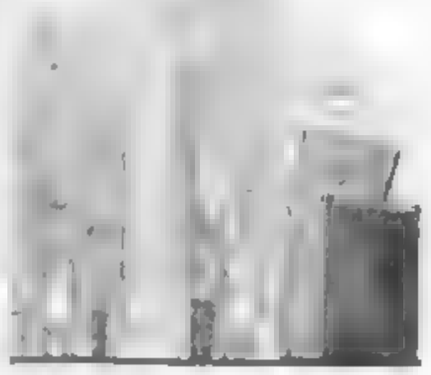


For the Hospital

VUL-COT RECEPTACLES Guaranteed for 5 Years

VUL-COT IS A MATERIAL OF A MILLION USES — AS HARD AS BONE, TOUGH AS LEATHER, DURABLE AS STEEL

(Continued from Page 50)

regulars on that account. But the increase of others more than made up for it.

From that day I began to make money, and am now pretty well fixed.

The feature picture, of course, was a big success. My house was packed to capacity every performance. It was the talk of the town. On the second day of the operatic-star film I noticed a group of prominent women in the lobby, laughing and talking. I overheard one of them ask about the next meeting of the Worth While Club. That gave me an idea. Why not make the Elite a sort of social exchange?

I called up the president of the club. That night this notice, in typewritten letters, very much enlarged, appeared on the screen between the advance advertisements:

The Worth While Club will meet next Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. John J. Evans, on Hempstead Avenue. The subject will be French Literature.

It was a bell ringer.

Within a week social organizations and the churches began sending me notices of local events. I ran them all free of charge.

After that the Elite was the place to find out the social news. To-day I run those notices, and they have been one of my biggest assets. I don't know any better form of advertising than to have one woman tell another that she saw a notice about the meeting "at the Elite."

The Turn of the Tide

With the regular attendance of the women, the soft carpets, the perfume and so on, peanut eating and tobacco chewing in my theater stopped. The rowdy boys still annoy us occasionally, but a severe lecture and debarment for a week or so usually discourage that. I never hope to have it perfect. For instance, I have never succeeded in entirely stopping the practice of sticking wads of chewing gum under the seats—and sometimes on the seats. It is also awful hard to make people understand that eating or chewing anything distracts the attention of the person sitting near them. I have known lots of patrons to leave the theater on account of that annoyance.

The appearance of well-known stars and the five-reel pictures marked the big turn in the movie tide. Those who were wise rode with it. Formerly people had gone to the movies for the mere novelty of seeing pictures move. With the gradual improvement in presenting regular stories they began to discriminate. This brought with it a big problem for the movie managers. The second-performance receipts showed clearly when I had run a picture that was uninteresting. The difficulty was, and is, in knowing in advance what to run. The mere announcement of a certain star or a familiar story will often pack the house to overflowing. Another announcement will empty half the seats. As a picture usually runs but one day it is very difficult to find out what's the matter. I suppose that confronts all theaters, publishers and other businesses. Come to think of it, if a man was wise enough to know in advance just what the public wanted he could make a million dollars in a year. The upshot of it is that the manager has got to study the thing out and rely on his own judgment.

The stars were the best guides, and that is why they became so popular. The patrons knew them by reputation and could have a pretty good idea what to expect. You see, there is no way of explaining the story in advance, because as a rule we do not know it. But famous stars explain themselves. Right now, though, the story is getting to be the whole thing. The passing of the stars was bound to come because they gradually lost sight of the public's taste. It was, and is, a big advantage to have a famous name to offer, but it becomes a big disadvantage to the theater and to the star if the story is bad, in other words, if the star doesn't deliver. The story is what one patron remembers to tell another. Poor material blots out a star very quickly. When the eggs are no longer golden the goose is dead.

I have found that the screening of any well-known old book—a story that everybody has heard of—always draws well. For instance, stories of similar prominence to Oliver Twist, Les Miserables, Enoch Arden, Ivanhoe, Rip Van Winkle—books that school children are taught to know as classics—are sure-fire. A lot of people have talked about these classics but never have read them. It's less trouble to see them in the movies than to read them.

This drawing power of famous works is pretty good proof to me that the story counts more than the star in the long run. And the evident desire to see stories of recognized merit convinces me that people—in a small town, anyway—never did want to see the cheap triangular sex problems or suggestive pictures. They came to the movies because the star was advertised and because there was nothing else to see.

I listen very carefully to what people say going out of the theater, and I also ask them to send in written suggestions. Very seldom have I heard anybody speak a good word for one of those suggestive pictures, or express a desire to have them put on. For a long time the market was surfeited with vamp and sex stuff, and we simply couldn't get anything else. I had to use them. Understand me, I had no particular moral scruples against the sex-problem pictures. Perhaps, though, I should have had. I objected to them for business reasons, purely and simply. I also understand how pictures of that nature might go well in some Broadway houses, and still be offensive to our village.

After seeing a suggestive picture young ladies and their escorts are deprived of something to discuss after the show. Neither can they talk about the story around the dinner table at home. That hurts my business. Children quickly spot a picture of that kind and tell their mothers. As a result they don't go. They are the best censors in the world.

The vamp pictures, of course, were a joke. I don't believe anybody ever took them seriously. Little girls eight and ten years old joke each other about being vamps. The real, suggestive idea of the picture never reached them at all. With older people all that leopard-skin covering and eye-rolling stuff was so ridiculous as to be laughable. Often I have had to stop the running of one of the reels until I could quiet the little boys and persuade them not to give the picture the razz, as they call it.

Bad Taste Reflected

Give the same little girls, little boys and old people a simple, sweet, wholesome love story and they will eat it up. They all like rural stuff.

Naturally, one will ask: "Well, if nobody wanted to see the sex pictures why did they produce them?"

I may be wrong, but I think I know. At the beginning the picture business was in the hands of many ignorant, stupid men whose one idea was to make money quickly and who were carried away with success. They knew nothing of the wholesome life outside of Broadway places. The picture business gave them money to throw around in those places for the first time in their lives. Their ideas of enjoyment were coarse and vulgar. They knew nothing about the rest of the country, but had an idea that other people liked what they did. This kind of taste was quickly reflected in their products. The cure set in when the public began to discriminate. That type of movie man is passing out and some of the bigger producing companies are now directed by men with broader vision. There are still many who won't wake up until they are broke.

Though we have a free hand now in selection, the picking business is still no easy job. For instance, I change my bill every day. That means that I must have seven feature pictures and a like number of comedies and news or educational features every week. I could save a lot of money by running pictures two days, but it does not pay in the long run.

My bill at present costs me about four hundred dollars a week. Our admission fee ordinarily is twenty-two cents, including war tax. On special occasions we charge twenty-seven. Now consider the running expenses—they have doubled since I started—and you will see that we have to keep the house crowded to make any money. I am now building a larger one.

A great step toward better pictures and toward giving us little fellows a standard was the establishment in New York of a first-class theater for presenting the highest grade of new pictures. With the opening of this theater came the motion-picture critic. The newspaper criticisms of pictures, I believe, are of much more practical benefit to outside towns than are the criticisms of regular dramatic shows. Outside of the daily receipts and occasional suggestions from patrons, the criticisms are the only thing I have for guidance in selecting attractions to please my people. I keep a careful index of these newspaper notices, so as to be prepared when the salesman comes around.

If a picture makes an unusual hit I go to see it. I have made some ten-strikes this way, giving my people a sensational production within a week or so of its New York opening. Of course it would be impossible for me to see all my stuff in advance. That's where I rely on the criticisms.

An Old Lady's Criticism

A few months ago I saw where some concern was about to produce a screen version of a well-known, old-fashioned rural play. It is a sweet, wholesome story of old folks and young people in a small town—most all of you saw it when you were young. I went to the New York opening. There wasn't a low-necked gown or a leg showing throughout the picture. It was wonderful. Even the so-called wise crowd in New York ate it up.

To run this picture cost me two hundred dollars for two days. It was a pretty stiff price, but I took a chance. I figured it well worth while holding over for a second day. It was necessary to raise my prices to thirty cents, including war tax. Apparently nobody objected. I ran the picture eight times in the two days, and had to turn people away at each presentation. Mind you, this in a town of less than four thousand!

An old lady, an acquaintance since my boyhood, stopped on the way out to tell me how much she had enjoyed the picture.

"I guess that's the kind they like to see, isn't it?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said; "such a relief after all the vamps."

This old lady never missed a show—took in vamps, sex triangles and everything. She had occupied the same seat for two years.

"How do you explain that?" I asked, anxious to draw her out.

"I reckon you know," she said. "You stood right back of me, and"—she poked at me with her parasol—"I saw you wipe your eyes and blow your nose when the old farmer found his missing boy on the church steps."

"It did take us back some, didn't it?"

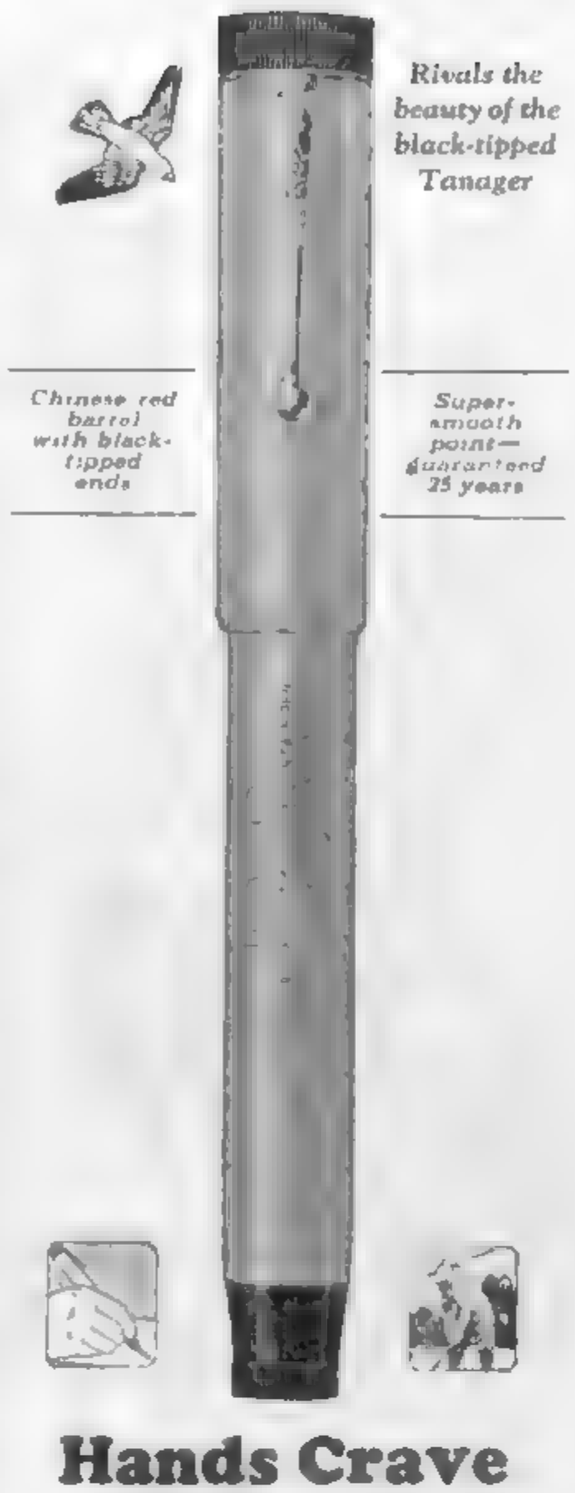
"Don't you know," she went on, "that all girls and boys who go to a theater want to imagine themselves as the girl and boy in the picture? Yes, and we old folks love to forget where we are and imagine ourselves like the old folks that's sitting there in the play taking part."

It looked as if she had the real answer.

"And," she asked, "how on earth is an old woman like me going to imagine herself the mother of a vamp, and enjoy it? How's a nice girl going to imagine herself sittin' there on a lounge in a leopard robe, looking wall-eyed at some fool man?"

I had to laugh.

"Young man, they simply can't do it, that's all. Because it ain't so!"


Rivals the beauty of the black-tipped Tanager
Chinese red barrel with black-tipped ends
Super-smooth point—guaranteed 25 years

Hands Crave this Over-size Pen

as they crave a balanced golf stick

NO ONE more appreciates the new Parker Duofold than men and women who play golf. The moment you grasp its over-size barrel your hand responds to that unmistakable feel that means business. Its fit, weight and balance produce a thrill akin to the pleasure of gripping your favorite club. It holds nearly twice the ink of the ordinary pen. And its lacquer-like beauty captivates all eyes.

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This is the pen that Geo. S. Parker, inventor of the leakproof "Lucky Curve," perfected through 30 years of infinite pains. Money can buy fancier mountings, but the world contains no other writing instrument like this. Its popularity has made a stir in the fountain pen business unlike anything known before. People pronounce it "handsomer than gold."

Get one at any good pen counter. If your dealer has not received his supply give him your order subject to your approval after 30 Days' Trial. Or write us, giving your dealer's name.

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THE PARKER PEN CO., JANESVILLE, WIS

Chicago New York Spokane San Francisco

M 6

Have you a friend who is a printer?

If you haven't, you may sometimes feel that printers are a cantankerous lot, whose chief business is keeping you from having the kind of printing you think you want.

But if you know a printer *well*, you can testify to a keen, marrowy man; a man of agile intellect and sound instinct in matters of taste.

There's something in the tradition of the art of Bodoni and Ben Franklin that attracts and holds that sort of man.

We firmly believe that it is because printers *are* like this that Old Hampshire Bond is so well known. For longer than we can remember, printers and Old Hampshire Bond have had a strong affinity—it just seems as though they get on together naturally and with mutual respect.

Printers buy almost all of the Old Hampshire Bond that is made. They buy it to make into business letterheads which they design and print and sell to their customers everywhere.

We have never met a printer who did not appreciate this fine paper and recommend it whenever he was called on to supply business stationery of character and distinction. And if you have acquired wisdom in printing matters, you will take his say-so as the dictum of the man who knows, and use Old Hampshire Bond for *your* letterheads.

For printers and business men interested in fine paper, we have some interesting samples, which we shall gladly send to all who write on their business letterheads.

Old Hampshire Bond

Hampshire Paper Company — Old Hampshire Bond — South Hadley Falls Mass.

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"ONE-MAN" STEEL TAPE

Tape soon pays for itself, as self holding rod eliminates second man. Only tape taking inside ... of your ...

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Build your OWN business, wholesale or ... Chewing ... Cough Mixture, etc. Attractive packages. Exclusive ... plan.
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RAG JAZZ Piano, Saxophone or Tenor Banjo in 20 lessons. Christensen Schools in most cities, or learn easily by mail. Gain social success or make money teaching. Write Axel Christensen, 22 E. Jackson Chicago

Big Towns and Little Ones

By J. R. Sprague

ALL that morning in the Pullman smoking compartment the conversation had hinged on a series of very important questions, to wit: If you were going to start in business where would you go? Is it easier to make a living in one place than in another? Would you tackle a big town or a small one, and why?

All sorts of opinions were offered. A New England man said he believed it was much easier to get along in the West, where there is not so much competition in every line. An Idaho man discredited this by affirming that if a man wanted to make money he ought to go after it in the East, where there is so much more capital.

Everyone present had something to say on the comparative advantages of big towns and little ones. The merchant from Arkansas said he had done all right in a small town, but if he had to do it over again he believed he would tackle a big-league city. Another speaker held to the idea that a small town is best, because a man can get quicker action; in the big cities, he maintained, it takes too long to get a start. As we neared the station where I had to get off the determined-looking man who had held the seat next the window against all comers for four hours was giving his opinion.

"Before you go to any town, big or little," he said decidedly, "the main thing is to find out whether you fit the place. Lots of men are just grubbing along in big cities who would do better in small towns. And there are men in small towns who ought to be in big ones. It's a case of temperament."

The Young Merchant's Story

The determined man's words were still ringing in my ears when I got off the train and was whisked to the leading hotel by an enterprising jitneyman at cost of twenty-five cents. The town was a nice-looking place of perhaps six thousand people, the business district centering about a public square with the courthouse in the middle. Retail stores clustered about the four sides of the square, with a sprinkling of farm wagons and automobiles drawn up at their fronts. A low-swung machine, painted yellow, with two large extra tires on its rear, and operated by a boy who sat on the small of his back, kept popping into the square from side streets, only to race rapidly around the business district and to pop out again. I did not need to be told that he was the son of the town's richest man, home on a vacation.

Occupying a strategic location at one corner of the square, next to the moving-picture house, was a particularly nice-looking retail store. Its single big show window was attractive with merchandise displayed on a background of unfaded crêpe paper. Warm human interest was injected into the window display by a life-sized cardboard girl, very pretty, who bent over some salable articles in an attitude of admiration. Such an attractive store could hardly be passed up; I invented some trifling want and stepped inside.

The proprietor himself came forward to wait on me, as was indeed necessary, because the only other salesperson in the place was a somewhat ineffectual-looking boy of fifteen who was on a high stepladder cleaning the electric-light globes. The merchant was a good-looking man of perhaps thirty-two, with affable manners and the insignia of three different lodges pinned on his left coat lapel. After I had made my purchase I stuck around a little with the idea of getting into conversation, and began by remarking that it certainly was a nice store for the size of the town.

He appeared pleased at this praise coming from a total stranger, and replied that he always tried to keep what the public wanted. But he modestly disclaimed the notion that his store was any too good for the size of the town. It was merely up to date, he said. The conversation thus pleasantly opened finally led to the point about which I had been thinking.

"Wouldn't you do better," I suggested, "if you should locate in some big city? Running your business so efficiently, it seems to me that you ought to go where there are more people. If you were in a city of two or three hundred thousand population you would have fifty chances to make sales where you have one here."

If my remark was intended to stimulate him by visions of possible big-town prosperity it failed of its mission. He merely shook his head.

"I know when I'm well off," he remarked. "I'm not cut out for a big city. I belong right here."

Merely for the sake of argument I countered by saying that no one knows what he can do until he has tried it, but the young merchant blew up this argument with a single shot.

"I tried the big-league stuff once," he said briefly, "and it didn't work. It just about ruined me."

During the next two or three days I got the young merchant's story, partly from him and partly from other business men of the town. He had, it seems, been brought up in the community, clerking in the very store over which he now presided as owner. He saved up a little money, had a little more left him, and at twenty-four bought it from his boss, who wanted to retire.

Under his ownership the enterprise did very well indeed. He knew everyone in town and the farmers' families as well for ten miles around. He belonged to the chamber of commerce and several lodges, but in no way let these things interfere with business. He did his social work at night and attended strictly to his job during the day. When he was twenty-six he got married.

People began to remark what an efficient business man he was. Whenever a stranger would come to town with an idea of locating in the community the secretary of the chamber of commerce invariably brought him into the store to prove that the town's retail establishments were second to none. Traveling salesmen, too, showered many compliments on the young merchant, particularly when they wanted to get him to buy a good bunch of their stuff.

These things began to have an effect on him. He got to the point where he began to suspect that he was just a little too strong for his home town. A hundred miles away is a city of a quarter of a million population, and on his occasional trips there the young merchant looked critically at the stores along the busy streets, mentally making comparisons and being led to the inevitable conclusion that no merchant in the city had anything on him.

Pulling Up Stakes

After one of these trips he went home and talked matters over with his wife. Why should they stay in the poky home town, he argued, when by moving up to the city he would have a chance to do twenty times as much business? He was not in the least afraid to match his ability against any man he knew there.

His wife thoroughly agreed with him in everything he said. She had unbounded faith in his ability, and, besides, from a woman's standpoint the idea of city life had its attractions. The two picture shows of the home town compared feebly with the big-city palaces of amusement with their regular orchestras, electric signs and girl ushers in military-looking uniforms. The Sunday papers of the city, too, carried whole pages of news about receptions, parties and after-theater suppers. The upshot of the whole thing was that when a man came along and offered the young merchant a good price for his business he sold out, lock, stock and barrel. Then, foot loose and with money in bank, he went up to the city to tackle big-league conditions.

He confesses that he had a different feeling when he arrived in the city on this occasion from any he had ever had before. On his former trips he had looked upon it merely as a pleasant playground, and the livelier it looked the better he liked it. But now, as he and his wife took a taxicab and made their way through the busy streets toward their hotel, the bigness of the place rather appalled him. It was not a playground this time, but a citadel which had to be stormed. The big business houses which lined the downtown district were strong and energetic contestants whose interests lay in crushing the efforts of ambitious newcomers. The whole affair had a more serious aspect than had occurred to him when he had optimistically made up his mind to quit the home town a month before.

Nevertheless, he had made his break and could not back out. He had a distinct shock when he started out to find suitable quarters in which to open up his business. In the home town he had paid fifty dollars a month rent; in the city the same sort of quarters brought five hundred dollars a month. That was the regular price, the rental agent told him, and if he didn't want to pay it someone else would. He shut his eyes and signed a lease at that figure, securing a really good location in the main business section. He fixed the place up in attractive fashion, got in his merchandise and opened up for business.

A Staggering Overhead

He got another little shock in connection with his formal opening. He felt that he ought to buy some newspaper publicity in connection with the event, and went down to one of the newspaper offices to see about an advertising contract. He was startled to learn that the price of publicity was a dollar and a half an inch; for a space sufficiently large to make any kind of showing he would have to pay at least fifty dollars for a single advertisement. There were three newspapers in the city; it meant a hundred and fifty dollars merely to tell the people that a new enterprise was being launched in their midst. In the old home town one could buy a full half page in the local newspaper for fifteen dollars and have a news story thrown in free!

Other expenses of operating a city business, the young merchant found, were heavy in proportion. Crêpe-paper window decorations would hardly do when all around him other merchants were using velvet. People would not buy things and carry the packages home themselves as they did in the small town; other establishments maintained delivery service and he had to do the same or lose customers. The store porter, even, had to be dressed up in a cap and blue uniform to keep up appearances suitable to the surroundings.

All these things disarranged the young merchant's plans. He had figured on running his establishment very economically until he should have built up a regular trade; he had the idea of doing most of the selling himself, keeping only a couple of cheap assistants to help with the details. But it became manifest that such a plan would not work. His overhead expenses were so great that he could not possibly of his own efforts sell enough merchandise to keep things going, even though he might wait on customers steadily from opening time until closing. Cheap assistants were worse than none at all. He found that he must organize an efficient force of employes. It was hopeless to think that of his own unaided efforts he could produce enough to pay the cost of running the establishment.

Right here was where the young merchant fell down. He had no talent for organization. It was easy enough to hire men, but another thing to handle them so they would pay a profit. In the home town he had never been tried out as an employer of labor other than to direct the activities of the series of half-grown boys who had been his casual assistants. In his big-city enterprise he was on strange ground when he employed mature men to whom he paid salaries of forty or fifty dollars a week. To be frank about it, he was a little afraid of his high-priced help.

This matter of his being afraid of his help was probably due to the fact that the young merchant was naturally a somewhat bashful person. Especially he disliked to have anything disagreeable come up in his relations with other people, and would go a long way to avoid a clash of any sort. This tinge of bashfulness probably made him a more agreeable companion socially, but it was disastrous from the standpoint of handling employes.

(Continued on Page 57)

Shall They Suffer

As you did from film on teeth?

PEPSODENT is largely for the coming generation. It brings to adults whiter teeth, new protection. But to children it means a new dental era.

Your teeth, perhaps, have always been film-coated, save right after dental cleaning. The luster has been dimmed by film. Film has caused decay, no doubt, despite your daily brushing.

Now dental authorities urge you to fight film. Above all, have your children fight it daily in this scientific way.

How troubles come

Modern science traces most tooth troubles to a film—to that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

If not removed it forms a constant danger. Millions of teeth are made dingy by it and millions of teeth are ruined.

Night and day that clinging film threatens damage to the teeth. So able men have long been seeking a daily film remover.

Makes teeth dingy

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of many troubles, local and internal.

Dental science has for years been seeking a way to daily combat that film. It is the teeth's great enemy.

Two ways now found

Two effective film combatants have been found. Able authorities have subjected them to many careful tests. Dental science now approves them, and leading dentists, here and abroad, urge their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been perfected, complying with modern requirements. It is called Pepsodent. And these two film-combating methods are embodied in it.

Also starch deposits

Starch deposits also attack teeth. In fermenting they form acids.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva. It puts alkalis there to neutralize the acids.

Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant, also the alkalinity. Thus Nature's teeth-protecting forces are multiplied.

Thus twice a day, in all these ways, Pepsodent combats the enemies of teeth.

Millions of people now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. Anyone who once employs it can see and feel its need.

Watch the added beauty

Send the coupon for a ten-day test. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

The lasting benefits appear more slowly. But all who love clean, glistening teeth will see effects at once. And the book we send explains the reasons for them.

The glistening teeth you see everywhere now are largely due to Pepsodent. Learn how you can attain them. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT OFF REG U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Each use brings five desired effects. All druggists supply the large tubes.

TEN-DAY TUBE FREE 704

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And Now— The Barrett Specification Roof!

FROM corner-stone to cornice, the modern structures that house the nation's business are built to endure. The foundations rest on bed rock. Steel frame-work and steel girders support the weight of walls and floors. And when they are ready to be roofed the great majority of them are covered with Barrett Specification Roofs.

That Barrett Specification Roofs should be the virtually unanimous choice of the owners and architects of such buildings, is not surprising when you consider—

That we can name many roofs of this type that are in good condition after forty or more years of service. Their durability is *proved*, not estimated.

That they are *bonded* against maintenance expense. Barrett Inspection Service *during construction* insures strict compliance with the roofing specifications, and a 20- or 10-year Surety Company Bond absolutely protects the owner from all roof repair during the bonded period.

That moderate first cost and guaranteed freedom from maintenance make them the most economical roofs it is possible to build.

That they provide a degree of fire protection not exceeded by any other roof. Barrett Specification Roofs always take the base rate of fire insurance.

Cross-section, actual size, of Barrett Specification Roof

The Barrett Specification Type "AA" 20-Year Bonded Roof represents the most permanent roof covering it is possible to construct, and while we bond it for 20 years only, we can name many roofs of this type that have been in service over 40 years and are still in good condition.

Where the character of the building does not justify a roof of such extreme length of service, we recommend the Barrett Specification Type "A" Roof, bonded for 10 years. Both roofs are built of the same high grade materials, the only difference being in the quantity used.

Any roofing job of 50 squares or over in a town of 25,000 or more and *in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available*, can be protected by a Free Surety Bond issued by the U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Company, of Baltimore.

Copies of The Barrett Specification sent free on request.

The Barrett Company

New York, Cleveland, Birmingham, [illegible], Washington, Toledo, Elizabeth, Denver, Chicago, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Atlanta, Johnstown, Columbus, Buffalo, Jacksonville, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, Duluth, Lebanon, Richmond, Baltimore, Boston, Detroit, Dallas, Salt Lake City, Youngstown, Latrobe, Omaha, St. Louis, New Orleans, Syracuse, Bangor, Milwaukee, Bethlehem, Houston

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S.

Barrett Specification Roofs *Bonded for 20 and 10 Years*

(Continued from Page 54)

The main trouble was that he could never bring himself to nip any fault in an employe at the beginning, and do it in an easy, matter-of-fact manner. Hating discord as he did, he would usually let the fault go on until it became unbearable. Then when his exasperation was strong enough to overcome his bashfulness he would cut loose and lambaste the offender harder than necessary.

One of the salesmen employed by the young merchant in his attempt to build up an organization was exceptionally efficient and had quite a following among the spenders of the city. When this salesman first came into the young merchant's employ he was a model of deportment and businesslike qualities. But after a while he developed a fault. It was not a very bad fault and if taken at its inception probably would not have gone far. It was merely that he got into the habit of slipping out of the establishment during business hours.

The trouble developed quite gradually. At first he invariably got the young merchant's permission before leaving, and explained each time just what personal errand called him out. Eventually, however, he took to the habit of going out without comment. The first time he did this the young merchant realized that he ought to say something, but it was awkward to call his fifty-dollar-a-week employe back to demand what he meant by leaving without permission, and so he let it go, thinking it might not occur again. Each time it happened after that it was increasingly harder to assert his authority. The most he did was to act distant toward the salesman when he returned, which had no beneficial effect at all. As might be imagined, this irregularity on the part of one employe did not tend to increase the efficiency of the others.

The blow-up came one day when the merchant himself had to step out on some errand and going around the corner happened to catch sight of his employe standing at the cigar counter of a drug store, enjoying a smoke and engaged in casual conversation with the cigar salesman. Getting back to his own establishment a little later the merchant found all the clerks busy with customers, the cigar smoker not yet returned. He had, perhaps, ten minutes in which to gather up all his exasperation before the salesman came in. Then the merchant said in public what should have been said in private.

"If you can't stay here and 'tend to business," he called loudly, "I guess you had better find another job. This is no place for a bum!"

He had not meant to make his language quite so strong, because he knew it was largely his own fault; but the results were immediate. The salesman resigned on the spot. Two others quit at the end of the week, and the remaining ones were openly disgruntled because of the public humiliation put on their fellow worker. The merchant got credit for being a hard man to work for, when in reality he was too easy.

Small-Town Competition

It was borne in on him that the qualities which had made for success in the home town were not enough to cope with the problems of big business.

He lacked the ability to organize, to manage people so they would be a help instead of an expense. A few months later he had a chance to unload his city establishment, and went back to the home town, where conditions are more in keeping with his abilities.

The question of where to go comes up each year to thousands of young men graduated from colleges into the professions, and to other thousands of young men who are looking for likely places in which to set themselves up in merchandising enterprises. The general idea seems to be that one should go to some town where there is not much competition in his particular line. It is assumed that if one goes way off somewhere he will find some community that is just waiting for a man of his particular talents—a new town out West probably, or one of the recently revived Southern places.

If there is any community in the United States that is not supporting its full quota of professional and business men I have failed to run across it. Usually, in fact, there is such a surplus that a few are constantly slipping over the edges.

Not long ago a chamber-of-commerce secretary in an Idaho town showed me a letter from an ambitious young dentist in an Eastern city. The letter stated that the writer was thinking of moving out West and locating in some growing community where his activities would not be hampered by competition. He wanted to know specifically whether any dentist had yet located in the Idaho town, and if not, how far it was to the nearest place that did maintain a dentist. It was evident that he wanted plenty of elbowroom.

The chamber-of-commerce secretary was obliged to tell the distressing truth in replying to the letter, even though it was his business to encourage new settlers. There were seven dentists in the town, he wrote, and three had recently left because there were not quite enough teeth in the community to be worked on.

A few years ago a friend of mine graduated in medicine from an Eastern university and decided he would go to a new town in Oklahoma, which someone told him was a coming place. With the assurance of youth he got married the day after graduation and took his wife to the new home for a wedding trip. He was a little dashed when he arrived there to find that eighteen other physicians had decided to seek their fortunes in the new town, which really made the community a little top-heavy in the medical profession, in as much as the total population was only two thousand people.

The Lawyer's Story

My friend stayed, both because he did not know where else to go and because he did not have enough money to travel much farther. In time the number of physicians gradually dwindled to half the original number and he got to earning a pretty fair income. He finally left, but it was for temperamental reasons and not because he did not do well. The one really wealthy citizen of the community had to have an operation for appendicitis, and instead of patronizing home industry he passed up the local talent and went to Kansas City to have himself operated on.

This happened several years ago and my friend can speak calmly about the incident now; but leaving that aside he says he would never again go to a new town with the idea of escaping competition. It is better, he claims, to go to a place that has already arrived, and to hit the ball as hard as possible, trusting that merit will tell in the long run.

A good many big-city people are inclined to believe that it is easy to get along in a small town; that one can just drone along into prosperity without much effort. It would not be wise for anyone who believes that way to go to a small town and risk much of his money. The young merchant whom I described at the beginning of this article did, to be sure, go to the big town and make a fizzle, but that was because he lacked the particular quality of organization. In his home town he is just about as hard a competitor as one would want to find. It might be entirely possible that a man who had been successful in a large city could go to a small town and make just as bad a fizzle.

One of my own friends furnishes a case in point. He is a lawyer, connected with a financial institution in a Middle West metropolis, having charge of the legal end of the business and earning upwards of twenty thousand dollars a year. Before coming to the city he tried practicing in a small town and could not earn a living.

"I was just naturally a flivver in a small town," he told me. "For several years after I graduated from law school I worked with a legal firm in my native city, getting experience by doing the small jobs that came into the office. When I was about twenty-eight I decided I ought to strike out for myself.

"The home city seemed pretty well crowded with attorneys and I thought I would have a better chance in a newer and smaller place. The town I picked out for my operations had about eight thousand people and was in the center of a rich farming community. I went there, furnished a nice office in the main business building and sat down to wait for clients.

"I did not expect to have much of a rush the first year, and my expectations were quite realized. Somehow I could not get in touch with the life of the place. I am not a very good mixer. No matter how friendly I felt toward people I could not

"The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
And in it are enshrined the precious keepsakes
Into which are wrought the giver's loving thought"
Longfellow

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See Page 75

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show it in public. I could sit down alone with a man and be perfectly free and natural, but out on the street or around the courthouse I was about as natural as a boy in his first pair of long pants. I would have given anything to be able to walk down Main Street, waving my hand in a friendly way to acquaintances and calling them by their first names, but that was just the thing I could not do.

"I joined the chamber of commerce and two or three lodges, attending meetings regularly, with the thought that I would get an easier social manner by mixing more in the social life of the community. It didn't work. Whenever I tried especially hard to loosen up I felt I was making a spectacle of myself.

"Once I decided to make a particular effort. The occasion was the annual booster meeting of the chamber of commerce, and I went there resolved to be a hail fellow among my fellow citizens. During the business session I got on my feet two or three times to make sprightly speeches, and afterward at the social session I forced myself to go from group to group, heartily familiar with everyone. My efforts were not successful; it was not my rôle. I slapped an elderly banker on the back and he did not take it kindly. Two or three of the men whose hands I grasped warmly acted as though they suspected I was going to try to borrow money from them. Toward the end of the affair I overheard someone comment on my actions, observing that I must be lit up."

The Vanishing Rube

"Walking home alone that night I took stock of myself. Manifestly I was not fitted to make out in a small community, where success depended so largely on maintaining an easy social footing. I liked people, but I could not show it attractively. I told myself that if I were going to succeed I would have to get myself into some position where my work would count without any help from social graces which I did not possess. I figured that the best thing to do would be to get in with some corporation where I could do its legal work and come in contact with only a few men who would understand my limitations and appreciate the desire I really had for giving good service.

"I had to come to a big city to find such a niche. I managed to get a corporation position at a small salary, and have gradually worked up to a very good thing. I have got over a good deal of my self-consciousness, but even now I know I could not go to a small community and earn a living at my profession."

In spite of my lawyer friend's experience it must not be supposed that small-town success can be attained through easy geniality alone. Country people are no longer countrified. The rube passed away with the coming of the automobile and the picture show. The small-town business or professional man may get customers by his personality, but he can hold them only by delivering the goods.

It is a trite thing to say that automobiles have brought city and country closer together, but they have done more than that: they have made country people more sophisticated and less awed by the weight of great cities. No one who has seen the scurrying caravans of flivvers going westward across the waste places of Nevada or Arizona can think for a moment that their occupants will be in the least awed by the bigness of Los Angeles or San Francisco when they reach the Pacific rim. And when they get back home it is a foregone conclusion that they will hold their local business men to somewhat the same standards of efficiency that they have observed on their travels.

In big cities and little ones the job of achieving business success is becoming harder every day for those who are not willing to pay the price in hard work. It is increasingly important that a man shall find a place where he fits in best, so there will be as little lost motion as possible. Competition is too keen to be struggling against temperament all the time.

One of the phenomena of the last twenty years in the United States is the rise of the branch-manager profession. There have always, of course, been nation-wide concerns which maintained branches throughout the country, but their number has vastly increased during the last couple of decades. Nowadays one can walk along the streets of Atlanta or Seattle, Dallas or Minneapolis, and see the same names on the windows of tall office buildings that meet the eye on Broadway or State Street.

To the average business man the management of one of these branch offices seems a pretty soft snap. The branch manager, it appears, is a business man without the ordinary business man's worries. He is surrounded with all the elements of authority in the way of elaborately fitted offices and competent help. He never has to worry over the coming month's rent; to meet his pay roll he merely has to go down to the bank and draw on the home office for the money.

But the branch manager's life has its troubles, just the same. The home office fixes him up comfortably, but it demands results in return. He is expected to send in business, not excuses. Ordinarily the home office fixes a certain quota which it believes a territory should produce, and it is simply up to the branch manager to get the business or get out. If a man shows he is capable of handling a big-town office he will eventually get a chance at one. Otherwise it is the small town for him.

Out in one of the large cities of the Pacific Northwest there is a young man who is a manager for one of the great credit agencies of the country, more than making good on the job. Up to a year or so ago he had been in charge of a small office where he had done pretty well, and the big job was given him as a tryout. The business of the branch had become run down through a series of unfortunate circumstances, and it was intimated to him that if he could bring it back to normal within six months he could have the office permanently; otherwise it was back to the sticks.

Full of the bright prospects thus unfolded before him he tackled the job with enthusiasm. He had made good in the small town mainly through his ability as a salesman, and he saw no reason why the big town should not yield to the same methods. He made up his mind that he would be no swivel-chair manager; the day after he took charge of the office he put on his fighting clothes and started out to show what his personal salesmanship could do.

His efforts brought almost immediate results. The business to which a credit agency caters is naturally among bankers and the larger commercial houses, and the young manager's friendly, convincing manner usually got him a hearing from executives of those concerns. During the first three months he put over enough new contracts to satisfy himself that he would surely make good in the big-town job.

A Bright Man's Mistake

But complications began to develop. In the credit-agency business the selling of a contract is only the beginning of a year of service to the firm which buys it. The new branch manager had not only sold a lot of contracts but he had sold himself. Invariably he had told each new customer that he would give personal attention to all calls for service, and the customers took him at his word. He had a competent office force under him, but the business men to whom he had sold contracts were not satisfied to have dealings with anyone but himself. If he happened to be out of the office when a telephone call was made the business man would leave word for him to call back; no one else in the office would do.

It was borne in on the new manager that he had bitten off a rather larger slice than he could chew. He could still go out and get new business, but when he tried it his customers complained that they had trouble in getting hold of him when they needed service. It frequently happened that he would meet a customer on the street who would insist that he go along to the customer's own office for a consultation which one of the clerks could have attended just as well.

This state of affairs naturally affected his office organization. Having little chance to assume responsibility his clerks began to avoid it when they did have a chance. At first when telephone calls were made for the manager they would inquire if someone else would not do as well; but later on this dwindled down to saying that the manager was not in and if the customer would leave his number they would tell the manager about it when he did come in.

He took stock of affairs and placed the blame where it belonged, which was on himself. He was, he reflected, trying to do things in a big city in a small-town way. In the small town his methods had been successful because the volume of business was limited and he had plenty of time to sell contracts and give the service as well. But in the city, with a heavy office expense and a dozen people on the pay roll, no one man's efforts could possibly produce enough to keep things going.

He worked himself out of his troubles in a rather ingenious way. Going down to the office one morning he announced to the assembled help that he felt pretty bad and believed he was in for a spell of sickness. He made out a list of prospects and gave it to his two outside men, telling them to call on all the firms listed and try their best to sell new contracts. He instructed the office help to tell all telephone callers that the manager was unavoidably absent, but that all information and service could be given as accurately as usual. Then he went home and pretended to be sick for a week.

The plan worked quite well. For the first time he had put responsibility squarely up to his assistants and left them to meet it. The customers who were in the habit of demanding his personal attention learned that they could get service even though he was not there to give it. For the first time he had accomplished something in the way of organization. At the end of his six months' probation he had satisfied his home office that he was capable of running a big-town business. What he said in conclusion is, I think, pretty good philosophy for business men as well as for salesmen.

How a Banker Made Good

"The man who sells his own personality too strong," he commented, "will never get very far in big company. I thought I was doing wonders when I made myself so solid with customers that they felt they were doing business with me instead of with my concern. In reality I was limiting myself.

"Then there is the firm's standpoint as well. Almost every day in my relations with business men I hear of salesmen who apply for positions and advance the argument that they have a personal following which they can carry to any firm which employs them. In the first place, they can't usually deliver as many customers as they think they can. In the second place, if they decide to quit they can take away as many customers as they brought in."

It is manifest that if a man is ambitious to get into big business he ought first to take stock of himself to see if he has the organizing capacity, because he will hardly go far without it.

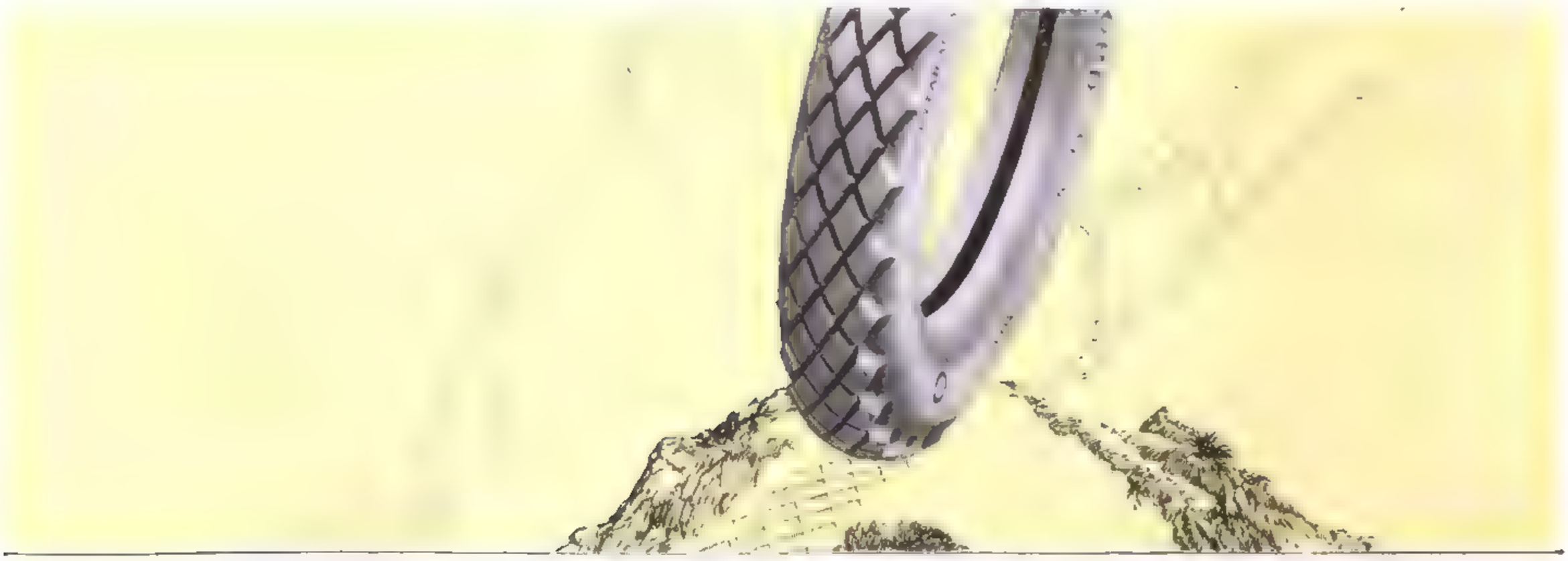
The young merchant whose experience I related fell down in his city operations because he did not have the faculty of handling his clerks so they would pay him a profit. But organization does not always consist in handling help. Primarily it means an ability to do the big things efficiently, and getting other people to do the little things efficiently.

A couple of years ago a banker acquaintance of mine in a small town was offered one of the responsible positions in a great city institution at a salary that could hardly be resisted. He accepted, and has made good in a big way. I saw him recently and made bold to ask him how he had done it. I could not understand, I told him, how he could have learned enough about the big bank's customers in so short a time to pass on loans intelligently. His new proposition, I reminded him, is so different from the situation in his old home town, where he had a first-name acquaintance with practically every depositor.

"First-name acquaintance isn't everything," he responded energetically. "The only real bad bust I ever pulled off was in the old home town, when I made a loan to a fellow I used to go in swimming with when we were boys together. I didn't even get any interest on the loan, to say nothing about the principal."

I was sorry to have brought up so disagreeable a memory, and made haste to state that every man ought to have at least one bad bust in his past as a warning against future indiscretions. But what I wanted to get at was this: In the small-town bank his customers came into his private office and laid their wants before him, face to face. He knew all about them, personally as well as financially. Right on the spot he could say yes or no. But coming as a stranger into a big-city institution he could not have this intimate knowledge. It would take years to acquire it. How could he pass on loans without it?

(Continued on Page 81)



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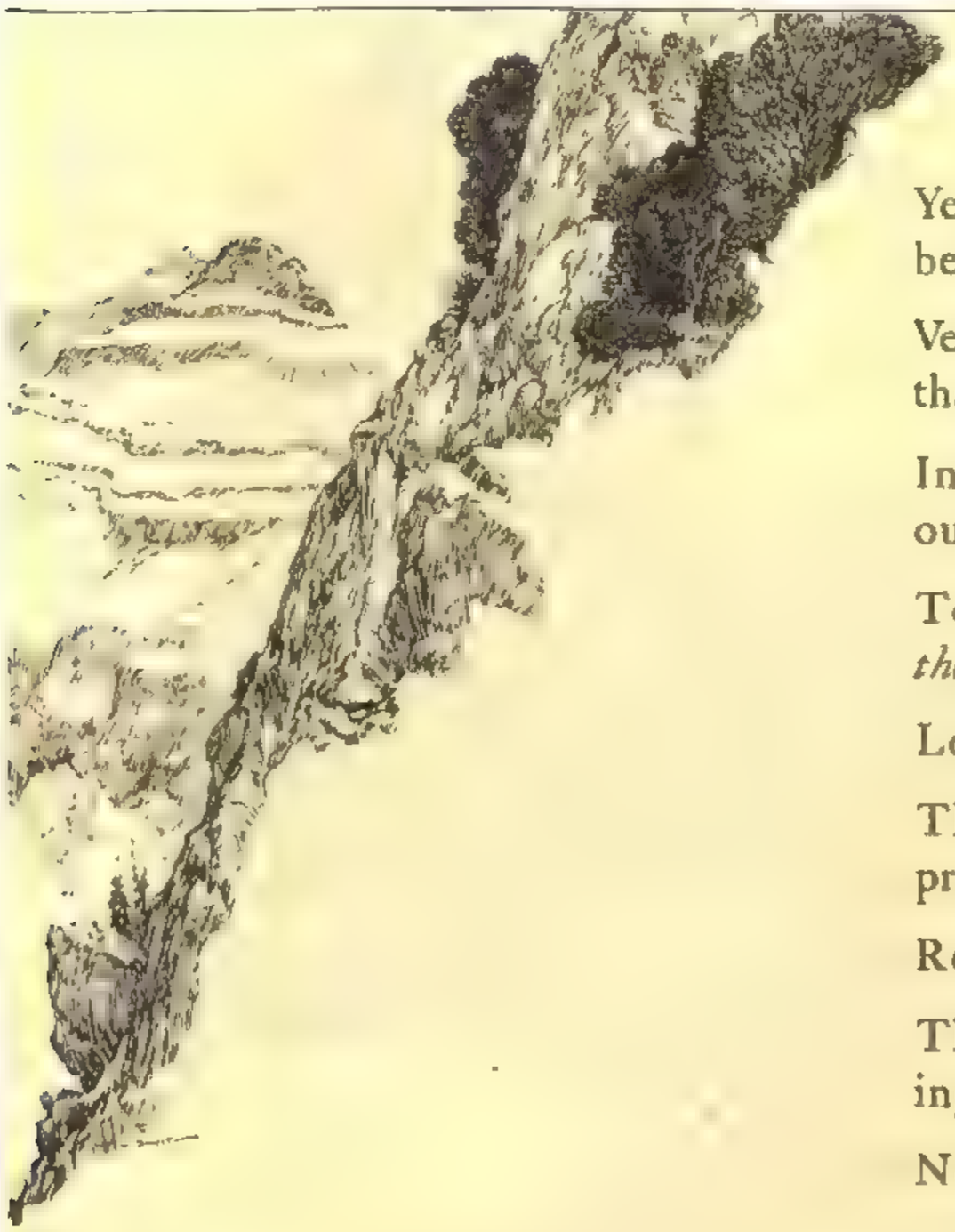

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(Continued from Page 58

"The big-city banker never does have the same first-hand knowledge of his customers that the country banker does," he answered. "That is the main difference between city and country banking."

"You mean, then," I persisted, "that the city banker has to rely on credit-agency reports alone when he puts out his money? That the personal note doesn't enter into big-city transactions?"

"I don't mean that at all," the banker answered. "The big-city banker has to consider every phase of his loans just as closely as does his country contemporary, including the personality of the man who does the borrowing. The only difference is this: The small-town banker gets his information through personal contact. The big-city banker cannot do that. He has got to organize his sources of information.

"I think I can explain it from my own experience. When I first got into the banking business in my home town we were a very small community. By the time I got to be cashier I knew every man, woman and child in the place. If a storekeeper came into the bank and asked for a line of credit I would tell him to bring in his books and let me see them. I knew how much rent he was paying and how much business he ought to do in proportion to his expenses. I could look in his charge book and tell as well as the merchant himself how many of the charges were good and how many would have to be crossed off the book at the end of the year. With the farmer trade it was the same way. A man might come in from the country and say he wanted to borrow a hundred dollars and give a chattel mortgage on a span of mules as security.

"I would walk around to the wagon yard and take a look at the animals to see if they appeared worth the money. I knew already their owner's record; if he was the kind of man who would not substitute a less desirable span of mules in case of a crisis, I took him back to the bank with me and gave him the money.

"But our town grew, and with it the volume of business we did in the bank. I could not any longer spare the time to make these personal first-hand investigations. I had to form an organization that could do the work for me. I had a man who understood the mercantile business and trusted his judgment in reporting on the condition of merchants who wanted loans, and another man who knew farming problems to get me information about country borrowers. All I had to do then was to go over any information they brought me; I could come to an intelligent decision on any problem in ten minutes, where before it might have taken me half a day.

"My own earning capacity was of course increased in proportion. Somehow the board of directors of this city institution learned that I had a capacity for making a profit out of other people's work, and I suppose that is the reason they made me the offer to come here. My work is exactly the same as I had developed it in the home town, only it is carried on in wider compass. I don't have to know the people who borrow from us. I only have to know that the man I send to get information has sound judgment."

The banker turned to his desk and showed me a sheaf of papers.

"There is an example right here," he said. "A bank in the Texas cattle country wants a hundred thousand dollars from us and has sent us a bunch of its own customers' notes as security. I suppose these notes are all good; but it is my duty to make sure of it. Among the lot there is, for instance, a note signed by a cattleman who has given a chattel mortgage on a thousand steers as security. Right now I have a man looking over that bunch of steers. If he reports that they are not in good shape, or if there is any doubt about their being worth the loan, I shall write the Texas bank to send us another customer's note backed up by other security. I can't go to Texas to look after the safety of my loans, but I can pick out men who are capable of doing such things.

"I guess that is about all there is to it. If I didn't have the organizing faculty I should have no business running the affairs of a big-city institution. The place for me would be in a small town, where I could look after everything personally."

Everybody's Business

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

High Cost of Letter Writing

WHY don't you prepare a story dealing with the high cost of writing a business letter? It's a subject that very few people know much about. Nine executives out of ten are of the opinion that the average cost of writing an ordinary, everyday business communication amounts to only a trifling sum—certainly not more than two or three cents—whereas the actual charges incurred by the majority of concerns in writing letters amount to a figure that is surprisingly large."

Such were the remarks of one of my friends recently, and as a result I started to ask questions of others concerning the cost of letter writing.

The first man of whom I inquired replied that he didn't know exactly what it cost in his office to write a letter of average length and importance, but he felt sure that the expense was no more than four or five cents a letter, if that much. Several other business men estimated the cost of writing a letter to be anywhere from four to twelve cents. None of them had made a careful investigation, so of course they were only guessing. Later I met a government official who had given close attention to the problem and was even then working on a plan to reduce correspondence charges in his office. His most recent analysis showed that the cost of writing a letter in his bureau in Washington was slightly in excess of ten cents, and it was his opinion that the results he had obtained along this line were far better than those in most other government offices.

These preliminary inquiries were sufficient to start me on a search for more detailed and definite information, and I am sure that some of the facts discovered will prove of interest to business men in general and will perhaps encourage many of them to undertake research of their own. Whether times are good or bad, there is one problem that is ever deserving of close attention, and that is ways and means to decrease the cost of doing business. Letter writing, as will be shown, is an item of no small consequence.

Fact Number One is: Most business houses do not consider the cost of producing their letters at all, the popular impression being that the two-cent stamp affixed to the envelope represents the greatest item of expense aside from the stenographer's salary.

Fact Number Two is: The firms which have gone into the matter of letter writing on a so-called scientific-cost-analysis basis differ materially in the items of overhead charged against the stenographic department. Many smaller companies employ only two or three stenographers, and these are partly engaged in other office routine, such as filing, ledger work, and the like.

Frequently in such cases the stenographic and transcribing work is considered as only an important part of the day's work, and therefore these companies do not feel that it is necessary to isolate costs incurred in the production of letters.

Where stenographers are kept steadily at work dictating and transcribing letters the element of cost assumes quite significant proportions. One large banking house in the financial district of New York City, on examining the problem, made the startling discovery that each letter represented an actual financial outlay of forty cents. This particular concern pays its stenographers comparatively high salaries, uses expensive stationery and occupies quarters for which it pays a large rental.

One of the large insurance companies does much better than this, its analyzed cost of producing letters being sixteen cents apiece for the stenographic method and eleven cents apiece for the dictating-machine method. These figures represent the averages for an entire year. The interesting point in this comparison is that the

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U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

great difference in the cost of producing letters by the banking house and the insurance company is probably due to the fact that the financial institution pays its stenographers straight salaries, while the insurance company pays its girls, who use dictating machines when transcribing, one-half cent a line based on sixty spaces to the line, the date, salutation and close of the letter counting as two lines.

It is rather unusual for typists to be paid on a line basis when employed regularly by some business house, and so far as I can discover there is but one other large corporation in New York City that pays its typists on this same basis or rate of one-half cent a line. Both of these corporations use dictating machines.

It appears to be an established fact that in the larger concerns, where considerable typing and correspondence are performed, dictating machines are fast supplanting the old-time stenographer with notebook and pencil. One large educational institution which employs thirty-seven operators, both stenographers and typists, has analyzed its production of letters and learned that the notebook operator produces but 300 lines a day as against 800 turned out daily by the typists working with dictating machines. It should not be inferred from this, however, that the machines excel in all cases. The notebook stenographer remains supreme in certain fields. Many executives use code or paragraph systems in handling their correspondence, and in such cases prefer the personal touch whereby they can hand over the letters from correspondents, at the same time commenting briefly and privately on the nature of the reply to be written. Thousands of executives do no more than indicate in a few words the kind of an answer each letter is to have, and the stenographer is expected to frame the reply accordingly. But for routine work in a large corporation the mechanical devices for receiving and repeating dictation undoubtedly possess advantages.

Interesting facts resulted from one examination of a large Eastern corporation, where it was found that four notebook stenographers had all they could do to take the dictation of twelve men, while five typists using the reproducing-machine method turned out with ease the dictation of sixty men. This same investigation disclosed that the average stenographer writes twenty-two letters a day, while the busy dictating-machine operator turns out sixty-five.

A large automobile-manufacturing concern in making an analysis of its correspondence costs found that the expense incurred in writing an average letter totaled nearly nineteen cents. This company sends out approximately 5000 letters a day, and employs both stenographers and dictating-machine operators. Sixty to eighty correspondents are employed, either whole or part time, and there is a transcribing force of twenty-five girls utilized to write letters from machine dictation. Assuming that a half-page letter was the average length of the company's written communications, the following costs were compiled for letters transcribed from dictating machines:

Mail room	$0.002
Dictation	.09
Cylinders	
Letterheads	
Envelopes	.0073
Carbon paper	
Copy sheet	
Typewriter—interest, depreciation, repairs	.0005
Dictating machine—interest, depreciation, repairs	.0015
Transcribing	.045
Supervision	.005
Space, heat, light, power	.016
Filing	.002
Postage	.02
Total	$0.1893

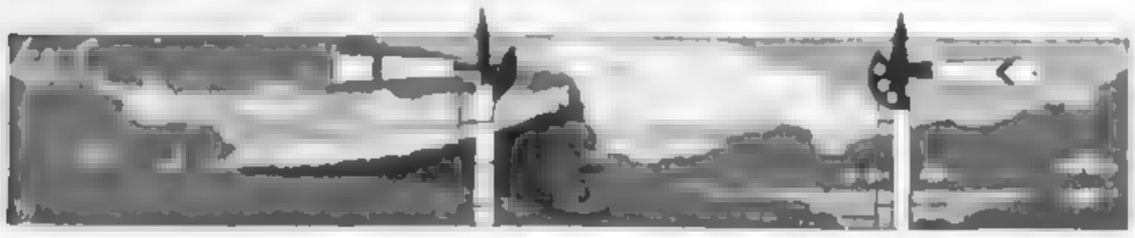
As before stated, the foregoing costs cover the charges resulting when dictating machines are used. The company in question found that in its stenographic work, where such machines are not used, most items of cost are practically the same for both methods, only the cylinders and the cost, interest, depreciation and repairs on the reproducing machines being eliminated. The investigation showed that in straight stenographic work the cost of transcribing is doubled when machines are not used, and of course the charge for floor space is likewise doubled. These charges make the stenographic costs about $0.2484 a letter written from shorthand notes, as compared with $0.1893 with reproducing machines.

In arriving at the results stated the investigators included collections from and deliveries to the post office in the mail-room costs. These also included the labor charge in handling incoming mail, opening, sorting and distributing. Much difficulty was experienced in getting an average figure to cover dictation costs, because some correspondents are very slow, while others dictate rapidly. Furthermore, it was necessary to arrive at a figure that would approximate an average salary for those who dictate letters. As to the cost of phonograph cylinders, this was worked out on the basis that each cylinder would contain 800 letters. In the matter of transcribing it was assumed that a half-page letter contains fifteen square inches, which includes the date, name, address and salutation. It was further estimated that an average typist costs thirty cents a 100 square inches of work done, and this figures out at about $0.045 for each letter. The cost of supervision includes clerical work, shaving records and the distribution and collection of letters and cylinders. The charge for space, heat, light and power was based on an assumed cost of forty cents a square foot annually, and the space utilized for dictation, transcription, filing and mailing was estimated to be about 24,000 square feet, or the equivalent of a square room each side of which would be approximately 155 feet. The filing costs were based on the handling of 1000 pieces daily by each clerk.

In every analysis of this subject it is essential that the company making the investigation shall carefully construct a program that will call for an investigation of each and every item that should be charged under the head of correspondence. The insurance company earlier alluded to, which went exhaustively into the subject, charges against each operator the desk, chair, typewriter, floor space occupied at so much a square foot, salary, lunches and lockers. In departments where the dictating machines are employed the cost of the machine is added. This concern charges only $2.25 a year for thirty square feet of floor space, which obviously is unusually low. It is able to write in such a low charge for floor space because the company owns its own building.

One authority arrives at the interesting conclusion that if we consider only the case of a very large corporation which sends out several thousand letters each day, and that if we further assume that in such an instance the reproducing machine is the quickest method and has a value of, say, 100 per cent, then analysis shows that notebook dictation is 80 per cent efficient, a soft pencil 70 per cent, fountain pen with selected point 65 per cent, improved ball-pointed pens 55 per cent, while the old-fashioned steel pen for letter writing is only 40 per cent efficient, as compared with results obtained when a mechanical dictating device is employed.

Few business men know what it actually costs to write the routine letters they send out each day. This is especially true in the matter of sales letters, which are often produced in such large volume. Many executives will contend that their letters cost only five or six cents each, whereas if they would carefully investigate the matter and take into consideration the many items of expense which they have never charged to the cost of letter writing, they would be astonished by the results of their research. At any rate, here is a subject to think about and experiment with in these days of slackened trade. If it costs twenty cents to write a letter, no wonder the telephone lines are congested with business.



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THE TROUBLES OF THE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 7)

they don't even know what is going on before their eyes when the House is in session. They are nearly as ignorant of what it's all about and of what it means as are the people in the galleries.

Many of them make no effort whatever to decide the merits of a question for themselves; all their efforts are devoted to cocking their ears to the demands of people from their districts. That is why the organized demands of small special interests frequently receive more attention in Congress than the unorganized and inarticulate demands of the majority. Many congressmen are not big enough to find out by their own mental efforts what it is that their people ought to have. The frantic efforts of one of these men to force on his constituents the things that he thinks they want instead of the things they ought to have is about on a par with a mother who lets a three-year-old child eat his fill of ice-cream cones, mince pie, chocolate creams and bananas. Such a mother, according to the leading authorities on child life, ought to be confined in some institution where she could do no more harm. The same thing goes for the boob congressman.

Unfortunately they are almost never confined to institutions; and the system of the House is such that if they succeed in staying there for a sufficient length of time they are automatically placed at the heads of committees. This is the celebrated seniority system, which isn't so bad a system as a lot of people think it is. One of the most popular arguments against the seniority system is that it can be compared to some big business concern, like the Steel Corporation, elevating a dub bookkeeper to the position of plant manager because he had been with the company six months longer than a much more capable man. Sometimes this argument is justified. More often it isn't; for the oldest member of a committee in point of service is, in the long run, the most valuable. The only reward for long, arduous and disagreeable work in the stuffy confines of committee rooms is advancement as a result of faithfulness. If the hope of advancement is eliminated the average committeeman becomes about as enthusiastic over his work as a stuffed trout would be.

Guesses at Public Opinion

Too frequently, however, a perfect specimen of the dodo family succeeds in staying in Congress for a sufficient length of time to rise to the head of a committee that is responsible for a matter that touches the country's pocketbook or something equally important. Under his leadership the committee invariably does the wrong thing. It does it at the wrong time. Or else it doesn't do anything when it ought to be doing a thousand things. It squirms and dodges and evades, and everybody hates it with a deep and searing intensity. Everything is the fault of the one boob who has been in Congress a little longer than the others. There might be twenty experts on the committee, but none of them could oust the chairman or make him change his one-idea mind.

As a result of two or three boob committee chairmen and so-called leaders, the House of Representatives frequently makes a spectacle of itself. On a Wednesday it is for a certain measure. On Thursday morning the papers attack it violently for its stand, and prominent citizens write vitriolic letters to their congressmen. On Friday, as a result, it changes its mind and comes out against the measure. But it hasn't the courage to come out firmly. It passes the measure in such a raw and unfinished state that in order to make it worth anything the Senate must tinker it up, apply patches, and finally accept the blame for the weak spots.

The reason for this lack of courage is as follows: Every congressman wants to stay in Congress. Occasionally a man comes along who refuses to run for reelection. Such instances, however, are rare. Generally speaking, every congressman wants to stay in Congress. Sometimes he wants to stay because it makes him feel important, sometimes he wants to stay because he needs the money, and sometimes he wants to stay because the only way in which he can ever hope to become an influential congressman is to stick in Congress. The only way in which he can stay beyond his first two-year term is to be reelected for another two-year term. Consequently every congressman is trying to be reelected. A few sometimes deliberately vote for measures that they believe their constituents ought to have but that their constituents do not want. But the majority of them will vote for almost anything under the sun that their constituents seem to demand.

That is the reason for the great success of the propagandists, better known as organized minorities, with Congress. If any group of people can so organize themselves and so bring pressure to bear on any congressman that he is persuaded they represent the sentiment of his district he will almost invariably vote for what they ask. If a society were to be formed in this country to force every girl between the ages of thirteen and seventeen to wear light coffee-colored stockings and shoes, and if this society were able to persuade five thousand persons in each congressional district to write to their congressman insisting that said stockings and shoes be worn by all girls, there would be at least three hundred and seventy-five members of the House to think that these messages represented a great popular demand. In trembling voices they would assure one another that if they didn't accede to the demand their names in the next election would be Mud or something worse.

Unless an organized opposition were made to the nuts who advocated coffee-colored stockings and shoes some wild-eyed flitterbrain would introduce a bill making these things compulsory for flappers and novitiate flappers, and the bill would pass.

The Power of Minorities

What bothers these congressmen is how a measure will affect them, not how it will affect their people or the nation. Yet for some peculiar reason a majority of the men in the House of Representatives are unable to distinguish between the true sentiment of their districts and the fake sentiment represented by a few hundred letters from the members of an interested organization. Consequently they are perpetually voting for what they think are popular measures in order to get votes in the next election, only to find that they could have voted the other way without damaging their chances for reelection at all.

Viscount Bryce, one of the keenest and most dispassionate observers of American politics, wrote of Congress that "in the handling of national finance it is alternately narrow-minded in its parsimony and extravagant in its efforts to propitiate some class or locality. The monstrous waste of money on war pensions, a waste for which both parties are almost equally to blame, was prompted by mere vote-catching." A perfect sample of this same procedure may be seen in the recent attempt of the House to cut expenses by reducing the size of the Army and Navy to a point that imperiled the national defense, and its determination at the same time to pass a bonus bill that would leave the great American taxpayer as bruised as though he had passed over Niagara Falls in a butter firkin.

The efforts of congressmen to "propitiate some class or locality," as noted by Viscount Bryce, has resulted in the formation of legislative blocs—the proper definition of bloc, in this sense, being "the small offspring of large blockheads." Even foreign governments are waking up to the delightful opportunities opened up to them by the extreme and ever-present eagerness of American congressmen to propitiate some class or locality; and the logical outcome of this bloc and blockhead business in the not distant future is a House of Representatives made up of many separate blocs, all blocking vigorously in different directions, in the manner of corresponding legislative bodies in several European countries.

The proceedings of these European legislative bodies, in which no single bloc or party is large enough to control a majority, are very like large and successful dog fights. The sounds that come from them are dog-fight sounds; and the results obtained by them are about as valuable.

A recent Chicago Tribune dispatch stated: "The activities of foreign diplomats in the United States in lining up the nationals of their respective countries for organizing solid

TO write that two twenty-five dollar machines can save almost $4,000 a year may seem an exaggeration. Yet this was the experience of a large New Jersey plant which purchased two Clipper Belt Lacers. Following are figures supplied by the cost equipment engineer:

To lace belts by hand cost them in idle men and machine time and material $4,350 a year. Only $455 a year was the cost of the Clipper method—because the Clipper method not only reduces the time to lace a broken belt but it actually makes a 50% reduction in the number of lacing operations.

The Clipper method is speedy. *Any* operative can lace a belt in three minutes with a Clipper. The Clipper joint outlasts two or three hand lacings because it is anchored by interlaced hooks sunk deep into the belt.

We stand ready to supply you with authentic, cost-sheet data from Clipper users which is convincing proof that the Clipper method of lacing belts *does reduce* operating costs. It's free upon request.

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votes in American political campaigns is being freely discussed in European circles. . . . The Italians, Greeks, Germans, Poles and Czecho-Slovaks all are engaged in consolidating their former nationals to vote solidly henceforth."

Thus, in time, unless the members of the House improve in character and backbone, the people of the country will be edified by an I.W.W. Bloc sitting at the extreme left of the House, a Parlor Bolshevik Bloc sitting next, a Daylight Saving Bloc next; and then, scattered indiscriminately in the auditorium, a Czecho-Slovak Bloc, an Anti-Bobbed-Hair Bloc, an Italian Bloc, a Hotel Owners Bloc, a Steamship Bloc, a Filipino Independence Bloc, a Polish Bloc, a Three Per Cent Beer Bloc, a German Bloc, a Bootleggers' Bloc, a Russian Refugee Bloc, an Unrestricted Immigration Bloc, a Flivver Owners' Bloc, a New York City Bloc, a Lithuanian Bloc, an Esthonian Bloc, a Theatrical Managers' Bloc, and what not. The only thing lacking will be a Native-American Bloc.

It is a generally accepted fact that the country gets about what it deserves in the line of representation. When a city, for example, elects a cheap, ignorant, blatant ass as its mayor the city deserves that sort of mayor. This is a country of majority rule; and if the majority insists on picking stupid, incompetent men, then the majority is uneducated, incompetent and stupid as well. And it might be remarked in passing that if the majority is not fit to determine its own policies popular government is a failure.

The same thing holds true in the matter of congressmen. If a congressional district has picked a lightweight or a fatheaded or a poorly balanced congressman, and has kept returning him to Congress for such a long time that he has become, through the seniority system, an important committee chairman whose ideas and decisions must be accepted by the whole House, then the majority of people in that congressional district that elected him are incompetent dubs and fatuous hoddydoddies.

Stay-at-Home Voters

There is a ward in Boston, a city once noted as a center of culture and refinement, whose blue-stockinged residents read the Transcript nightly with religious fervor, and rail bitterly against the low quality of the men who have been known to obtain a foothold in Boston's city government. Yet these people can be depended on for only one thing on election day: They can be depended on to stay away from the polls. They are even worse—men and women, too—than the gullible folk who vote for a man because he has pretty hair or a rich mellifluous voice and makes lots of pretty promises; or than the ignorant naturalized Americans who vote for a man because the boss told 'em to; or than the other dolts who vote for a congressman merely because he supplies vegetable seeds or is a pension getter. They know how to vote for good men, and then don't do it. They deserve exactly what they receive in the matter of bad government. Boston is not alone in this respect. Every American city has a similar ward.

As has been said, there are four hundred and thirty-five members of the House, and that's at least two hundred too many. Once upon a time the House had a reasonable number of members. If a member wished to do so he had a fair chance to introduce legislation and debate it. Just before the Civil War the House had two hundred and forty-three members. In 1870 it had two hundred and ninety-three members. There were three hundred and thirty-two in 1880, three hundred and fifty-seven in 1890, three hundred and ninety-one in 1900, and four hundred and thirty-five in 1910.

The increases come about through the rapid increase in population of the country. Following each census Congress sees that Maine, for example, hasn't grown, but that New York has added a few million people with the assistance of immigration and other matters. So Congress, arguing that each congressman should represent an equal number of people, orders that Maine shall keep her old number of congressmen but that New York shall have four new congressmen to take care of her increased population.

There is another way out of it of course; she can order that New York shall retain her old number of congressmen, and that Maine shall drop one of her four members, so that the proper ratio of congressmen to population shall be preserved. Congressmen are very reluctant to vote to drop one of their members, however, on the principle of Drop not that ye be not dropped.

Bourke Cockran's Complaint

The result of a legislative body composed of four hundred and thirty-five members is little short of ghastly. In order to get any business transacted it passes rules that prevent its members from talking or otherwise delaying the proceedings. All power is concentrated in the hands of a few men who are known as leaders, which is a polite name for boss. These leaders run the House. They say what legislation shall be considered and who shall be allowed to speak on it. Sometimes vital bills are shoved through the House in one day's time, the result being that neither the House nor the nation has a chance to give them the careful thought that they should have.

The distinguished and eloquent gentleman from New York, Mr. Bourke Cockran, emitted a wild howl of protest not long ago. "I know of nothing more deplorable," he declared, "than the condition of this House to-day. It has virtually ceased to exist as a legislative body.

"It is allowed to do nothing but vote yes or no upon proposals formulated by the Committee on Rules under conditions which preclude the offering of an amendment by any member, with the result that legislation of momentous importance is forced through this body by methods that savor more of comic opera than of serious governmental procedure."

And now the House leaders, knowing and having repeatedly admitted that the unwieldy size of the House increases absenteeism, discourages individual activity and concentrates the work and power of the House in a few hands—hands too frequently incompetent—wish to increase its numbers again and give it a membership

(Continued on Page 68)

Iris Falls on Bechler River in the Yellowstone National Park

Clipper Ships and Copper Roofs

Their great day over, the fine old clipper ships are still doing service. Bowsprits gone, only the stumps of lower masts left, laden with coal, they obediently follow sea-going tugs up and down the coast.

"These old vessels, after fifty years' service, will stand four times as much as new barges. They were *built*," said the old sea captain recently.

"I'd rather go to sea today in a clipper ship made into a coal barge than in the finest, brand-new carrier afloat."

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—From a newspaper interview

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Yesterday, the Copper spike—"Exposed to salt water for fifty years, it's as good as ever."

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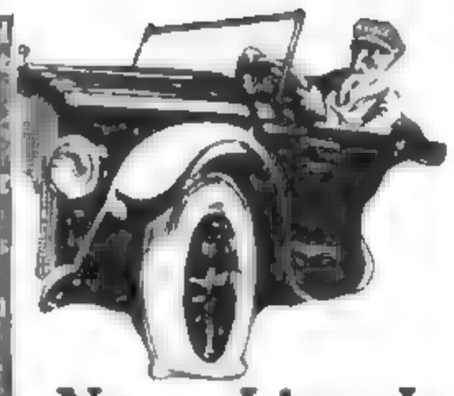

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It will take you a few minutes to read it, but it's well worth your time—for you owe it to yourself to have the right kind of pipe tobacco.

Get the facts
See Page 75

(Continued from Page 66)

of four hundred and sixty. At the present time a roll call takes twenty-five minutes; and when the Democrats are trying to keep the Republicans from getting to what they consider an offensive piece of legislation they raise points of order and points of no quorum that necessitate seven or eight roll calls in slow and stately succession. If the House increases its membership many more times the roll call will take all day and leave no time in which to do business.

The leaders' argument in favor of the increase is that twenty-five members more or less won't make any difference. The same old whiskered argument has been used ever since the membership of the House passed three hundred, and has always been true, because even a membership of three hundred is too large to permit intelligent deliberation. Their real reasons are that the twenty-five new members will strengthen the hold of the party in the House, and that some of the boys want to come back to Congress instead of staying back home and earning their living in the old, tiresome, humdrum way. Congressman Nelson, of Wisconsin, blew the lid neatly from the latter group of serious thinkers in the following cold and unenthusiastic manner:

"My first proposition is that to evade the Constitution is the chief purpose of this apportionment bill. Article 1, section 2, provides for an 'apportionment according to number' and a 'census every ten years.' It is to evade this section that the House membership is increased. The mischief behind this evasion consists first of self-interest. This self-interest arises because of the change of population. Thus at the present time the states of Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, Rhode Island and Vermont, having failed to keep pace in population, will each lose one member—Missouri, two—to other states that have moved ahead in population. The members from these states are keenly affected by anticipated loss of their seats. No one knows beforehand who will be the victim. These generally group themselves together, therefore, to evade the Constitution by increasing the membership. Self-interest appeals to fellow members for sympathy and aid. Usually this sympathy is successfully worked, and always self-interest seeks the aid of political expediency. The claim is put forward that by the increase of membership party success in various forms will be promoted; so that a most powerful group is thus organized with self-interest at the center, supported by the evils of partiality and of political expediency."

As the House has increased in membership its members have shrunk in stature. In the good old days the House used to be as important as the Senate—if not more so. Everybody recognizes that practically all congressmen, in the districts that they represent, are prominent and important and popular men. In Washington, as the House has increased in size the individual members have diminished in importance until even congressmen themselves frequently moan that a congressman ranks below almost every other form of human life in popular estimation.

The country at large knows only two or three representatives by reputation. Visitors to the House Gallery know about Joe Cannon because of his past exploits. They know about Nick Longworth, not because of the very high ability which he really possesses, but because he married President Roosevelt's daughter. They know about Volstead, because his name is attached to the well-known act that put the teeth in the Prohibition Amendment. They know about Bourke Cockran because of his golden tongue. But they stare in uncomprehending silence or ask blankly "Who's he?" when their guides point out to them such persons as Jim Mann, of Illinois; Martin Madden, of Illinois; Philip P. Campbell, of Kansas; Simeon D. Fess, of Ohio; Joe Walsh, of Massachusetts; Sydney Anderson, of Minnesota; Frank Greene, of Vermont; Joseph Fordney, of Michigan; Frank Mondell, of Wyoming; Frederick H. Gillett, of Massachusetts, the Speaker of the House; Finis J. Garrett, of Tennessee; Edward Pou, of North Carolina; James F. Byrnes, of South Carolina; Joseph Byrns, of Tennessee; Sam Rayburn, of Texas; Charles R. Crisp, of Georgia; or William A. Oldfield, of Arkansas. Yet the latter gentlemen, with the addition of Bourke Cockran, of New York, and Nick Longworth, of Ohio, are leaders of the House. Few in the galleries ever heard of Samuel E. Winslow, of Massachusetts; or John Q. Tilson, of Connecticut; or Otis Wingo, of Arkansas; or Walton Moore, of Virginia; yet these are men who are rapidly rising to leadership.

One of the reasons for this entire lack of knowledge concerning the House on the part of the general public lies in the fact that during the war and during the fight on the League of Nations all the interesting debates on the great issues of the day took place in the Senate. The Washington newspaper correspondents have a peculiar habit of hanging around the place where the important news can be found; and as a result most of them persisted in hanging around the Senate. The House was dull and of little general interest; so they kept away from it. This state of affairs went on for more than four years—four years during which senators got all the advertising and representatives got practically none at all. At the present time, however, the House, poor as it is, is beginning to look better than the Senate, so the Washington correspondents are trickling back to the House press gallery every little while; so there is hope that the House may be better advertised in the near future.

There are lots of things the matter with the House. Its members busy themselves in the playing of little politics, fighting good things because the other party proposes them, and supporting things not so good in order to further the interests of their party. It is handicapped by a too large Republican majority, say the wise ones. A majority is never just right. When it isn't too small it's too large. The trouble with a large majority seems to be that it is too difficult of control by the party leaders, so that blocs spring into existence in defiance of party policies. Then the leaders are too weak. When leaders aren't offending everyone by being too weak they are distressing the country by being too strong. And so it goes; if it isn't one thing it's another. And chief of all its troubles seem to be those boneheaded American people who persist in sending so many boneheads to Congress.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Roberts. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE ONE-MAN WORLD

(Continued from Page 23)

Framer's eyes glittered, his face twitched with curiosity. "Some secret!" he said, not at all disconcerted. "But, of course, it's your business."

He left within a few minutes and Wick locked the door, glowering. Framer had indeed discovered him working out his formula a year or so ago, but that record once written out and memorized had been destroyed; the one Framer had glimpsed to-night had been drawn up to convince Morley, in case argument unsupported by evidence failed to draw him into the scheme.

Wick glowered as he locked the door, but after a few moments with his cigar in his favorite chair, admitted: "Serves me right for getting caught; even friends are spies. This is a one-man world." Yes, it was a one-man world.

Wick's father, endowed with good business capacity and during certain periods prosperous, had often been seized with a mania for taking chances. Sometimes it would be at downright gambling; again he would plunge on mercantile ventures regarded as legitimate by business men. Wick had a dreadful remembrance of his mother, who had no peace of mind or pleasure during a prosperous period, but was always a careworn, shivering creature, confidently awaiting the upset which always came. Three times during those years, clinging to her skirts as a little fellow or standing by her side when half grown, Wick had seen his father enter, throwing up his hands.

"All gone!" the latter would say with that gesture of defeat. Small wonder that Wick had his one fierce resolve to give his life stability. "Security" was his watchword; and his a one-man world.

He was assured that the business he was going into with Morley would pay its twenty-four thousand a year till the end of time. He never had any reason to doubt it, and that same business guarantees the same return on a six-thousand-dollar investment to this day. However, with characteristic caution Wick had mapped his life with two highways across it; while traveling one he would not neglect to keep the other open.

Being now on guard against Framer he contrived a means to appease him; curiosity was after all so profitless a pursuit that no man could or would indulge it at the expense of money and effort.

Profitless, idle? Yet as some are born to explore the farthest earth or heavens, so some are indefatigable explorers of other people's business.

II

THE sky line of Midwest City's business district floated in the grays of October dawn; the crests of the elms around the old Morley house lightened, too, and Claire, still sleeping, sighed heavily with presentiment of the approach of her enemy, day. Recently her father and herself had gone furtively at dusk in hunt of a cheap flat, where they had hoped to subsist on the two hundred dollars remaining in Morley's pocket, until he could obtain employment. A night-long dream still clung in her brain, of the mean streets, the dingy halls and the denizens with their abrupt, noisy manners and strange, unlighted faces.

The girl buried her face in the pillow, then slowly raised up, the gray eyes darkling in her ghostly little face. Surely a figure of strength had mounted guard here since yesterday. Claire read into such a type as Wick an invincibility against the misfortunes of ordinary people. His oval face with its round, firm chin; the steadfast dark eyes under their level black brows; his light deliberate step and habit of immovability in his tracks as he spoke; above all, his air of breeding proved him a man apart.

Slowly emerging from the tossed covers she peered into the mirror at her small face in its massy shining frame. She shook her hair over her shoulders, and then coiled it as worn by a grown-up woman, but confessed candidly in the end, "I am too ugly now for anybody to love me, and have no figure; all skin and bone." Moving slowly toward the window she gazed far and upward.

"He don't believe God sent him," she thought, but she hoped it was so, and gazed in mute appeal to the Far High One to let Wick love her dearly. The morning light reddened as Claire stood in her misty white gown with hands upraised against the window—a suppliant figure in cathedral glass.

"But He can't do anything for me," she admitted suddenly, turning away. "I'm too scrawny and cross looking."

She began hustling on her clothes at a great rate, reflecting grimly that if nobody loved her she would struggle all the harder at life, as lone women must. Breakfast was to be cooked and her father sent off with a grand hurrah or he would never raise nerve enough to borrow that five thousand for Mr. Sparks.

The old man was, in fact, badly frightened, and even after she got him started on his mission tried to bolt back inside, but Claire blocked the door, immovable in her tracks even as Mr. Sparks, and challenging in tones of steel: "Do you want us to go and live in that place we saw the other evening? We'll starve and be ragged, and what will become of me? I don't believe I'd care!"

Her hardihood staggered Mr. Morley, who plucked desperately at his white mustache. "Claire, wouldn't you stay with me?"

"I don't know what I'd do unless you try your best to save us. Are you going to come back home and disappoint me?"

"No—I'll try." But after she had closed the door and turned the lock he looked beseechingly through the window.

In the evening he returned with five thousand dollars, trembling even in his triumph as he counted it out before her. "Why, my friends didn't ask a question," he said in astonishment.

Claire asked, "Did you tell Mr. Sparks?"

She had spent the day dusting and sweeping, and after cooking the simple

(Continued on Page 71)

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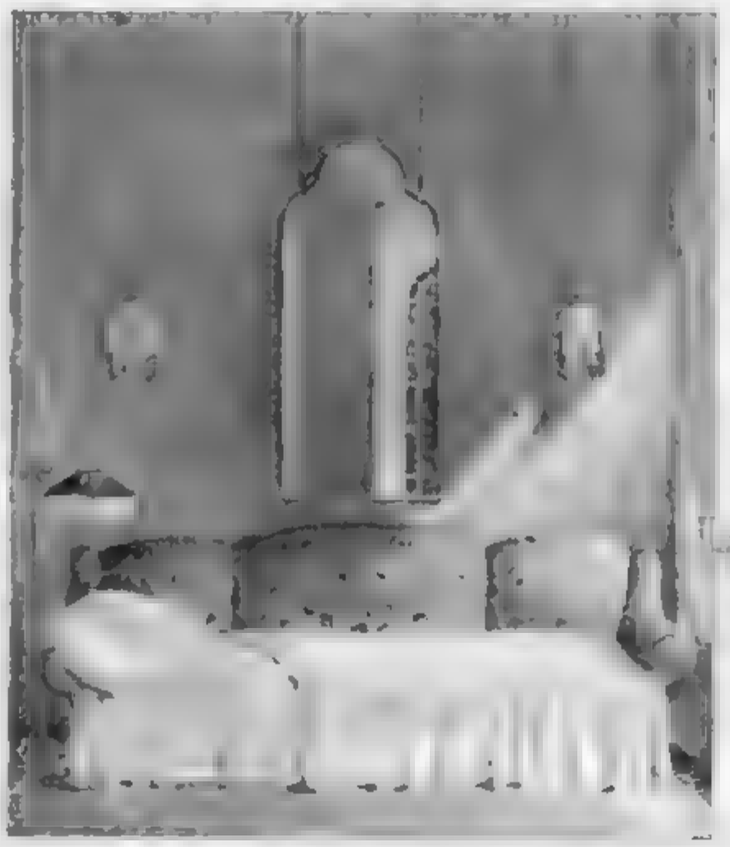
ARE you aware of the great advances that have been accomplished recently in the design of Davenport Beds? The piece pictured above typifies this progress. Today, eighty-three manufacturers offer through their dealers inexpensive Davenport Beds that are of correct, distinctive appearance and are comfortable by day or by night. The modern Davenport Beds recall nothing of those earlier pieces that had only utility to commend them.

In thousands of houses, in apartments and summer homes, Davenport Beds are favored for their fine appearance, complete comfort and doubled utility. They are used in living rooms, libraries, sun rooms—wherever there is need for an ordinary davenport. Whether it be used nightly, or only occasionally, the Davenport Bed is extremely desirable.

By one easy motion this remarkably fine piece of furniture is transformed into a comfortable bed for one or two persons. Mattress and springs are of regulation size and type.



The Davenport Bed, shown above, arranged for night. There are other types—long and short models—of equally good appearance and utility

In the morning, it is returned to day duty with equal ease. Mattress and bedding are completely concealed. There is no suggestion of the Davenport Bed's dual purpose.

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Send for our handsome brochure. It shows a great variety of modern Davenport Beds in a wide choice of styles, woods, and covering materials.

DAVENPORT BED MAKERS OF AMERICA
900 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

(Continued from Page 68.

dinner hurried into her pink taffeta and did up her hair in an elaborate if rather straggly coiffure. With the long kitchen apron removed she would come forth like Cinderella dressed for a party.

"I called on Mr. Sparks at the bank after I had borrowed four thousand; but he told me to go after two more. I got one more, but was disappointed of the other."

"You see, he knew what he was talking about."

"But, Claire, now that we have all this money, our last resource on earth, hadn't I better start up my business again in a small way? This strange young man with his strange proposition ——"

But Claire without answering took the currency and made a neat package with a heavy wrapper, which she marked "Mr. Wickford Sparks."

"Now it's all ready when he comes," she said, and proceeded to set out the dinner.

As she expected, Wick arrived soon after, and without awaiting his question she put the package in his hands. He counted the money carefully and placed it in his pocket, the old man following his motions with an occasional feeble gesture of protest. Only at the last he spoke up with the first assurance and dignity he had shown throughout.

"I have let myself be persuaded into this, Mr. Sparks, no less by your amazing confidence and bearing than by the threats of my daughter. They were nothing less! Now, I wash my hands of the matter; with you two rests the responsibility for my disgrace—and death—if this scheme, whatever it is, fails."

Wick glanced at his ally in this weird transaction. In contrast to her father's reluctant, dubious attitude Claire sat stiffly erect, her hands in her lap, her head high. She returned his look not merely trustingly as another little girl would, but with the assurance of a truly grown-up who knows all about a business and all about the partner who is to take over the management.

"I knew very well that you must not be disappointed," she said.

Wick smiled and held out his hand; Claire rose and clasped it.

"As you should know," Morley said, "we are about to be turned from this house. I intended to hold out at least enough to make a payment on the mortgage."

The smile flicked from the young man's face. "I have figured only what I must have to operate successfully. There will be no reserve. Couldn't you have borrowed six thousand, as I suggested, Mr. Morley?"

"I had come to the end of my rope; the last friend I asked refused me."

Wick and the girl saw that he could never be strung up to another attempt. Still the former was unrelenting. "See what you have done, Claire, in giving him all of it," cried the old man. "Now you will surely go to that dingy hell you were storming against; maybe to-morrow; to-night even."

"I'm not afraid now," said Claire.

Old Morley stared. "You've bewitched her," he said.

Claire withdrew her hand, but Wick tapped the slight shoulder, which had so valiantly kept touch with his own.

"She understands business," he replied. "Now, Mr. Morley, I am leaving to-morrow night; in a few days you will receive my New York address; it will be a permanent address, though I shan't be there much of the time. About the first of each of the next three months I'll mail you a draft covering your dividends for the preceding month. After that, as you will not be needing money so badly, I'll remit quarterly."

"Dividends—the first month?"

"My business will be opened and running a week after I get there. You will receive twelve thousand the first year, as well as all following years, though the size of your remittances will vary. Now, good night, sir; I'll make it a point to see you once each year—probably in midwinter."

He shook the old man's listless hand and walked with Claire to the hall. Her shoulder touched his arm; it seemed incredible that she was to halt only a step away here in the hall and Wick go on out into the world for thousands of miles. She wished to ask him a question that had come to trouble her all day.

"Are you just alone now, all by yourself in the world since your father died?"

"Nobody but myself in my world," replied Wick; "and never will be." He shook hands. "Good-by, Claire."

"When did you say you'd come again?"

"A year this midwinter."

She was looking up at him queerly. "Won't I ever see you in summertime?"

"Not ever." And he was gone.

Ten minutes later a man who had been standing back in the deep shadow of the elms came out to the walk and with a hurrying step ran up on the porch and knocked vigorously. To Claire, who answered quickly in the hope that Wick had returned, the newcomer said, "Is Mr. Sparks here?" He heard her reply that Wick had just gone, with a gesture of impatience. "And he's leaving town, too, isn't he?"

"To-morrow."

"Can I see your father a moment, miss?" Framer, plainly a friend of Wick's and one of the gentlemanly sort which Claire set such store by, was instantly admitted and conducted to the library. Mr. Morley rose, holding onto the book picked up at random.

"I'm leaving town over to-morrow," explained Framer, "and if I'm not able to reach Sparks in the meantime would you please tell him I'll take a thousand stock with him?"

"But I shan't see him again," replied Morley; and then: "Stock? Is he organizing a corporation?"

"I supposed you knew," August returned cautiously. Then his eyes began twinkling. "I saw you talking to him in the bank to-day, Mr. Morley, and later heard you had been raising money. When I missed Wick at his boarding place to-night I thought of looking him up here. As for the corporation, well—since it's in the way of secrecy for the present, perhaps we'd just as well not discuss it. Sorry to trouble you—I'll have to get in touch with Wick by wire."

He was an enticing fellow, with his twinkling eyes and hand raised as cautioning his companions not to say another word on Wick's secret. He hurried toward the door, then hurried back again, a maneuver which enabled him to surprise a strange look between father and daughter—the former's suspicious angry expression being answered by the calm high defiance of Claire's.

"He didn't leave his forwarding address? No? Well, I'll hear from him. August Framer, one of his pals at the First National. Good night." And having seized the strategic moment for intrusion into these people's business he hurried out.

Along the street he ruminated, rubbing his hands, "Now that I've opened the discussion Wick can say I'm a liar and meddler, but old Morley will still have his suspicions and will talk to me. What the devil," he said, stopping dead, "can Wick have up his sleeve to roll Morley for all that money?" He had stood without the library window and watched his friend count the five thousand currency, through a cranny in the curtain. August ceased rubbing his hands and ran them despairingly through his hair.

"What's his dope?" he said indignantly. "But he can't double-deal with me," and started at redoubled speed after Sparks. August had never before been put to such trouble to find out anything about anybody.

Wick Sparks had gone to bed when August knocked on his door, but he rose with hospitable alacrity and shook hands.

"Looking for you a while ago; Framer," he said. "You seemed to take a friendly interest in what I intend to do, and I made up my mind to tell you and let you in on a good thing. I've worked out a system for beating the races ——"

"Gambling ——"

"Do I look like a man who would gamble? What in my record would justify such a suspicion?"

August began to concede that Wick was a liar worthy of respect. "Old Morley a while ago said something about a stock company," he countered glibly.

"He might have gotten that idea," admitted Wick, heaping a thousand curses on his companion; but his demeanor told the latter nothing. "Now I will take five hundred dollars from you and double it every year." It was worth that much to keep Framer from meddling. "Want in?"

"Damned if I do!" snarled Framer. "It's some sort of a shady game."

"Framer, what brought you in here?" asked Wick.

"To learn what you were about, of course," replied the other with no idea of brazenness.

(Continued on Page 73

So that you can read in the train

WHEN you open the curtains of your Pullman berth, you find a little electric light burning at the head of your bed.

To what one metal, do you suppose, are we indebted largely for the installation and operation of this convenient little light? Would you guess that lead is all-important for the electric lights of trains, steamships, automobiles, aëroplanes?

Lead in the bulb itself makes the glass more brilliant and gives greater heat-resistance. There's lead in the push-buttons of hard rubber that you use to switch the light on and off. The fuse may be a little piece of lead wire. In the storage batteries essential to all such lighting systems are three different products of lead—hard-lead, red-lead, and litharge.

But you do not need to travel to find how important lead is in daily life. The electric light system at home requires lead the same as that in the car. The dishes from which you eat have a smooth glaze in which lead is an essential factor. The rubber stoppers in your bathroom contain lead. Your cigarettes are wrapped in lead foil.

Almost countless are the ways in which civilized man makes use of lead and its products, and of them all, none is so important as the use of white-lead in the manufacture of good paint.

Buildings, unpainted, crumble into decay. Buildings protected with good paint withstand time and weather. "Save the surface and you save all" is a maxim that wise men have always heeded. The more white-lead any paint contains, the greater its protecting power and durability.

National Lead Company makes white-lead of the highest quality, and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trade-mark of

Dutch Boy White-Lead

Write our nearest branch office, Department A, for a free copy of our "Wonder Book of Lead," which interestingly describes the hundred-and-one ways in which lead enters into the daily life of everyone.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Cincinnati San Francisco
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Some Products Made by National Lead Company

Dutch Boy White-Lead	Came Lead
Dutch Boy Red-Lead	Soldering Flux
Dutch Boy Linseed Oil	Litharge
Dutch Boy Flatting Oil	Lead Wire
Dutch Boy Babbitt Metals	Shot
Dutch Boy Solders	Lead Wool

Lead Plumbing Materials

Nash Leads the World in Motor Car Value

Six Touring Model
Five Passengers

One thing stands out sharply and clearly.

And that is the pronounced rapidity with which purchasers are turning to the Nash as the soundest investment value.

In the five-year period since the first Nash was placed on the market the volume of Nash business has multiplied itself at a far faster rate than that of any other maker.

Remarkable as this sales record is, it is in truth no more worthy of comment than the condition of Nash finances.

There's not one dollar owing; an evenly balanced inventory; no bonded obligation; and between fourteen and fifteen millions of dollars on deposit and in government securities.

Fours and Sixes
Prices range from $965 to $2390, f. o. b. factory

NASH

THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

NASH

(Continued from Page 71)

"Now that you've found out will you go? I'll pass your last remark as intended to express friendly concern that I'm being tempted and misled. At the same time, it puts me in bad humor; I don't want to talk to you further; you'll have to get out."

"I believe you've just trapped me into a quarrel to keep from telling me what you're about," exclaimed the outraged Framer, the muscles of his burly body swelling as he backed a step before Wick's admonishing hand.

"I told you and offered to let you in; now we've talked enough for this time. Good night!" Wick closed the door upon his neighbor, who stood as if glaring through the panel.

August lay awake late that night preparing a cross-examination for Wick, but when the latter came to the bank the following morning he did no more than nod to Framer from a distance. And in the evening he was gone.

III

ON THE second morning following Wick's departure from Midwest City the president of the Cosmo National, in the Wall Street district, had among the callers in his anteroom a dapper, dark-eyed young man who was quickly selected by the attendant to be ushered into the presence.

The president, dictating at the moment to his secretary, paused to frown at the latter, a thin white-faced youngster of such extremely fashionable cut as to move the attention of anyone with an eye to the exquisite or artistic.

"What's that?" asked the president, a ponderous, heavy-jowled man with a Napoleonic lock tweaked down in the center of his bald forehead; and he poked a monstrous forefinger into his secretary's notes.

The latter, who had been executing his notes with a nonchalant flourish, peered with sudden interest.

"It's a sign of my own," he answered with a vivid white-toothed smile up at the president. "You see, the silly shorthand inventors have put out word signs and phrase signs, but paragraph signs are my own."

"How the devil do you expect to remember and transcribe all the words in a paragraph?" the other interrupted thunderously, and was interrupted, but suavely, in his turn.

"Why, governor, you keep certain paragraphs in stock; on ice, if you get me; wish to answer letter, press button for secretary, take paragraph off ice, dictate." The young man spoke with tremendous volubility, as if hoping to get it all out before the inevitable interruption.

"And you'll finally get your job down so fine that you'll cram a whole letter in one pot hook."

"Why not, governor?"

"Not governor down here! Mr. Gower! How many times must I tell you this is a business office?"

"The first time was quite enough. But there you go with a stock sentence, if you get me. This is the sign."

Mr. Gower drew back in his chair, eying the young man with a hopelessness blended with downright fright.

"Sir," he began slowly, addressing his caller without looking at him, "have you, too, nursed a lounge scorpion in your bosom—a son, in short, who repays your efforts to make a man of him, with stings?"

Mr. Gower sighed, and his son waiting the reply smiled interestedly at Wick, who was in fact no older than himself.

"The scorpion which I shall nurse has yet to be born," answered Wick, not returning the smile, and fixing a steady appraising look on the son in question.

"I say, you two are rough on a fellow," protested young Gower, but his father staring at Wick brought down his fist like a gavel.

"How did you get in here?" he demanded. "The president of the First National at Midwest City was announced."

"Did the usher say that?" asked Wick. "He should have announced Mr. Sparks with a letter of introduction from the president of the First National—who warned me, however, that I would not get to present it. Here it is, sir."

Mr. Gower glanced at the letter laid open before him. "Well, what do you want? I haven't time to talk to you. You got in by mistake. Here, take it to the cashier."

Wick stood in his tracks. "That letter is addressed to you, Mr. Gower; I will answer your question. I wish to open an account for three thousand dollars. I am going into business here, and trust you will help me to turn over my profits."

"When you make them! Well, well, well, I tell you—go to the cashier, go to anybody."

The young man proceeded unhurriedly: "I have a partner; our profits will run twenty-four thousand dollars a year on an investment of six thousand dollars; out of my share I shall wish you to advise me on the investing of eight thousand dollars a year."

"Four hundred per cent! Burglary. No—insanity." Struck by his own explanation Mr. Gower scrutinized his unwelcome caller warily.

"If I make the eight thousand dollars a year you will advise me how to invest it?" asked Wick imperturbably. The other nodded, humoring him. "Then, if you will permit, I have one more word, and will go out quietly. I am an enterprising young man—about the age of your son here—who has never been nursed in anybody's bosom, and therefore entitled to your personal respect. And I am one of the mass of small depositors who in the aggregate are the real resource and profit of the banks, and therefore entitled to your counsel and protection."

He held out his hand; Gower shook it. "I'll be hanged!" he said as, with the smile which had fascinated Claire wrinkling the corners of his mouth and eyes, Wick thanked him and retired.

Old Gower turned on his son. "Take note of that fellow, Algy; keep him in mind. 'Four hundred per cent,' he said, and makes me believe it's a conservative estimate."

"Front," said Algy nonchalantly.

"You say so because you couldn't go out with six thousand and come back with your shirt. That what's-his-name Sparks knows the ropes. He's so different from you that I have every confidence in him. 'Not nursed in anybody's bosom.' Well said! Ha; take a letter."

Mr. Gower's references to Wick did not cease with this conversation, and Algy, feeling aggrieved at the comparison, later took the trouble to find out whether Mr. Sparks had actually opened an account, and then to keep an eye on his balance. To his consternation he saw it mount at the rate of ten or twelve hundred dollars a month, and could only hope that the governor would never remember to look it up, or he would make comparisons more odious than ever.

"I should be ruined, rather," said Algy. "I say, I must get that fellow Sparks to tip me to a mount in this race of life." He got his tip, but not until fourteen months later.

With Wickford Sparks' passing from the Gower office that morning the unknown claimed him for over a year; then he reappeared to Mr. Morley for ten minutes, to Mr. Gower for fifteen. Both were the annual meetings which he had scheduled. In January, Algy met him in the betting ring at the Havana track, and the two had the experience which, as gamblers say, made a Christian of Algy, and sent him back to his father and business with a better ambition than the invention of a shorthand system of paragraph signs. Wick's share in the experience was a knife scratch on the left breast, received in warning a race-track crook away from Algy. It was

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About 45,000 orders a year arrive at the International Time Recording Company, New York.

An average of 20 copies is required of each order.

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Ditto cut this to $4,143.24.

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Two people do the job instead of four.

Costly errors—common under the old method—are practically eliminated.

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Ditto is a simple machine that swiftly provides up to one hundred exact, legible copies of anything that can be typed, written or drawn. It makes these copies upon blank sheets or printed forms. Lasting, heavy paper—even cardboard—can be used if desired. Ditto copies in colors, if you wish. There is no carbon paper to pack, no stencil to cut, no type to set with Ditto.

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Send for the Ditto Book. It shows ways Ditto can be applied to save money, time and errors in all sorts of uses. Every department of any business—large or small—can profit by a survey of Ditto's successes.

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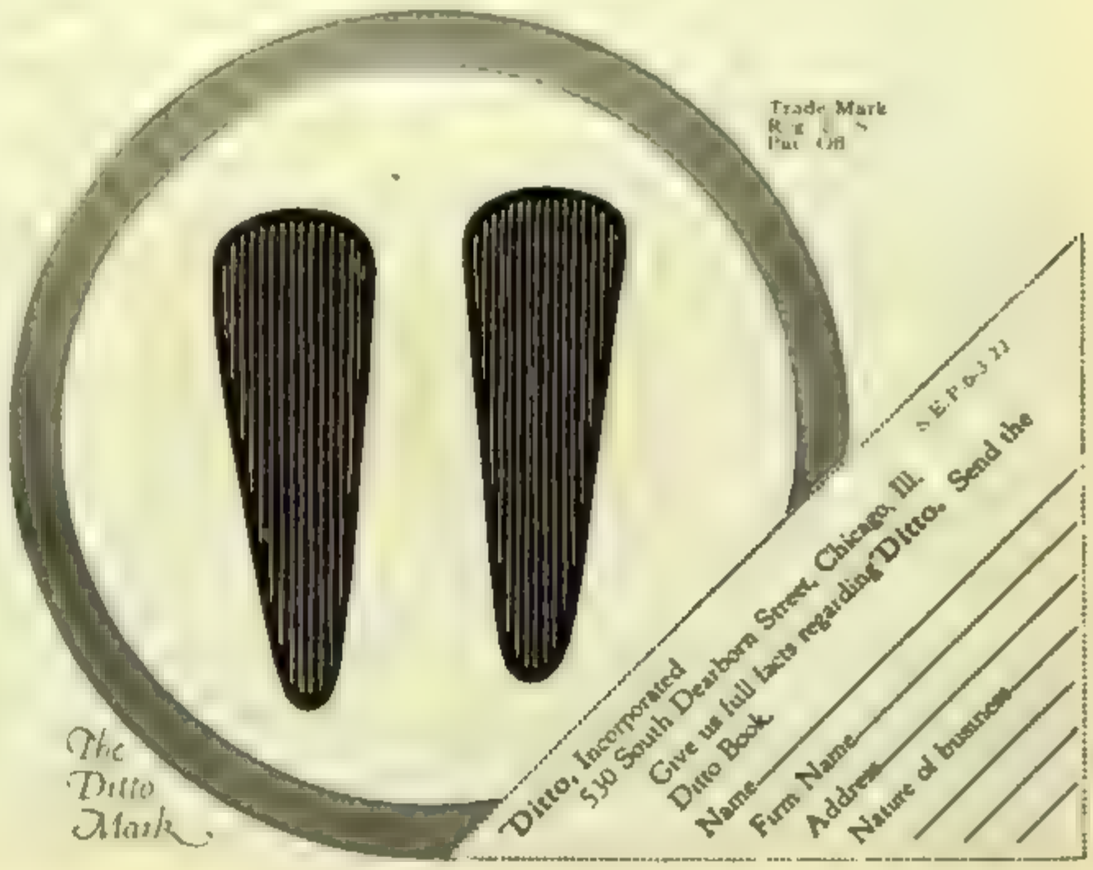


merely a mean little scrape without a feature of interest to Wick; the lasting gratitude and admiration of the lanky fashion exquisite he always ignored, with characteristic indifference to opinion.

Algy, however, never overlooked a chance for Wick's company after that. He hunted up his rescuer the following summer at Belmont, and came upon him as he had at Havana, standing aloof in the rear of the betting ring, studying in a memorandum book.

"Banking," explained the student when Algy glanced at the notes inquiringly. Wick touched the textbook in his pocket, and added that he had put in a couple of months of study at a school of banking during the winter.

"But don't you expect your system to work indefinitely?" asked Algy, whereupon the other explained his plan of keeping two roads open through life.

"Which means," he said, "that if race horses all die or bookmakers quit laying odds, I shall have accumulated enough money and knowledge for a start in banking. I have placed myself in contact with Mr. Gower to assure this start."

Algy whistled admiringly. "But I say, Wickford, you'd better never let the governor be wised to your race-track activities."

"I will tell him," said Wick with his half smile.

"And you don't look on banking as a gamble, like other businesses?"

"Now that you've settled down to banking, in a responsible position, do you gamble?"

"Gamble? While handling other people's money, I say!" replied Algy with a frightened look.

"You have answered your own question," said Wick.

By this time Wickford Sparks was known to the betting ring from Windsor and New York to Bowie and Havana. But he was known as a man of means who followed the game for the sport of it; neither piker nor plunger, he won or lost easily. His bets rarely went above a thousand, even on a horse he liked, and frequently were only nominal, twenty or thirty dollars. He made his own choices and, though an affable listener, had been given up by the touts long ago.

As he kept himself unsuspected of system play no limit had ever been placed on his bets by the bookmakers to prevent his retrieving his losses.

At Belmont that summer day the band blared from the stand while the two young men were conversing; the shout, "They're off!" swept over them and the crowd in the ring began scampering to see the start. Algy quivered with excitement, but Wick studied at his notes again.

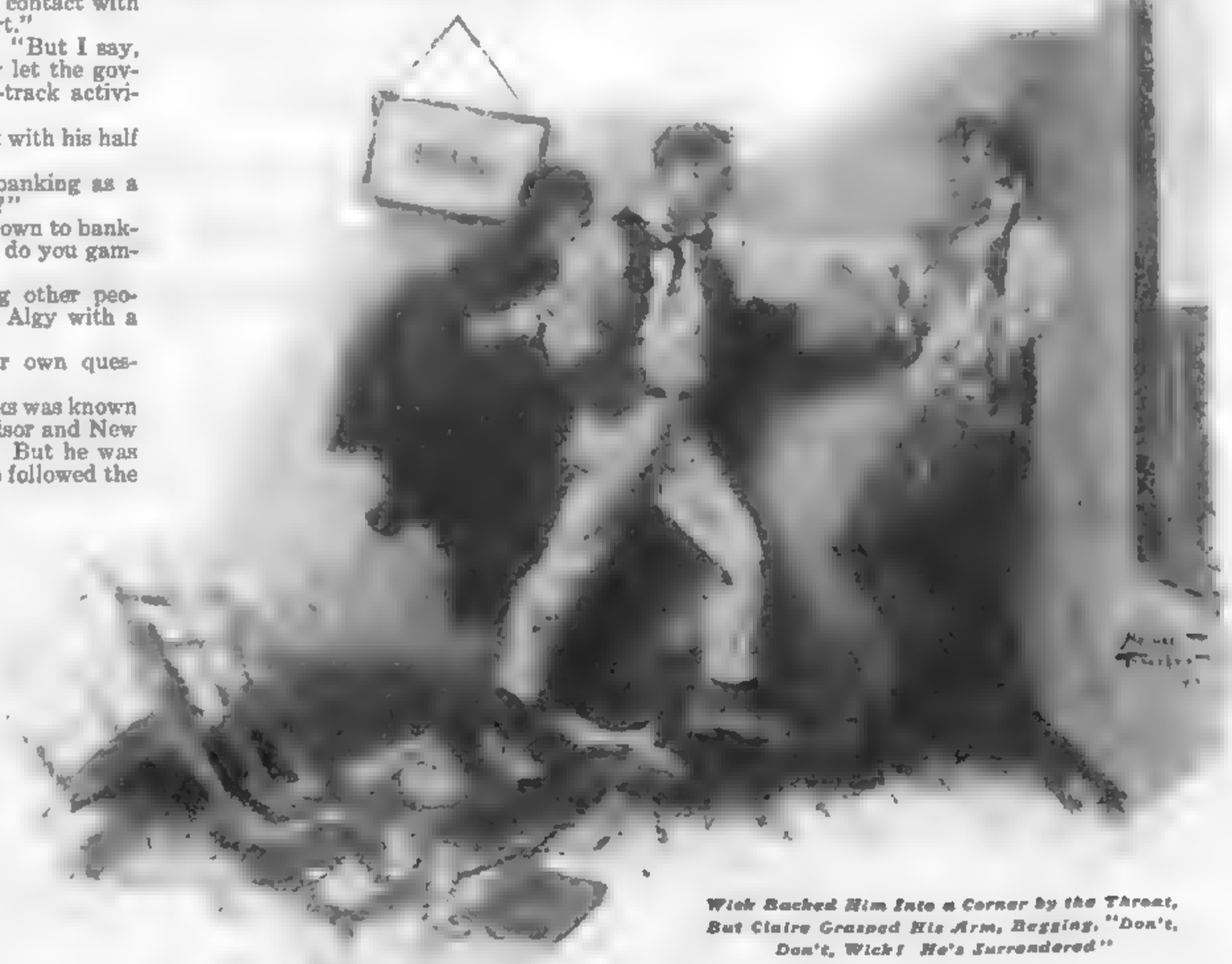
"Oh, yes," he replied smilingly to a question of his companion, "I watch the horses being led out or warmed up sometimes. I admire a handsome brute. There's one colt, Gold Dragon, well named—a breath of flame blown into the brazen cast of some old Greek sculptor—like the casts you see at the museums. Sorry he's not starting to-day so I can show him to you."

Wick dismissed Algy from his thoughts as soon as they separated that evening; nobody was admitted to the one-man world in which he was now well secured. His weak-kneed old partner and the prying Framer were consigned to limbo. He had called on Morley between trains last midwinter, while en route between New Orleans and New York, and listened good-humoredly to hints that he should increase the working capital of their business. These hints had, of course, been inspired by August, who, wild with chagrin on worming the truth about the dividends from the old man, wanted in. Morley had talked with hands clenching and pale blue eyes gleaming with cupidity. He was still writing letters urging that Framer be let in and the capital be increased; the business that paid four hundred per cent had become a game and Morley, a prey to the master passion, was himself bent on a killing. Wick laughed as he tore up the unanswered letters and forgot them.

Claire's friend, waited and watched for a long year, had come and gone without seeing her. She examined, blamed, cross-examined her father for a message from Wick, but he had left none. In this very room where she had given him the touch of shoulder valiantly in the Gettysburg of his fortunes, he had forgotten her.

"Has Wickford changed? How does he look?" Mr. Morley had repeated her questions, and replied to them: "Wickford has a dark smile and a lighted forehead, like the young noble in the painting we saw. He keeps even me, his partner, at a distance. Well, genius is solitary and peculiar, and who but a genius can turn over money as he can?"

Words which sketched Claire's hero as a being too grand to exact gratitude or friendship of. She would never hear him called proud and selfish by her father or the outraged August. When December came round again she would not go out of sight of the house lest his welcome be below his deserts and station. At last he rang at the door and Claire threw it open to him. Her father telephoned August from his study.



Wick Backed Him Into a Corner by the Throat, But Claire Grasped His Arm, Begging, "Don't, Don't, Wick! He's Surrendered"

Immediately after the greetings Wick stated: "You have been writing your dissatisfaction with our partnership, Mr. Morley. I am now ready to buy out your interest."

The latter pursed his lips and looked around guardedly; it was the forthright Claire who answered.

"We don't want to break up the partnership."

Wick looked at her. "You are growing up."

"I am nearly eighteen, Mr. Sparks."

"And pretty enough to have lots of beaux."

The girl blushed scarlet, but found composure enough to answer, "I have not; nor want them. My old boy friends don't count, do they?"

Wick pointed his hands judicially. "I'm not so sure."

"Oh, I'll send 'em away," declared the girl.

"Mr. Sparks and I are talking business," reproved her father.

"Then you've reached a decision, Mr. Morley?"

"Papa, you must not sell!" exclaimed Claire. She turned to Wick. "Please listen to what I want to say, Mr. Sparks."

"Speak up."

Wick raised his hand to Morley, a gesture for silence. The latter, however, asked time to consult his usual adviser in business matters.

"Framer?" asked Wick. "Show him in. Now, Claire, your objections."

It was a queer unlearned little Portia who stood arguing the law of partnership before this lordly young judge sitting with hands on the arms of his chair and black brows bent upon her.

"Remember, Mr. Sparks, when papa would have backed out of borrowing money from his friends to start you in business, that I persuaded him. Then, after you had gone with all the five thousand and the sheriff was coming to turn us out of home, I took my rings and pins and bracelets that mamma had left me, and sold them to the jeweler, and we paid the mortgage man some money and he let us stay on."

Claire's voice was silver-clear and she leaned a little toward the judge, impressing him with a gesture strange, indeed, to law-court oratory; but so eloquent was the gesture of the child pleading for what it knows to be right as to appeal irresistibly to heart justice.

But this was not a court of sentiment. "You showed good understanding of the necessities of your position for so young a person," said Wick.

Only a small endearing note in his voice, a friendly nod that would have cost him nothing, would have encouraged her so. As it was she strung herself for a struggle, her eyes darkled.

"Mr. Sparks, aren't I a partner, too, in papa's share? Didn't I buy a right with the jewels? And I don't want to sell out!"

Her father, who had returned to them, began fuming. "Preposterous! You are a child." He puffed out his cheeks so that his florid face was round as a plum, and waved her aside importantly.

"If Claire has a case, why shouldn't she state it?" said Wick without turning his head; his quick sternness compelled a silence.

"That's all, Mr. Sparks," said Claire.

The form of Portia was no longer that of the child who had stood in the rose window of dawn, mistily gowned in white, and looking out on a world enlightened more by the presence of her hero than the sun. Trim and straight and rounding, Wick saw it, and her face lovely with its pearl-like flush and clear gray eyes and shining hair. Her mouth drooped as she waited the word of the judge which was to pronounce her fate and his own, along with the partnership.

He saw her and yet did not; and his decision, already made, was withheld as an expression altogether strange to this secure and indifferent man, of frowning and fear, gathered on his face. For as Claire had talked and he had listened, the one-man world had witnessed this phenomenon: A scene of maddened men showering out money in the betting ring; a scampering to the blare of bands and thunder-roll of hoofs. A shout: "They're off! Gold Dragon in the lead!" Wick saw the scudding mounts pass like lightning around the fleet sun-beaten track, and into the stretch—all under a blanket with one nosing out—"Come on—Gold Dragon!" Wickford Sparks was gambling in his thoughts!

Suddenly he focused his frowning-fearful look on Claire. "I will not buy or sell today," he said.

He threw his coat over his arm as Framer hurried in. Wick nodded in answer to his effusive cries of greeting, shook hands hastily with the Morleys and moved away.

"But I came to consult with you and Mr. Morley," urged August; "to arbitrate this difference; it is not necessary to break up the business."

Wick was deaf to his expostulations until they reached the hall. Here he paused. Claire, trembling and blushing and triumphant, helped on his coat, her hand lingering on his arm. That resounding alarm which had struck through the one-man world still startled Wick; August perceived his perturbation; this mystery-monger who had baffled the professional's investigations into his neighbor's affairs was cornered at last. August's burly body bustled, his nose twitched with curiosity.

"It won't do, Wick," he declared bluntly. "You can't run away from a settlement forever. Here's the show-down."

It was not among these people that danger lay, nor from any source outside himself. Wick tapped August gently on the breast. "Set it to music," he said, and went out, followed by a howl of protest.

Of course, August would have run after, but Claire held his hat away from him laughingly, and when he started, anyhow, bareheaded he saw Wick hail a passing cab and step inside.

Instead of going on to New York, Wick almost doubled on his tracks. Gold Dragon was racing at New Orleans, and there his danger lay. In spite of Claire's triumph it was not her pleading which had decided him not to buy. If the alarm had been a true one, and the temptation to gamble had really cropped up in him, he needed a partner. For no matter how madly the passion possessed him, Wick knew that he would never gamble another man's money.

But he was none the less resolved to put himself immediately to the test, and on arriving at New Orleans went to Gold Dragon's stable; admired him, fraternized with him, watched him warm up and start. With the result that he turned away indifferent as the great brazen colt flashed out into the back stretch. He had the same experience at Gold Dragon's next start, and packed up for New York.

Long, however, he pondered that phenomenon which had struck alarm in his one-man world. With Claire Morley standing before him and arguing her child's whim, the mania of gaming had seized him. "And I was as hopeless a plunger as ever played a sure thing for that minute," he acknowledged. "What was the matter with me? And what the devil caused it?" he would muse.

There was no solution of the mystery, but he became more guarded than ever of his security. His habits, already staid, were regulated so that not a ruffle of excitement could unsteady his nerves; he observed particularly a vigilance against his few friends, and occupied himself only with study and casting up his profits, which multiplied under Mr. Gower's direction. On his third visit to the latter he saw Algy, but had little to say; the elder Gower received him indifferently, but advised him as a matter of course. The two were dismissed from Wick's mind before he left the bank; every being, human and brute, was dismissed. By summer when, having followed out the Southern circuit, he was once again in New York, he had arrived at the

(Continued on Page 78)

Lay the Facts Face Up

HERE *they are*:

OUR leaf tobacco experts purchase the highest grade Kentucky Burley leaf to be used in Velvet. This tobacco, rich and of fine texture from its culture in limestone soil, is stored in wooden hogsheads for two years. It is then manufactured into Velvet.

THE LEAF TOBACCO USED FOR VELVET IS PACKED IN WOODEN HOGSHEADS FOR TWO YEARS

AS RECEIVED from the farmer, even the finest leaf tobacco is in a raw, untempered state. There are various methods of curing and handling tobacco —all kinds of processes and short cuts—but every pound of the leaf tobacco used for Velvet is packed away in wooden hogsheads and aged for two long years.

AGEING IN THE WOOD DOES THIS:

WHETHER it's a cask of rare Spanish wine or a hogshead of choice Kentucky Burley Tobacco, ageing in the wood gives a certain pleasing mellowness that you can't get in any other way. The leaf tobacco for Velvet is carefully packed in huge wooden hogsheads and in such a manner as to subject the tobacco to the atmospheric conditions, causing it to "sweat"—that is, to throw off the raw, bitter properties, leaving the tobacco mild and mellow.

THE COST OF AGEING IS HIGH, BUT—

THIS aged-in-the-wood method takes time and costs money. For, after we purchase the high-priced Kentucky Burley Tobacco, it must be stored in immense warehouses. We have to pay for storage, insurance, taxes, handling charges and interest on the money invested.

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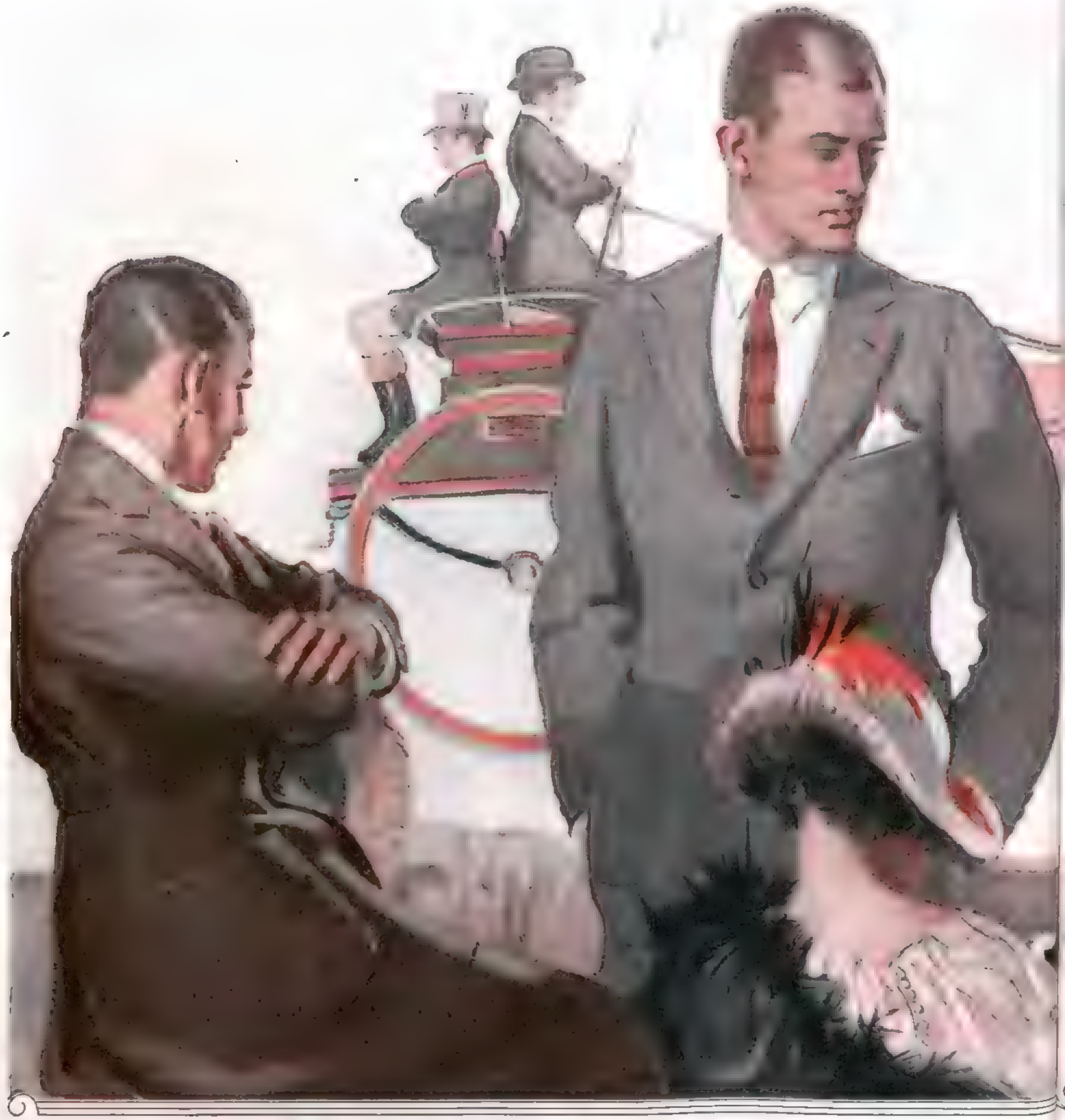

PALM BEA

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If you start wearing your Palm Beach Clothes the day you put on your straw hat, and wear Palm Beach until the day you throw away your straw hat, you will be cool.

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Cleans *Between* the Teeth

1. Brush upper outside

2. Brush upper inside

3. Brush upper chewing surface

4. Brush lower

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(Continued from Page 74)

condition when he said "I, alone, am." Outside of Wickford Sparks his world was empty; it was an enduring world, a safe world of shelter and good living, and he was happy.

Along in midseason he became aware that he was being shadowed, and surmised that the person at his mailing address had been bribed to disclose his hotel. Wick observed this shadow at his elbow several times when making his bets, and led him aside.

"What is it you wish to know?" he asked; and when the man resented the question: "You can no more conceal what you are than a donkey can deny his ancestry. Private detective is branded all over you."

The detective was not pleased, but thought it his rôle to become friendly, and said that for several days he had been keeping tab on Wick's bets. Wick grinned satirically.

"Come to any conclusion?"

"I can't make head or tail out of it."

"Neither can I," Wick confided; "it's a gift," and left him with an admonishing glance.

He was not followed again, but ten days later in his room received a message in the most wailing voice ever heard over the telephone: "Mr. Sparks—it's me, Claire. Papa and I are here at the hotel."

"Pleasing news; we'll meet for dinner," replied Wick, and appointed place and minute on the mezzanine.

"You don't mind me coming? They have been telling such horrid things about you that I want you to face them down."

"I'll make up my face, all ready, Claire," laughed Wick.

"I'm so—so very glad to hear you talk like that."

He met them as appointed a little later; but Morley iterating and reiterating a dozen times in two or three minutes that he could neither dine nor amuse himself with Wick until a difference between them was adjusted, they drew up chairs where they were.

"I must know more about your operations. I must know how my money is being handled," continued Morley.

Wick looked from the agitated, half-threatening old man in evening clothes to Claire, who smiled back suddenly and was in the same instant as solemnly anxious as before.

"No doubt," observed Wick, "you employed the detective to investigate me at the suggestion of Mr. Framer."

"At the suggestion of my friend and adviser, Mr. Framer, yes, sir."

"But he could only learn what I informed August when I started out—that I had a system of betting at the tracks."

Claire's sobbing little cry interrupted: "How could you—disappoint us so?" Wick surveyed quizzically the girl, who in a very agony to keep control of her emotions gripped her hands together and bit her lips, her eyes glistening with tears. "But tell me, it isn't gambling," she exclaimed, taking such hope in Wick's smile that her lips quivered in a smile of her own.

"I am in good standing with you there," said Wick; "it is the bookmakers—the horsy sports you understand—who gamble against me. As long as they persist in it they lose. For, however the horses run, my system beats them."

Morley heard with increased excitement. "How do I know how much you win?" he demanded hoarsely, but under Wick's glance immediately repudiated his very palpable insinuation. "I do not hint that you would cheat me, Mr. Sparks—far from it. You would use our joint capital honestly. But on the side—ah, on the side, with your own money? That is another story. It is all right as far as it has gone—but ——"

Claire had been silent with eyes cast down, as if nothing else mattered now that the knightly and talented Wickford of her romance had discovered himself as a race-track gamester, for she scorned the fine distinction between the man who bet on a sure thing and the one who took chances.

But as her father talked she asked spiritedly, "Do you mean to say, father, that you will continue partnership in this—system?"

"I'll do as I please with my own money. Shut up!" commanded the old man, whose bloodshot face already reflected the passion of the ring.

Claire was amazed at his rough manner, and a little frightened. "But why not sell out? Mr. Sparks once offered to buy, and surely this is a business which no one of our class and name can touch without defilement!"

"You blow hot and then cold, Claire," said Wick good-humoredly.

"I did persuade you last winter to withdraw your offer to buy papa's share; but," she added proudly, "I believed then that the profits came from a clean and reputable business. It was a sorry day for me that I interfered."

"You need not lament; your persuasion at that meeting had nothing to do with my decision."

It was spoken so indifferently that the girl resented it. "Surely what I had done to help gave me a little right to speak."

"It did—if business transactions were based on sentiment. Mine never are." Wick, whose eyes had been following Morley's, interrupted himself: "Why keep Framer waiting in the lobby? Give him the sign to come up."

Morley did so.

During that moment before August appeared in the mezzanine floor Wick turned again to Claire, who had learned more about her hero in the last few minutes than in the three years of their acquaintance. He valued not at all that blind worshipful trustfulness of the child who had begged and threatened the weak-kneed old bankrupt into giving the borrowed money, their last resource, to Wick. Herself and herself alone had given him his start in his chosen career. It seemed incredible that he should have ignored the little Portia's plea.

"Wickford," she exclaimed in a low tone, leaning forward for confidence, "what kind of world do you live in?"

"The mortal man only really lives who lives for himself alone," replied Wick with some acerbity. "There are no such things as friends and enemies; it is everyone for himself. To escape the miseries which are life, and incessant plunder by the miserable, one must build his own individual world and guard it fearlessly."

She pondered this an instant. "You mean you live in your world alone? That is awful!"

"It is secure."

"I should be afraid," said the girl slowly; "I should be more afraid than to live among folks, even if some hated and robbed me."

"You would make life a gamble," smiled Wick, amused; "I will not."

She was amazed that she could not retort to this, but could only admit lamely, "Maybe; but it would be gambling for something more splendid than money and security for myself."

"What, for instance?"

"Oh, friends to love me, and honors—and just general goodness, I guess," she sighed.

Wick was still amused by her child philosophy and let his mind drift an instant into her fanciful vein. Suppose a man could bet himself; suppose Wickford Sparks and his strong box of a world could be wagered against all outside! High stakes; what a hazard! But if he won honors, friends, riches, pleasures, he stood the chance of losing them again. And then he would only be a beggared, broken gambler at life. Once a gambler, always a gambler. Nothing was secure out in that all-men's world; it could keep its honors and pleasures. There was something else too; Wick knit his brows, not observing Framer's approach. That all-men's world had a curious promise wherein lay its supreme gamble. For of all the millions of losers who looked up patiently from their miseries and helped out in the miseries of others because of that promise, not one knew that it would ever come true!

"Whew! One life at a time is enough for me," grinned Wick. "I'll live at the other, if there is one, when I come to it."

Wick nodded to August but the vein persisted. All in this world for security in the next; backing the promise to be true! A stiffer gamble than any race course ever saw; give Claire credit. He stared with old alarm. "Something about that girl makes a gamester of me."

And from that moment he suspected her queerly and disliked her.

Framer had seated himself and, at an interrogatory nod from Wick, said: "Mr. Morley demands that the betting system of which he owns five-sixths be divulged to him."

"Certainly." Wick had no objection to letting them have the secret, he said, on two conditions: First, that Morley would close out his partnership interest to him for

the five thousand; second, that no one was to be told that himself, Wick, was engaged in playing it. These conditions were promptly agreed to by the others, who were much astonished by his ready compliance.

"Very well; here it is. Play second choices to win. Six races a day are run at a meeting, Mr. Morley. Before the start the bookmakers post the odds against each horse; the odds are too short to play the favorite under my system, so pick the bookmaker's second choice to run first. Put down enough money on him to win twenty dollars, no more, no less, for you are entitled to win just twenty dollars on each race. If your horse in the first race wins you are done with that race.

"But if your horse loses you play the next one—always the second choice and to run first—to win back the money you lost on the first race, plus the twenty due you on that race, plus the twenty which will be due you on the second race. If that horse loses, then on the third race you have to get back your losses on the first two, and three times twenty, or sixty dollars, due you on three races under the system. It rarely happens that a second-choice horse doesn't win a race during the day, though unless it happens in the sixth race you will of course have a loss to carry over to the next day. It will happen, however, that not a second choice will win a race for a week or so, and your bets will be running into hundreds and thousands. That's where even the system player goes broke unless he has a strong enough reserve and is content with his twenty-dollar profit on each race. Simple, isn't it?"

It seemed so simple that after Framer had figured out two days or twelve supposition races in his memorandum book, allowing three second choices to win in that number, he went over it suspiciously with Morley.

"Why, it's a wonder a lot of race-track gamblers don't work out this system and put the bookmakers out of business," he said.

"They have doubtless worked out many systems," agreed Wick; "but playing them is another matter."

"There's more to this, then?"

"Yes; the player," replied Wick dryly.

"But all he'll have to do is to lay his bets as you said."

"That's all! Now let's forget business and have dinner and go to the show."

Morley had been a partner, Wick was seeing the last of him, and with that scrupulous balancing he maintained of all his relations, he would not have the hospitable receptions formerly accorded him in the Morley house remain charged against him as a debt. He was entirely indifferent to the old man and Framer personally, and though they were in high humor with him and made conversation feverishly and jovially, he dismissed them at once and forever when the evening was over.

He supposed that Claire had gone with the others, and was annoyed when she later returned to his memory; only as the dimmest phantom, it is true, but disquieting the hours, when he should have been studying or asleep, with her childish philosophy.

With several months of the year yet to run after buying out his partner, Wick was enabled to pay the purchase price and accumulate his usual fund of eight thousand to be invested in December under Mr. Gower's direction. He chose this meeting as the tactical one to close up his relations with the banker.

He interested the latter at once with the announcement, "During the coming year I shall have twenty thousand instead of eight to invest, having bought out my partner."

"You hypothecated stocks bought by my advice for the purchase price?" said Gower, displeased. Algy, now assistant head of a department, had asked his father to call him when Wick made his annual appearance; he entered at this juncture and stood aside, his lean face sparkling with appreciation; these interviews between the ferocious old Napoleon and his irrepressible recruit amused him immensely.

Wick shook his head to Gower's question. "The price was only five thousand, my partner's original investment."

"And he sold an interest yielding twelve thousand a year for five thousand cash? Has he gone to the psychopathic ward yet?"

"An additional consideration on my part was my formula for the manufacture of money."

Gower studied him. "Such a secret exists," he said with astonishing acumen, "but it is dangerous, or even fatal to all but one man in a million."

"It will probably be so to my former partner," replied Wick. To the banker, for once candidly attentive, he explained his system, whose workings were altogether contradictory to the theories proved by the banker's experience.

"It can't be done!" he exploded. "You will gamble in the long run."

"I am the man in a million," reminded Wick. "Now I have another and entirely different business to take up with you."

But Algy interrupted.

"Governor, before Wick approaches you on his other proposition I want to state that I'd back him as the Rock of Gibraltar; I've seen him in action. Do you know what he does in the midst of the lunacy when a race is on? Studies a textbook on banking in a corner!"

"You are not backing Mr. Sparks because he is a Gibraltar"

"Dash it, I am not!" assented Algy emphatically. "Two years ago at the Havana track Wick risked his life to save me from a jolly bookmaker who had robbed me blind. He showed me I was an ass to be playing against a sure game, and bought my ticket home. That's what made a Christian of me."

He told the story with a warmth of gratitude which touched even Mr. Gower. But Wick, with that honesty almost as terrible to himself as to others, supplemented Algy's account.

"I feared Algy would tell the tout of my steady winnings as recorded in the bank's books, and the bookmakers put a limit on my bets. So I broke up the combination. There's nothing else to it."

"Wick!" exclaimed his young friend. "I'm sorry you said that." He shook his head mournfully, disappointed of a hero.

The elder Gower regarded him curiously. "You're keeping me waiting for your new proposition, Mr. Sparks."

"I have made a study of accounting and banking," resumed Wick, "and this winter complete a course in the best finance school in the United States. I now have about thirty thousand dollars which I will add to with twenty thousand dollars a year. Would you be willing to employ me in some executive position or assist me to start a bank of my own?"

"You foresee that you will be tempted at last and your system collapse."

"I foresee that I shall never gamble," replied Wick. "But horses may stop racing, or bookmakers laying odds. A man is trusting to luck who makes secure only one way out of life."

"And I am chosen to open the second?"

"If you are convinced I can travel it," replied Wick.

"As you are! I will take you and make you, but as you are," agreed Gower. "After you've made your first gamble I wouldn't trust you with my watch!"

Wick, who offered or accepted nothing conditionally, merely said, "This rounds out my scheme of things." Himself, as he was, he knew to be a certainty.

It was on the day of this meeting that he saw Claire Morley again, in a limousine at the curb of the Avenue. He took the costly new car and the chauffeur and Claire's rich furs as the natural spoil of the bookmakers by the new system-players, greedier than himself.

Claire stared at him haughtily when he crossed the pavement to speak. "What, are you already puffed up with pride and pomp? Remember, I knew you back in the old home town."

The girl's eyes darkled on him and he went on, finding amusement in the situation. "You watched me come up the walk, suspecting a sheriff, and had on, I remember, a kitchen apron with black smuts."

"Till just now I didn't believe we would meet again," replied Claire with a face of stone. "I thought you would be too ashamed to face us."

If the girl could have understood, Wick's reply was in deadly earnest. "Ashamed? I ought to be for letting you innocents in for a trimming at a master-player's game."

"I trusted you for a long time," said Claire, "and believed you good and generous till that night at the hotel. Even then I didn't suspect you of being any worse than selfish and ungrateful."

Continued on Page 82

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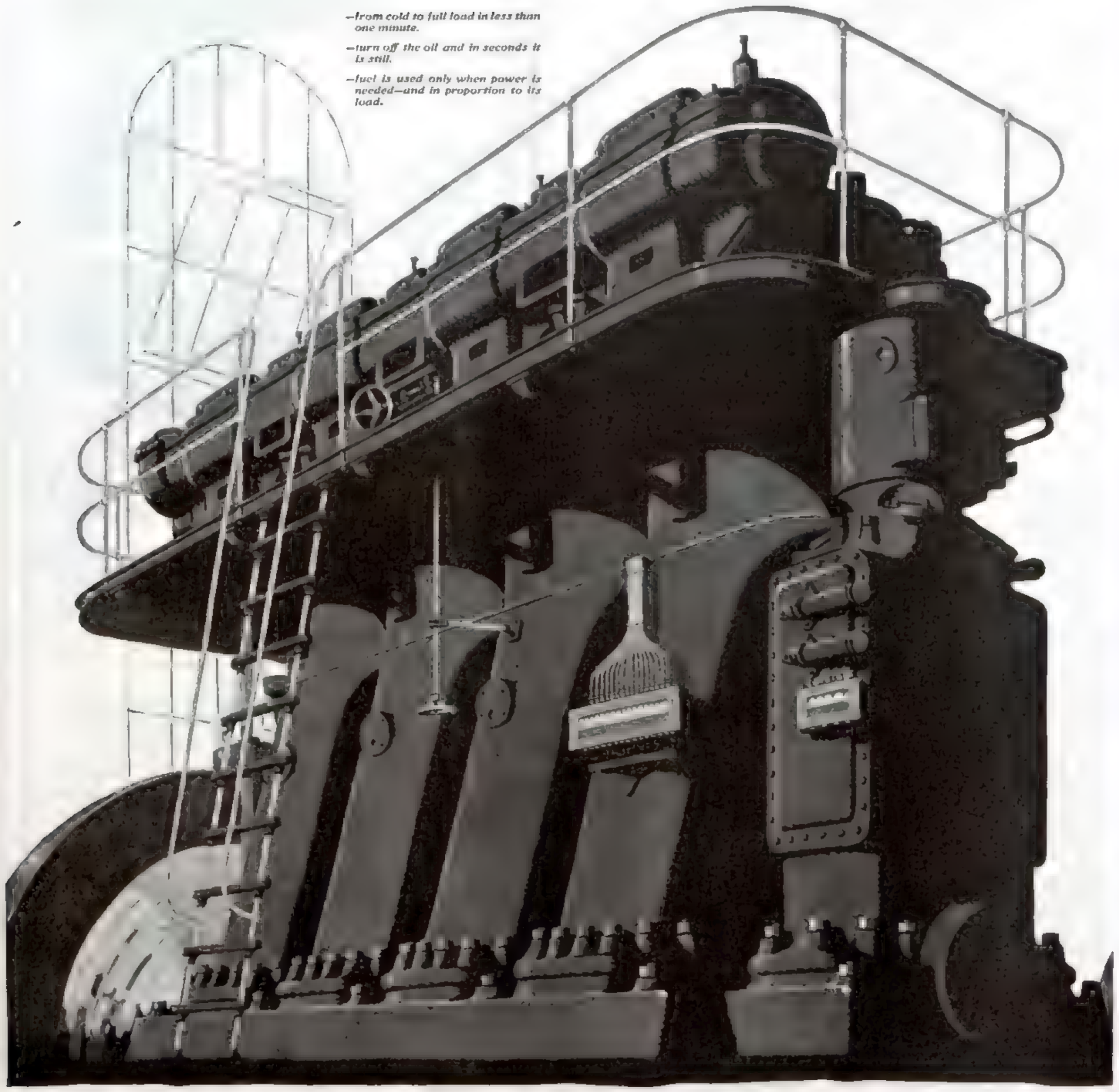

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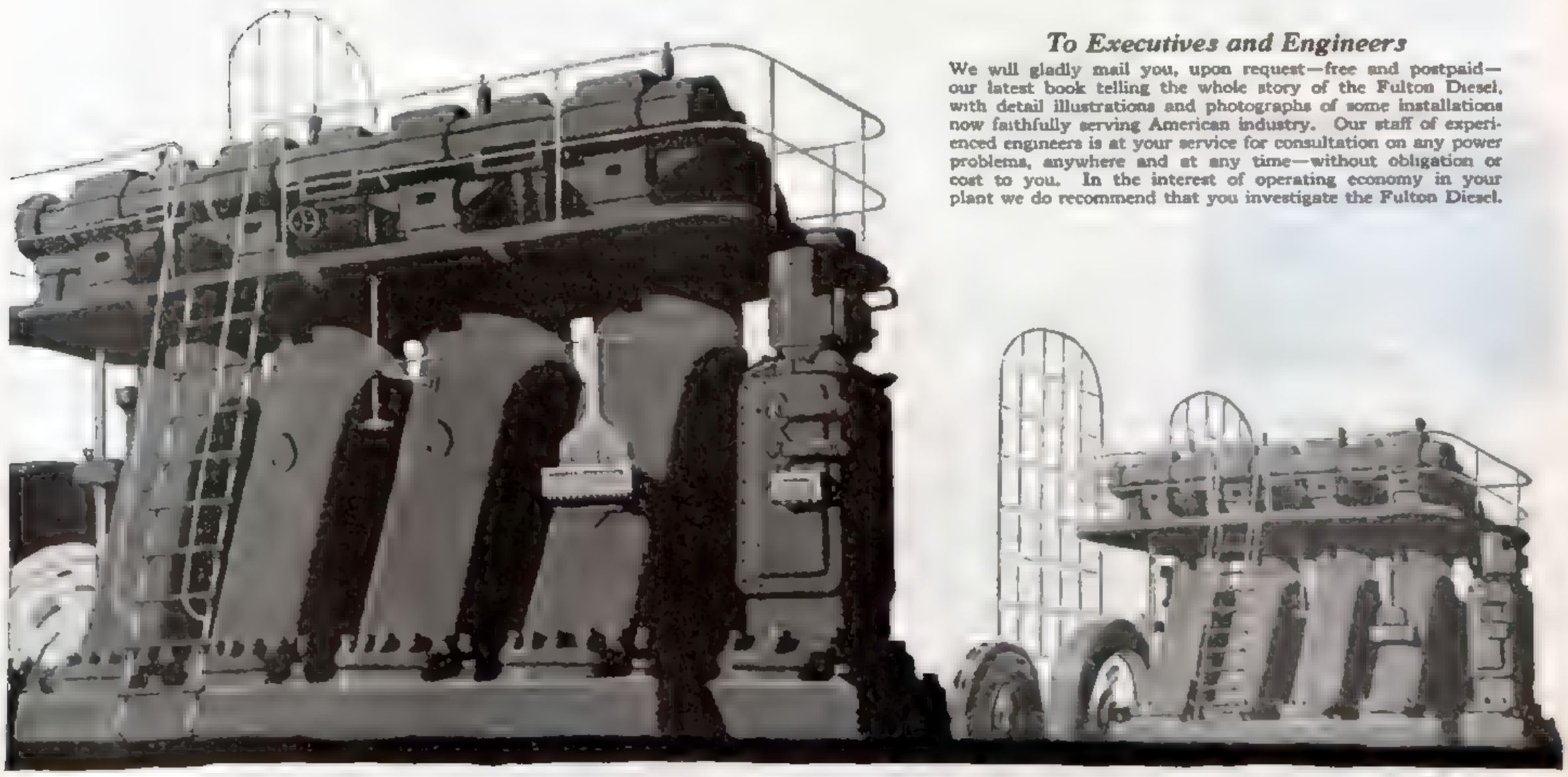

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See Page 75

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(Continued from Page 79)

"So much innocence! Such a trimming," said Wick. "But why should I warn everybody else? Gamble they will!"

"I hate it!" she flamed, and went on with trembling lips. "But why is it, Mr. Sparks, that with a system paying a hundred thousand a year you gave papa only twelve thousand for his share?"

Wick found this funny enough to laugh at. "I will tell you why," he answered confidingly. "I couldn't spare it!" and bowed himself away, as August Framer, a sublimated August in beavered overcoat and Avenue haberdashery, crossed the pavement, a stick under his arm.

"By the great monocle of—of the Lord High Chancellor," said Wick. "My old friend!"

"How-do," said August and lifted his stick to the chauffeur; "Café Pompeian," he ordered.

Wick sighed, passed on, chuckled; he was not mistaken in vowing that he could feel the inquisitive green eyes squinting after him to see how he took it.

IV

THERE was a formidable turnout of talent and sporting fashionables on the second last day of the Metropolitan spring meeting. The track was lightning fast under a cool high sky, and the card announced included a number of famous runners with rivalries to settle. Among these Gold Dragon was eminent, and Wick, with his old interest in the horse, intended to visit him in the paddock.

The odds for the first race had been quoted by the bookies and Wick, his money down, was entertaining himself as usual with the memorandum book, hardly conscious of the distant music and rising excitement of the crowd as the entrants loped up to the starter. Then the first cheer, always a burst of joyous harmony, sent them off, and the sport of old kings and old gods, and barbarism ever young in all of us, was on for the day. Wick glanced up and saw August Framer running with the others for a view of the race; he had noticed him earlier, and repeated his old prophecy indifferently: "Such a trimming!"

To Wick's knowledge neither August nor Morley had ever transacted business at the tracks. The two had, in fact, been shy of sporting publicity, and Morley particularly, jealous of his business reputation and respectability, had decreed that they conduct their operations in the clubs or among the handbook men found everywhere. They had separated for this purpose for a time, Framer making his investments in New Orleans and his senior partner in New York.

Of course, Wick's twenty-dollar limit of winning on each race had seemed contemptible piking to them; in fact, they reviled his statement to that effect as a ridiculous lie, and asked each other and Claire mockingly why a man should limit himself to one hundred and twenty dollars a racing day when he could win six hundred dollars just as easily. They estimated that Wick had won a hundred thousand or so which he had not divided with his partner. So they had raised the limit fivefold and thriven tremendously. This was in part the luck of the amateur.

But the present season at New York opened dismally for second choices; very few of them had run in the money at all, and this dereliction had called for bets into the thousands which almost went begging among the clubs and handbook men. And this, the day before Getaway, was actually the seventh of second-choice failures, and a limit had been called everywhere on Morley. The alternative to letting the system go smash, admitting its incompetence, which would never do, was for August to take their bets to the track. A second choice, under the law of averages, had to win soon.

It did, that day, not only in the first race but in the second, third and fourth; it was a day of second choices, one even being declared a winner by the disqualification of the favorite for fouling. At the end of the fourth race, in which Gold Dragon had been scratched, Wick saw Morley come over from the stand and join Framer. The old man was jubilant, greeting his partner with outstretched hands and laughing incessantly as he stood gesticulating with his stick and talking to the latter and a companion just introduced. The latter was an ex-jockey who had been assigned here to duty by the bookmaker hardest hit during this run of heavily played second choices.

August, his panama pushed back, his white serges wrinkled, tie awry, began by turns to listen to the jockey and argue with increasing earnestness with his partner. The crowd's cheering had by this time a muttered, snarling undertone; the music vibrated with the hollow beating of spear on shield, and in a lull they heard the gust of hoof beats.

More intensely, fiercely, August argued, his green eyes glowing; blood suffused the face of the excited old man. Belated gamesters hustled them, frantic with the fear that they would not get their money down; and others, triumphant as if they had already won, elbowed past with their markers in their pockets. Another gust of hoofs, a howl from twenty thousand throats—the horses were at the barrier.

"Too late," said the jockey with an oath; he had picked a ringer for them, in this race!

"No!" shrieked Morley, beside himself with this supreme challenge. "Run, August, run!"

The bookmaker toying with his field glasses looked at August coldly.

"Cinders—to win!" yelled the latter, tearing through an eddying skirt of the crowd. "Twenty thousand."

Cinders was the second choice; it was the day of second choices; nothing could beat them.

The bookmaker's white fingers flashed through the currency; his assistant wrote on the slip of stiff paper 40,000/20,000. August, battered and torn, sauntered away proudly.

Cinders ran third.

Wick eying them humorously from a distance saw the thunderbolt of defeat strike. The old man, but now so jubilant, stood gaping, trembling, actually aging. August, who had been looking down at his empty hands and scarcely crediting that the bills they had so lately held were gone, staggered a step as if from the edge of an abyss, and laughed loudly.

His partner managed a questioning pathetic smile, but as August took out his bulging wallet and shook it Morley pleaded. "No—for God's sake—it's the last!" In fact, they had brought all their capital with them to meet their late crisis, and though the debacle of Cinders had taken a part of it and wiped out their winnings for the day, there was nearly twenty thousand remaining.

As the old man pleaded, August argued; then, learning the odds on the last race, began to bluster. At last Morley acquiesced, smiling frightenedly, and doddering along with the other as he bet the money.

Wick was tired of them by this time, and the second choice losing in the last race he hurried out of the gate and away without looking back. The spectacle of the ruined gambler was familiar to boredom. His thoughts did not touch on them again during the evening, which, as usual, was taken up with a leisurely dinner and reading. He had just put out the lights in his room and started to bed, when his phone rang. Claire Morley was on the wire.

"I'm downstairs," she said. "Will you meet me—as quickly as you can?"

Wick answered graciously and after a few minutes joined her in the lobby.

"Father sent for you," said Claire. "He's dying."

"I wouldn't take such a misfortune for granted," replied Wick, so calmly deliberate that the girl looked at him with horror.

"I'd forgotten," she said bitterly, "that you live in a world by yourself—with no thought or care for anybody. Though I don't see how I could forget it, even at such a time as this."

"Size me up your way," replied Wick; "I'm not what you'd call unfriendly to anyone who doesn't interfere with my affairs."

He followed Claire into the street and the two entered the cab which had brought her to the hotel; not a word passed between them until the ride was finished and they were in the Morley home, a Central Park apartment.

Morley was in bed, a physician holding solemn guard over him. The latter stepped into the hall to admonish the visitor that the sick man's moments were few, and gave his diagnosis.

Morley was at the last gasp, though at sound of Wick's voice he actually raised on his elbow, and his eyes were bright and he spoke with the ring of youth.

"Close the door. Now sit on the side of the bed. Wickford, we overplayed the system; you were right in your limit; I believe now that you were always honest with me."

"Pass that, Mr. Morley," said Wick.

The other smiled understandingly.

"Yes—I've got to make haste. We lost our joint money to-day; the partnership went broke. But"—his mild blue eyes shot a glance of triumph—"I have a private cache—five thousand dollars. Reach for the wallet under the pillow—count it. Correct?"

"Correct, five thousand dollars," answered Wick. He put it in his coat pocket.

"It's for Claire—it's all that is left—every penny. Wickford!" The eyes now were glittering, the sagging cheeks scarlet. "I had a presentiment—a year ago. To-day it came again. You will invest the money for Claire! You will swear to use it as I tell you for your old partner and his orphan. Swear."

"Yes."

"Remember, she was the one to persuade me to give you your start. That little girl! To trust you first; to pawn her jewels for you! Remember! It is too much to forget." The sick man's thoughts began to wander.

"Wickford, to-night I saw—can see it from this pillow—the horses saddled and walking out of the paddock; the start, the race! The big bright colt breaking out of the bunch!"

"Tell of the investment," said Wick peremptorily.

The old man, already at the pang of dissolution, struggled up farther, his hand coming down on Wick's with a grip that ground the bones together.

"Investment? To-morrow on Gold Dragon to win!"

Impotent to release himself, the young man's violent start and wrench! That cold skeleton grip held fast. Sight receded in the wide menacing blue eyes—deeper, deeper, till only a spark in an abyss. Then it was out; but the cruel surface glitter and the threatening grin and icy fist admonished Wick Sparks of his oath to the master passion, which had challenged death itself till the money was down.

"S-h-h-h!" The crack of the door opened wider. "It's me, Wick." August Framer came in. He was soiled and dishevelled, and clenched an extinct cigar between his teeth. "I got here in good time; I heard all the talk. That five thousand belongs to the firm. Fork over."

Wick's eyes were on him, and yet he seemed hardly aware of the intruder's presence. "I mean business," said August. "I'm desperate."

"You'll get it off my dead body," replied Wick abstractedly.

Claire hearing the voices entered, and with her sobbing cry the interview ended for the moment.

Wick talked with the physician in the adjoining room, and then sat down to wait Claire's reappearance; August took his station like a guard near the door, but there was no further conversation.

Claire presently came in to them and Wick told her in a few words of Mr. Morley's bequest and instructions.

"It's the firm's money, Claire," reminded August. "We'll take it and handle it. Where does Wick Sparks come in?"

"I hate the thought of gambling; the sound of the word! Look what it has brought us to. Give me my part and let me go home and bury my father."

"You can't go back to Midwest," said August, "where Mr. Morley owes the forty thousand dollars we borrowed to start our investment company. We had paid good interest on it, but not a dollar on the principal!"

"I'll pay them what I have ——"

"I am executor of Mr. Morley's will," said Wick with his uncompromising manner. "I promised to lay his money on Gold Dragon to win to-morrow. There is nothing will prevent me."

"Claire, he's not honest; you know he's not honest! That he held out fifty, a hundred thousand on Mr. Morley ——"

"I will remain here to-night, Claire; I arranged with the physician to send the undertaker," said Wick. "To-morrow evening I will give you the winnings if the horse comes in first."

The girl made a sign of resignation which even August was bound to respect, and silence ensued until the arrival of the man sent by the physician.

(Continued on Page 85)

Photographic illustration by Eugene Hutchinson

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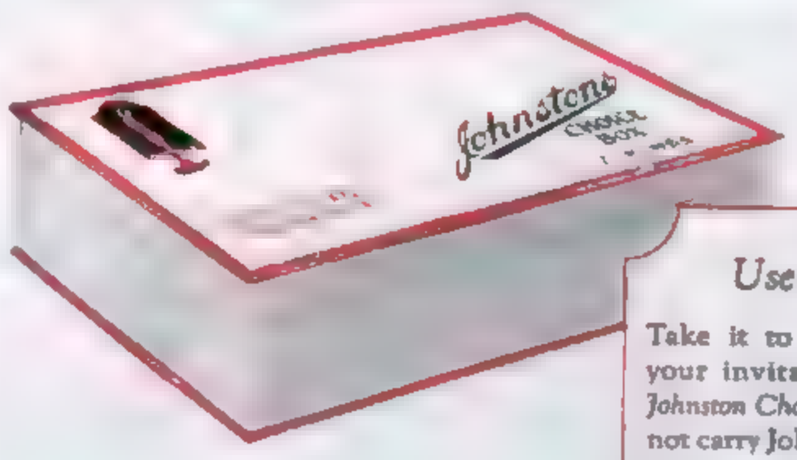

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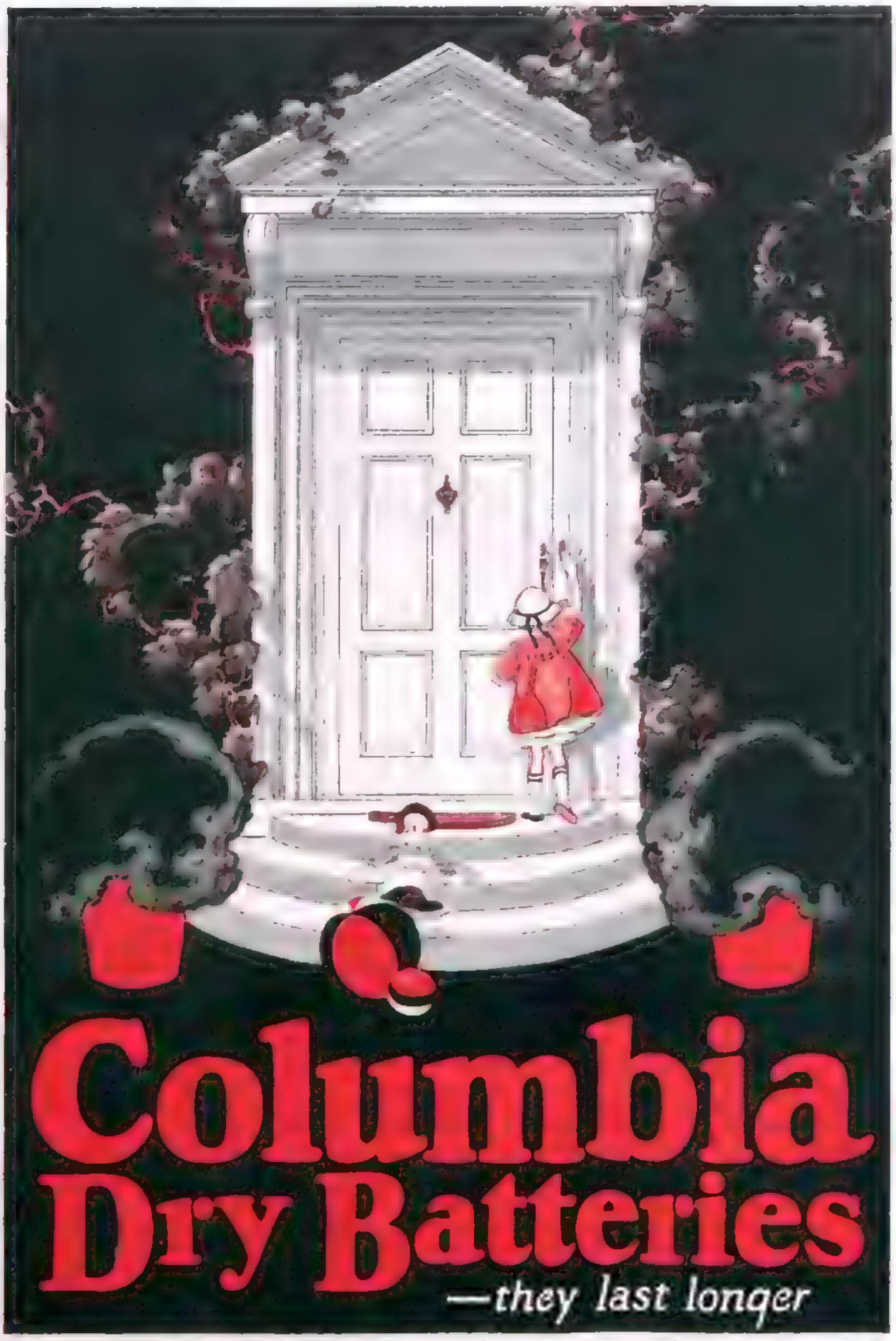

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(Continued from Page 82)

All night Wick Sparks remained at Morley's bedside, musing; once when Claire, who had not gone to bed or to sleep, glided in to look at her father and kneel by him, he rose promptly and quietly. The girl was altogether a forlorn figure with her wrinkled clothes and tumbled hair.

She felt the companion of her watch standing beside her and looked up. Her head fell back and the shining hair cascaded over her shoulders.

"Do you, always so indifferent and cold, believe in hereafter? That papa sees us now?"

"Nearly all men are convinced of immortality."

"And you do not make more ready for it? I'm afraid," she whispered, awe-stricken, "when I think of papa passing away without a prayer; without a hope, except the dreadful one—that to-morrow he would win."

Wick did not reply.

"And you," she said, her eyes widening upon him. "Haven't you any religion?"

"None, child. I will live here my own way; when I come to another life I'll take it as I find it, and look out for myself."

She could not reconcile his candid belief in immortality with irreligion, and as he walked away her gaze was bent upon the enigmatic countenance of the dead. Suddenly she rose, puzzled by all this, and terrified, but standing before Wick once more the valiant little girl of memory.

"I trust you again," she said in a voice strangely old and shrewd and hard; "and I'll believe as you do. It's papa's only hope, this belief. And if you're wrong in it—why, somebody else can do the praying for both him and me." Claire had not only backed him for this world—the sorry evidence lay there on the bed—but for the world to come!

Wick, left alone, looked curiously toward the bed; it struck him that Morley was actually dead when he spoke his will—dead, all but the master passion. "Was he actually dead then?" asked Wick. "Over the border? And could he see what we call the future? That's nonsense—maybe! I swear, he saw that race."

He felt a tingle of excitement; here was his obsession again. Only this time it came with the comprehension that his old penchant for Gold Dragon and the last tremendous gambling reverie started by meeting Claire, were merely forecastings of this situation, when the great colt was to race for Claire herself. And a man, already dead, except for the master passion, had named the Dragon winner and put down her money—in Wick's hands! He shook himself; no man knew better the fatal reliance of the gamester upon auguries. The remainder of the death watch was the watch of suspicion. "Morley, you were always unlucky!" he accused over and over. The dead man had pretty nearly betrayed him. He cursed his own excitement, but it would not be controlled or die out.

"One killing," he told himself, "and I would have enough to quit this shabby business and go to banking."

At morning, finding August sleeping peacefully on post in the big chair which he had set across the front hall, Wick tapped and whispered at Claire's door, and quietly let himself out by the fire escape at the rear. He went to his hotel for breakfast, then packed up and released his room, this being Getaway Day.

He was not his usual self, serenely indifferent to everything but Wickford Sparks; a somber excitement like that of revenge smoldered in his veins. It is what the total abstainer gets for drinking for a friend; a man who never stacked a chip, for playing another's hand. It is what Wick got for playing for Mr. Morley.

"I don't like the colt to-day," Wick told himself. "Fast company and too much talk about him as a ringer."

He went downtown about noon, and not only drew his balance at the bank but borrowed to the limit on his securities; he went to the track with forty thousand of his own money and the five thousand of Morley's.

▼

THE body of Mr. Morley was placed in a receiving vault that afternoon, Claire not wishing to bury her father among strangers if the event of the day should return the money to take him home. The dead gambler's daughter, waiting on his last winning to bury him decently, stood before Wick, heartsick, when he came to the apartment about seven o'clock.

And when he told her briefly that Gold Dragon had come in winner at odds of eight to one, she could only reply, "Why couldn't it have happened yesterday?"

"It is well for you that it happened to-day," Wick said. "You are forty-five thousand to the good."

"There are the friends who lent us money, to repay."

Wick began taking folds of bills out of every pocket, but she stopped him.

"I can't keep it here; I'm afraid of August. He wants to start the system again instead of paying our friends."

August on waking that morning had rushed off furiously in search of Wick and had not returned since. Claire was expecting him every minute. "Let's go to the office quickly," she said, "and find out from the books exactly what the debts are, and send the money to-night by telegraph."

The office, in a Forty-second Street building near Fifth Avenue, was a large one, showily furnished; the door was lettered: "Morley-Framer. Investments." There was a desk, a long table, and a cabinet from which Claire produced the one ledger of the firm. The two were bending over it, and Wick was copying names and amounts, when a prodigious shaking of the door and a shout admonished that Framer had overtaken them. Wick promptly admitted him and stepped clear as August rushed.

"The Dragon won!" exclaimed the latter, wild-eyed and coming on in a crouch. "I want my money. Twenty-two thousand five hundred ——"

"Just a moment," said Wick. "Take hold of the end of this table and help me push it against the wall." August complied involuntarily. "Now, Claire, jump up here. You can't reason or explain to this fellow. I know gamblers. The notion that he's won something has to be knocked out of him. Hold onto this coat."

August threw his own into a corner and the two met like wildcats. All over the room they fought, grappling, breaking, and the girl thought such blows must kill. Then all at once in the midst of a terrific mulling August quit.

Wick backed him into a corner by the throat, but Claire grasped his arm, begging, "Don't, don't, Wick! He's surrendered."

The faces of both boys were bruised and bleeding, but Wick, his breath laboring and eyes dilated with fury, stalked to the ledger and was copying again, when Claire began dabbing his face with her handkerchief. He frowned but could not be ill-humored with her. Then over her shoulder he noticed August in a hang-dog attitude but eying them with inveterate curiosity.

"Claire, give Framer a thousand dollars; his subscription to the capital as entered in this book," said Wick. His command being complied with he added briefly, "Now you're a thousand better off than I am. I took the field to win against the Dragon."

August's eyes started from his head. "You! Plunge! How ——"

"For forty thousand," said Wick, advancing with a stony look; August retreated. His lips and nose twitched, his eyes were bright green. "Not a question," said Wick, "or I'll murder you." And in an agony which never quite subsided the explorer into other people's business was driven before the stony presence, from this half-discovered secret. The door and their lives closed upon him.

"We're ready to do our telegraphing, Claire," said Wick presently.

The business was done and they were leaving the telegraph office, Claire with nearly four thousand dollars in her possession.

"I'll take you safely home, and you can bank it to-morrow," said Wick.

"You really lost all your money? I'm not doubting." The girl looked at him with pride. "You wouldn't lie, even to August; you couldn't lie. But you must let me divide with you."

He shook his head. "I never borrow."

"But what will you do? Where will you go?"

"I will decide that sometime during the night."

Claire, searching in her bag, asserted she had left her purse, containing the apartment key, at the office, but once there the girl admitted a ruse, dragged a chair to the door and seated herself on guard, much as August had done the night before.

"What am I in for now?" asked Wick.

"You say you'll decide what you're going to do sometime during the night; I'm going to wait up with you."

The hour was already late; soon the building would be deserted; Wick did not know exactly how to put his negative on her suggestion. "You ought to, and must go home," he said.

"You mean it won't look proper for me to stay." With her elbow on the arm of the chair and chin in hand she studied him. "But who is there to care? What does it matter?"

"I can't permit it. What use would you be to me anyway?"

"I might not be useful; but I'd be in the way if you decided to do the wrong thing," she explained. "The loss hasn't got to you yet. Don't I know what black thoughts come the first night after you're bankrupt? I used to listen till papa would scream out in his sleep, sometimes with curses; or till he began walking, and then go in to him. I'd talk and quiet him."

Wick threw up his hands in exasperation. "But what business is it of yours?"

"Wickford, I'm so tired I can't think very well; I only know that I oughtn't to leave you. And I won't go home, and won't be scared or dragged away from watching with you to-night."

Wick threw himself into a chair and glared at the uncompromising jailer, who folded her arms and tried to hold her tired body very erect.

"Well, I'll promise you not to make any decision at all to-night, and do nothing whatever, and report to you in the morning," he said.

"You don't know what you'll do to-night if you're left alone. Why won't you lie down on the table there and try to sleep?"

Wick gave up and dismissing her from his mind concentrated abruptly on his own affairs. His world of security seemed wrecked to the rock it was built upon. Had his character been too unsteadied to found another? Could he regain his strength of will, maintain his integrity of purpose? Or would he plunge again when he had accumulated enough to make a killing?

He started up, but at his first steps the nodding jailer straightened and her heavy eyes cleared anxiously. "If you'll just be patient you'll find a way out," she said in a voice so firm that he was taken by surprise, and his thoughts broken up for the moment. But he repudiated her suggestion and in his chair again reflected bitterly, "A way out! I've worked three years to have one open if the system collapsed. Now that's closed." With his resolve to notify Gower in the morning it seemed that life, not as he had known it but as other people knew it, was about to engulf him; the young man who had not for a long time known an anxiety began wondering like the rest of us how to get by—to escape care, hardship—what course of action offers the best chance!

He cursed the word which is the opposite of security, and looked at Claire, who was huddled in the big chair, her head fallen aside, asleep.

Wick went over and roused her. "If you won't go home, let me make a pallet on the table for you," he said impatiently. "You're breaking your neck."

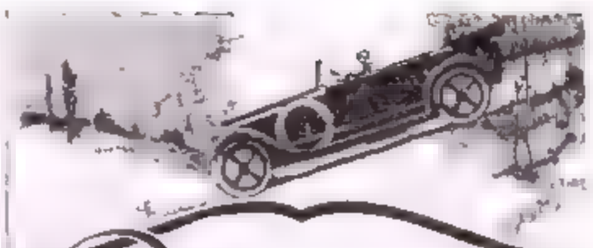
"Will you put the table across the door?"

He complied surlily, and with a sigh she laid herself down. "If you're having a bad time I'll be sure to wake up and talk to you."

"A bad time!" said Wick to himself. "What's every minute from now on, but a bad time!" After a while he must walk, and slipped off his shoes to pad up and down. "Gambling's got me," he said. His loss was irreparable and he threw up his hands even as his father had done. "All gone! I'd rather be dead a thousand times. I'm no good to myself here now. I'm a gambler." He cursed softly in utter frenzy, darting glances at the guarded door, trying a window furtively.

"Wick, has it come?" Claire raised herself on her elbow, fell back heavily and raised again. "Wick, I'm dizzy and played out. I'm afraid I'll fall down if I try to stand. You must come over here. Push up the chair."

He started, terribly frightened at being caught at the yawning window, and did as he was bidden. Claire took his hand in both her own and he sat pulled up close with his chest against the table. That was the best she could do to comfort him; she could hardly utter a word. After a time



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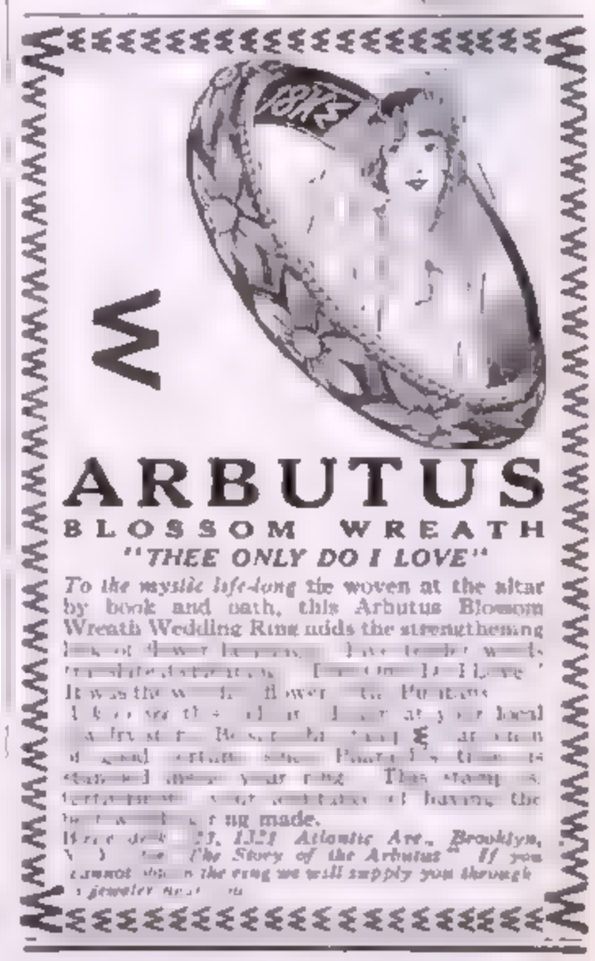

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she turned in a dead sleep, but gripping his hands with the grip of rescue and drew them upon her breast. They touched the round white throat, rose and fell with her breathing. The angry despairing man remained very still, looking at the tired little face in its scattered hair. In wonderment he felt her heartbeats meet and mingle with his own. Presently his face fell upon his outstretched arms and he was asleep too.

When Wick came to a slow awakening soon after dawn, Claire, with her hat on, was standing at the open window, waiting.

"We'll feel more like business after our sleep," she said, and invited him to breakfast.

Wick brushed his hair, glanced in the glass at his bruised cheek and followed her out.

"I didn't decide on anything," he told her at breakfast. "I can't see my way back to where I was."

"You are the same Wickford Sparks."

"You know better, Claire. You know what gambling does to a man; I've lost all confidence in myself."

"But you've got to go on living!"

"I'll be too disgusted to play at a life where no security is to be won. Now come on; we'll get your ticket to Midwest and buy a draft with the rest of your money. I have one little matter left to attend to; then I'll join you again and put you on your train this afternoon."

She saw that nothing was to be done with him; his features were set as granite and his tone final. Still she stuck.

"Take me where you're going, Wick; I'll wait until your business is attended to, and then we can go to the apartment and I'll pack."

"Come on," he answered.

It was immediately after this breakfast that he made his visit to the bank, leaving Claire in the lobby while he went into Mr. Gower's office. He told the banker without preliminary that gambling had got him. "The other road out, which you promised to keep open for me, is closed up," he said.

Even old Gower, used to bankrupts with every conceivable tale, was a little aghast over the tragedy. "Bad," he said; "but maybe something else can be done for you."

"Nothing can be done."

Algy came in from his office and stared after Wick. "What's happened?" he asked.

"Your friend has plunged! Gone broke!"

Algy repeated the words with tremendous concern and, running, came up with Wick in the lobby, where Claire had rejoined him.

"I say, you can't leave me with plenty of money, flat like this," gasped Algy. "It isn't being done by a friend of mine who's gone broke."

Wick smiled grimly and introduced his companion.

"On my word, he's been in a fight," Algy told Claire. "You must explain to me and the governor, you really must. He's terribly cut up by your rushing him."

"It wasn't very courteous," admitted Wick. "Naturally I haven't much to say this morning, but if Mr. Gower believes I owe him an explanation I'll give it. You can come, too, Claire."

Algy, overjoyed, escorted them back and stood stiffly beside his friend as the latter explained to Mr. Gower.

Wick told of Mr. Morley and of the latter's giving him the five thousand to place on Gold Dragon. "The horse won at eight to one," he said, "and paid enough to satisfy Mr. Morley's investors and leave his daughter about four thousand. I lost my money on this race; forty thousand dollars."

"What horse did you take?"

"The field against the Dragon."

"You took to the track forty thousand dollars, and bet it with the bookmakers on the field?"

"Not with the bookmakers," replied Wick, frowning.

Gower leaned forward, his finger tips crawling over the desk, as if summoning spirits at a séance. "Who did you bet with?"

"Mr. Morley!"

Gower's huge body sprang back; he had established a contact he had not looked for. "You took his bet! You didn't put up his five thousand with the bookmakers either?"

"I had given Mr. Morley my promise and oath that I would place that five thousand on Gold Dragon to win; I took his bet myself."

Again Gower went after this witness, who was not reluctant, but who seemed to possess some sort of evidence which he did not know how to divulge.

"Did you do that for the sake of this young woman?"

Wick came up to the desk, Algy fanatic in his friend's cause—whatever it was—keeping step, at his shoulder.

The clasped hands and appealing face of Claire did not escape Gower's eye; the little Portia, no longer unlearned, was not pleading her own cause, but that of Wick Sparks, ungrateful hero, man of iron will and self-sufficiency. Something dearer than her happiness and life hung on his answer to this leading question.

"Did you cover Mr. Morley's five thousand yourself, for the sake of this young woman, Morley's daughter? So that if the horse lost the race you could tell her that you had believed the bet a bad one, and having failed to bet the money, could return it to her? Was love or sympathy for her your motive? Answer that!"

His witness was cornered; the fierce old autocrat of banking settled back with a tolerant air; already the growl of half pardon was in his throat for this criminal of love. Then his jaws clashed, the growl of forgiveness became a muffled roar of wrath.

Wick had turned to Claire at the question, bent his brows, studied her. "No, it was not for Claire," he answered harshly. "I had persuaded Mr. Morley to take a partnership in the system; that led on to his demanding the secret and starting up on his own account with some of his friends. I knew all along he couldn't resist a temptation to gamble. Yet I got him going. He plunged. Well, here was five thousand, the very last of the money he and his friends had invested. I figured: 'With the bookmakers it may be lost.' I couldn't risk that! But I really owed these men a chance to win back their money, after getting them into a game too strong for them. I couldn't resist it; I gambled—that Gold Dragon would not win! No, it was not for Claire."

"Oh, Wick, I'm so glad!" They gazed in astonishment at the clasped hands and happy face. "He didn't do it for me; he didn't do it for anybody. He did it because it was good; it was righteous! Oh, Wick"—forgetting the others, seeing no one else—"you can't help but come through now! Don't you remember, it is said, 'Blessed are the righteous'?"

"That," said Wick coldly to the backslider, "is just a promise. There's only a chance that it is true."

Old Gower bulked among them. His lifted hand forbade all further discussion. "That, Wickford," he said, his own look awed and still, "is the chance you took!"

Wick followed with astonished eyes the form of the old banker as he slowly pushed his son before him out of the room. "Start here with me to-morrow," he said from the door. "The way out is open."

Wick gazed back at Claire, but asked himself, not her: "Did I do that?" Had he staked the one-man world that the promise was true? Now he was one of the losers of the present; one of the miserable. Could he look up uncomplainingly; work, accumulate, plunge again—how was that—righteously? He stood listening, watching, with a faint, delightful interest in his face.

"Claire!" He groped abstractedly for her hand, and clasped it. "I have lost my fortune, yet I don't feel so very cast down."

"See, you are blessed already."

"Last night while you were watching with me for my hour of horrors to strike, I thought, 'If I had back my fortune, if I had back my own secure world now—I would not be happy without Claire.'" Wick talked up to himself again; "I must have been fighting a losing fight against loving her, for a long while—it won on me and beat me down so suddenly."

"I didn't know ——" she faltered.

"Why, you look as you did when a little girl and I first saw you."

"I haven't changed," sighed Claire; "I loved you then just the same as I do now."

He held her closely to his side as they walked away. At the very threshold he limped haltingly with a make-believe fright of all-men's world, which was not quite make-believe; Claire observed him, listening, watching, with so delightful an interest in his face that she blushed but could not help putting her arm around him too.

The door opened a crack; wider; the System Player, unmoved by the thousand passion gusts of the betting ring, bent his black brows and with an eager little laugh pressed on, into the great game, forgetting security; Claire's blessed Plunger.

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What is she saying?

HERE is a woman buying underwear. She's probably buying it for her husband—perhaps for herself—or her children. The question is: What is she saying to the clerk that is making him turn to Sealpax? She must be saying something about Sealpax—something important—*what?*

Think it over! Write it down! There is no set answer to guess—yours may be the winner. Study the facts about Sealpax given below—they'll help you. Your answer may be anything but it must not be more than twenty words in length. Competent neutral judges will award prizes. Send your answer to the Prize Department, The Sealpax Company, Baltimore, Md. The contest closes July 29th and the winners will be announced in The Saturday Evening Post, October 28th, 1922. Think about it and win a prize!

Best Answer .	$500
Second Prize . . .	$200
Third Prize	$100
Fourth Prize . . .	$50
Next Best Five (each)	$15
Next Best Five (each)	$10
Next Best Five (each)	$5
Next Fifty (each)—one suit of Sealpax	

(In event of ties for any prize offered the full amount of such prize will be awarded to each tying contestant.)

Sealpax
Athletic Underwear

SIXTY-NINE nimble-witted citizens are going to win prizes in the Sealpax thousand-dollar contest. But *everybody* can win the prize of luxurious underwear comfort that slips over a man when he slips into a suit of Sealpax!

Get Sealpax for yourself—you can't imagine how much cooler, how much more comfortable it is until you try it. The light-and-breezy fabric—the elastic webbed shoulders and full roomy armholes—the elastic webbed waistband—all combine to make Sealpax Athletic Underwear the coolest, easiest underwear that ever carried you through the sultry heat of the summer months.

And we can't speak of Sealpax without emphasizing the way it is sold. Each garment is packed individually in a sealed envelope—each garment is delivered to you as fresh and crisp and clean as on the day it was made and laundered.

Sealpax is such a wonderful underwear it just had to be made for women and children, too. And so, "Lady Sealpax" offers to women all the comforts of an athletic underwear, daintily made in a wide range of fabrics.

And "Little Brother" and "Little Sister" Sealpax bring "Dad's Comfort to Dad's Kids," a cool, comfortable athletic underwear for the children, reinforced for long and hard wear. *Sealpax for all the family—try it!*

Men's Sealpax (Union Suit) $1.25

"Lady Sealpax" $1.00 up

Children's Sealpax $1.00

Send your contest answer to Prize Department, THE SEALPAX COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.

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Metal Window-Frames and all sheet metal made of galvanized "Armco" Ingot Iron

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Windows are the eyes of buildings

The massive structures of steel, concrete, and stone must get the living light through these delicate "eyes." Time, and all the destructive elements, attack the windows and window-frames, for they are the weakest places in the exterior of buildings.

Here, then, for window-frames, is an ideal use of "Armco" Ingot Iron, the iron which resists rust.

"Armco" Ingot Iron is of uniform purity. The surface is smooth and even. The metal is ductile and easy to form. Internal corrosion in iron is largely caused by impurities, which have been removed by a special process in the manufacture of "Armco" Ingot Iron. Because of its purity, it takes a coat of galvanizing and holds it.

Architects are finding many uses for "Armco" Ingot Iron. In addition to window-frames, it is used for grilles, cornices, ventilator systems, skylights, and ornamental architectural ironwork.

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RESISTS RUST

The trade-mark "Armco" carries the assurance that products bearing that mark are manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence, and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for them. The trade-mark "Armco" is registered in the U. S. Patent Office

CONSUMPTION AFTER THE BOOM

(Continued from Page 25)

public utilities and building materials are illustrations in point. These must be estimated by measurement of production. Consumption of tools of trade—by which are meant harness, farm implements, hand tools, replacement parts of machines, and so on—is usually best measured from production, since manufacturing programs are closely related to seasonal requirements.

The second method of studying consumption is to survey retail trade. Retail trade has never been properly scrutinized in the census. Some retail traders assemble figures that are of especial value in estimating consumption. Many department stores, chain stores, coöperative stores, mail-order houses and jobbing concerns keep and display careful records of monthly sales. Despite the fact that these cannot be representative of all classes of the population they furnish valuable information concerning volume and direction of retail purchases. Indirectly, retail trade can be measured in an approximate way by car loadings, express shipments, bank clearances and specialized manufacture.

The third method of studying consumption is to measure production. One must know for each class of goods the time that intervenes between raw material and finished article. This being known, if one is able to secure figures on visible and invisible stocks, the data on production afford measurement of the volume of consumption. Accurate records of visible and invisible stocks are kept for some materials and commodities; for others not. For the present purpose, however, it is clear that where direct estimates of stocks are not available we are on safe ground in making an assumption with regard to them. We entered 1919 with short stocks of most finished civilian commodities. We had a fair carry-over of bread grains, a heavy count in domesticated animals, and abundant feed and fodder. Minerals, metals, fibers and other raw materials had been mobilized for purposes of war. Many of these materials were available at once for civilian consumption. Conditions of production were not favorable during the year, but in some directions stocks tended to accumulate in 1919, despite strong revival of consumption. There was further accumulation of stocks in 1920. During 1921 stocks have been declining, and we enter 1922 with most stocks upon a low plane.

Under these circumstances, if we know the production in '21 and the carry-over into and out of that year, we can measure consumption during the year. And for commodities of which accurate information on stocks is not available, figures for consumption based on production will be a little low, since we know that stocks have declined. If under these circumstances a figure for consumption is normal we are sure that it is at least normal; if it seems low it is in fact less low than the estimate.

Overcompensation

It is possible, in the purely commodity sense, to trace production and consumption through the boom into the depression. During the war we practiced repression of the standard of living in a number of directions, due to mobilization of materials and services for purposes of warfare. This resulted in a certain degree of depletion—small—in the material sense, and dissatisfaction—large—in the psychological sense. With the termination of the war, in the possession of comparably efficient methods of production, it was natural and inevitable that efforts should be devoted to replacing depletions and obliterating dissatisfactions. Almost insensibly we passed from the emergency of war goods and services to an emergency of civilian goods and services. Demand antedated supply, since time was required to bring production back into civilian channels. Our manufacture in 1919 was low, due to militarization of plants and war lethargy of labor. Prices rose with insistent demand and lagging supply. Producers sought to bring supply to the level of demand by speeding up the operations of the tools of production and by making contracts for raw materials over distant periods of time and in amounts in excess of plant requirements. Manufacturers ordered twice what they needed in the hope of obtaining as much as they required. To a large extent the emergency in raw materials was spurious. Retailers, unable to satisfy customers, placed orders in every conceivable direction, in excess of measurable requirements, and at high prices. Retailer, wholesaler, jobber and manufacturer bought and ordered more than they expected to receive or use.

After the holiday season of '19, production had gotten well under way and each week consumers found less difficulty in supplying their wants. Gradually the number of consumers whose demands were satisfied, or at least not insistent, increased. People of foresight began to restrict purchases. Gradually the volume of production approached that of consumption. In the spring of 1920 it became apparent that the curves of production and consumption would soon meet, that in many lines production would soon exceed consumption. The emergency of civilian goods and services was thereafter not only satisfied but in many directions overcompensated. Overcompensation occurred in two directions—in actual production of raw materials in excess of consumers' requirements of finished goods after the war depletion had been repaired, and in future contracts and commitments for raw materials in excess of reasonable consumption, and even in excess of plant capacity.

The Signal for Deflation

In the summer of 1920 the curve of demand flattened out, the curve of production rose above it. With this reversal of the relations of production and consumption what had been a seller's market became a buyer's market. So soon as this was apparent, possessors of excess materials attempted to dispose of them, holders of future contracts and commitments sought to evade them. Manufacturers who were not overextended were soon able profitably to purchase raw materials and offer finished goods at cut prices. Excess stocks began to appear on the market under liquidation. Contraction of credit to producer, manufacturer and dealer accentuated discrepancy between supply and demand on a purely commodity basis. When buyers found they could obtain the goods they did not really need they awaited further fall of prices; this was the so-called buyers' strike. From the fall of '20 all factors tended to operate in the direction of deflation of prices. The entire year '21 was characterized by deflation—precipitous and, indeed, forced with certain commodities, halting and restrained with others. The last half of '21 witnessed interactions towards rectification of disparities of prices produced by unequal deflations.

In the early months of '22 are observed further reactions in the removal of price disparities and the reëstablishment of natural price relations between different classes of commodities by advances in the price of farm products. When disparities in prices have been corrected it is believed that the general price level will be temporarily stabilized at about 150 compared with the prewar level of 100. With some materials, where deflation occurred early and fully, recovery appeared early, as in the case of wool and silk.

In stressing the commodity aspect of the picture of the business cycle I do not undertake to underestimate the influence of accumulation of gold and the monetary policy on prices. When the accentuated European demand for goods came in 1915, this had a double effect: It called forth extension along normal civilian lines, as in agriculture; it also called into being new plant expansion along abnormal noncivilian lines. The latter was fully developed in 1917, and became topheavy in 1918. During 1915–16 we competed with Europeans for the products of our industries. During 1917–18 we competed with our Allies for the civilian and military products of our factories. After the armistice the competition between Europe and ourselves for our products was turned into civilian channels, but remained intense. The scarcity of raw materials was largely spurious, except for transient lack of transportation. The scarcity of consumers' goods was actual but ephemeral. The buying power of Europe was low but desperate. The buying power of our people was lower than commonly rated, because the increased income of the war years had been largely neutralized by increased prices, as has been clearly shown by the National Bureau of Economic Research.

Decline in price of hogs in 1919 sounded the signal for deflation. There was some deflation in 1920, particularly in raw materials. With few exceptions the year '21 presented continuing deflation and decline of prices. There is still deflation to be accomplished in 1922, particularly in fuel, building materials and finished commodities. The year 1921 presented continuing decline in consumption, or at least in manufacturers' disposal of goods, in consumers' takings of goods. It is instructive to analyze this decline in consumption.

A study of consumption is illuminated by contrasting and comparing final consumption with productive consumption. By final consumption we mean, for example, the purchase of flour by the housewife; by productive consumption, the purchase of wheat by the miller. For each material there is a natural relation, in quantity and time, between producers' goods and consumers' goods. If imports, exports and stocks are known, figures for productive consumption can be used to measure takings of consumers' goods and check the results of direct measurements. On the other hand, direct measurement of purchase of consumers' goods may be used to check the figures of productive consumption, where these seem divergent or incongruous. It will be an advantage in the survey that follows to take up the study by commodities.

Contradictory Figures

BREAD GRAINS. During 1919 and until June, 1920, wheat was under the liquidating control of the United States Grain Corporation. This corporation delivered grain to the mills, promulgated milling regulations, controlled prices of milling, jobbing and retailing, had charge of imports and exports, and was obligated to purchase all offerings at the price fixed by national enactment. Convinced that supplies of wheat and rye were adequate the grain corporation early in 1919 wisely released millers, jobbers, wholesalers, retailers and bakers from war restrictions and returned them to the operations of free trade, but retained control of imports and exports. Early in 1919 the United States Treasury suspended governmental credits to the ex-allied governments for purchase of American commodities. The wheat and rye crops of 1918 were large. We entered the year with a good carry-over of wheat and a small stock of flour. Some time was required for mills to return to normal operations and to reestablish their brands in the retail market. From the official data for production, net export and supply, the per capita consumption of wheat flour over a period of years is seen to have been as follows:

YEAR	POUNDS PER CAPITA
1914	220.3
1915	215.6
1916	205.8
1917	201.8
1918	170.5
1919	197.9
1920	168.6
1921	192.1

The figures for flour production are obtained from trade sources with the same methods employed by the Food Administration. During the years '14, '15 and '16, while we were neutral, the average consumption was 216.9 lbs. During the war years '17 and '18, the average consumption was 186.1 lbs. During '19, '20 and '21, the average consumption was 186.2 lbs. Conservation of wheat flour was not gotten under way until late in '17. The low consumption of '18—170.5—may be regarded as the direct result of the efforts of the Food Administration. With the setting free of bread the figure for consumption rebounded in '19 to practically 198 pounds, declined in '20 to below the level of consumption in '18, and returned in '21 to 192 pounds.

The decline in consumption in 1920 is difficult to understand. It is well known that flour consumption falls during prosperity and rises during hard times. The figures for consumption in '20 and '21 would follow this rule, but the figures for '19 and '20 are in contradiction. Observation in homes and public eating places lends no support to the idea of decline in actual use of products of wheat flour. On the other hand, it is certain that the lesson of elimination of waste of wheat, inculcated during the war, has not been forgotten. In every direction in which the subject is to be investigated less waste is encountered than before the war.

It is possible that increased consumption of rye flour might help to explain the lowered figures for wheat consumption. Rye flour production is not known in the same way as is wheat flour production; but one does not see how we could hope to find in rye flour an explanation for the low figure for '20 compared with '19 and '21. Before the war the use of corn and rice was receding in the Southern States, being replaced by wheat. During the war corn and rice were pushed forward. In '19 the use of corn and rice again declined in favor of wheat. Corn and rice have been cheaper than wheat flour in the Southern States. With hard times it was to be expected that the use of wheat would decline, the people returning to the not-yet-forgotten use of cheaper corn and rice. Such surveys as have been made in the South confirm this inference. These explanations may suffice to cover the lower consumption of the three years after the war; but they give no explanation for the aberrant figure for 1920.

It is probable that the grindings of nonreporting mills have been increased since elevation of freight rates. Stocks of flour diminished from December, '19, to December, '20, and remained low during '21. The decline in stocks during '20 must be added to the figure for production during '20 to reach the figure for consumption during '20—that is, part of the 198 pounds credited to 1919 was not consumed until 1920. How much this would elevate the low figure for '20 is not computable. By the same reasoning, flour consumption credited to 1917 may not have taken place until 1918. Consumption of flour may have been reduced during these years, but it is strange to see retrenchment in a cheap staple foodstuff, with use of high-priced foods retained.

COARSE GRAINS. Production and consumption of cereal foods prepared from corn, oats, barley and rice cannot be measured, except in the case of rice, because of the lack of collection of data at the sources. Manufacturers in these lines report business as dull in 1921. The public seems not yet to have recovered from the wheatless days of 1918, except in the South, where the use of corn and rice appears to have risen during 1920.

Other Comparisons

DAIRY PRODUCTS. Consumption of dairy products seems to have been normal, no matter how surveyed. The count of dairy cattle has been maintained. Through selection in breeding, the annual milk output per cow increases every year. Since 1919 prices of feeds have declined, and since 1920 costs of farm labor also. During the war we developed an abnormal export trade in condensed milk. This has fallen precipitously, though not yet to the prewar level. Exports of butter and cheese have declined, and imports have increased. The results of these changes in foreign trade seem to have been wholly absorbed in the domestic utilization of the milk supply. To a remarkable extent the prices of dairy products have been sustained since the armistice, displaying little more than seasonal variations. Dairy products have been the most remunerative of agricultural produce to the producer, and have been absorbed in undiminished volume by the consuming public. The inflexibility of milk consumption has been given another demonstration during the past two years.

SUGAR. The consumption of sugar has remained entirely normal. The United States and island possessions produce about one-half of our sugar supply, and the rest is imported from Cuba. Following the release of sugar from the control of the Sugar Equalization Board in 1919, the price of sugar sky-rocketed to unheard-of altitudes. The descent was equally spectacular and distressing. For months sugar has been

(Continued on Page 92)

The Columbia Light Six

WHEN you visit the showroom of the Columbia dealer in your city and examine the new Columbia Light Six, your first question almost certainly will be: "How is it possible to offer this automobile at so low a price?"

The Columbia Light Six represents a departure from customary methods of developing an automobile; it is a new and unusual car made possible by a new and unusual type of co-operation among nationally known *specialized* producers of motor car units.

Designed for Dependability

Columbia engineers some time ago set out to develop a lightweight six-cylinder automobile which at the same time should be sturdy, powerful, economical in operation, and thoroughly *dependable.* They did not shop for low prices; each unit selected was the best—built by a long-established, universally recognized manufacturer.

Naturally they chose a Continental "Red Seal" Motor. They specified Timken Axles. They went to Durston for the transmission. They called on Auto-Lite for electrical equipment. Borg & Beck provided the clutch, Stromberg the carburetor, Gemmer the steering gear, Harrison the radiator, Spicer the universal joints.

A Car Made Possible By Co-operation

Then the principals of these great manufacturing organizations were invited to a private showing of the new Columbia model. Their attention was called to the possibilities of this Light Six if it could be marketed for less than $1000.

They were soon convinced that many thousands of small profits would in the end outweigh a few large ones. They adjusted their prices to a basis of quantity production, cutting profits to the narrowest possible margin *without sacrificing quality of materials or workmanship*, just as Columbia had already planned to do in building the completed car.

And in this way the Columbia Light Six at $985 was made possible.

The Columbia Light Six Built To Fine Car Standards

A 50-horsepower Continental "Red Seal" Motor of the most economical high-speed type. Removable head, full-pressure lubrication, "hot-spot" manifold, counterbalanced 4-bearing crankshaft, silent chain-driven timing gears.

Road tests show speed ranging well beyond 60 miles an hour, and exceptional acceleration at ordinary driving speed.

Timken Axles, front and rear; Durston transmission, with Timken bearings; Auto-Lite starting and lighting equipment; Borg & Beck clutch; Spicer Universal Joints; Gemmer Steering Gear; Stromberg Carburetor.

Car weight, 2400 pounds, 450 pounds less than the average car of equal wheelbase—115 inches.

Steel or wood wheels optional. Tires—6-ply Fisk Cords, 31 x 4, guaranteed for a car weighing 800 pounds more.

The longest body ever built on this length wheelbase, mounted directly on the frame—as in high-priced cars—to eliminate squeaks and rattles.

Genuine leather upholstery; wide, deep-cushioned seats. Deep-drawn crown fenders of 20-gauge cold-rolled steel. Barrel headlights.

A Six at the Price of the Average Popular Four

The Columbia Light Six is the first *specialized unit* Six that has ever sold for less than $1000. It is a strikingly handsome automobile—well-proportioned, roomy, powerful, sound in every part and built by the experienced Columbia manufacturing organization into a smooth-running, durable and dependable whole.

At every point throughout the entire car you will find advanced design, high quality materials and generous strength. There has been no skimping—no compromise in the interests of low price.

See and Judge for Yourself

Columbia dealers are now demonstrating the Columbia Light Six—both the Open Car at $985, f. o. b. Detroit, and the Sedan (a five-passenger four-door enclosed car, with metal back construction) at $1395, f. o. b. Detroit.

Let this be your invitation to visit our dealer in your city, to examine the Columbia Light Six, to ride in it, to drive it. Form your own judgment from the car's performance, plus the evident quality that extends to the smallest details.

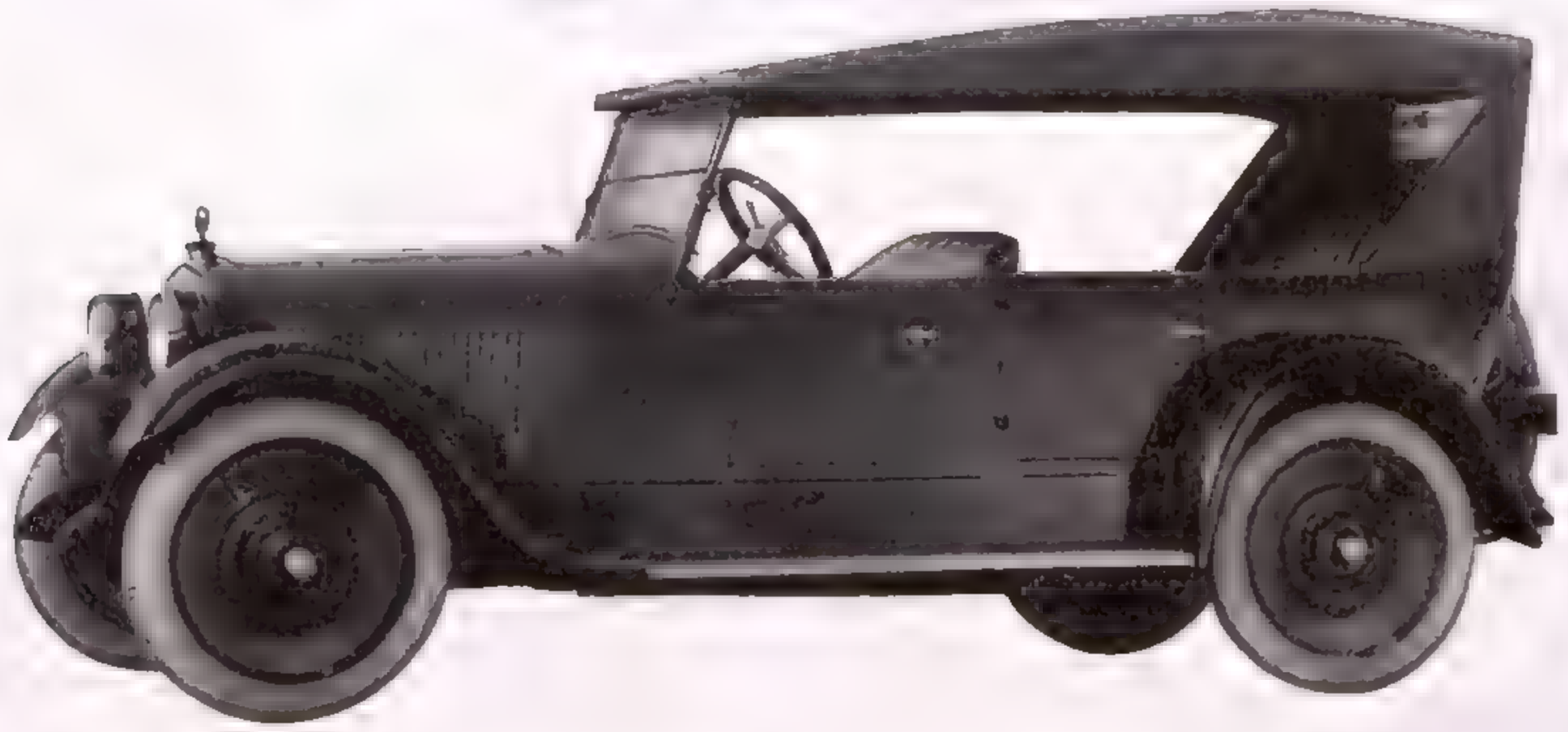
Decide for yourself if there is any reason why you should pay more for a thoroughly good automobile.

COLUMBIA MOTORS COMPANY

DETROIT, U. S. A.

The

Columbia Light Six



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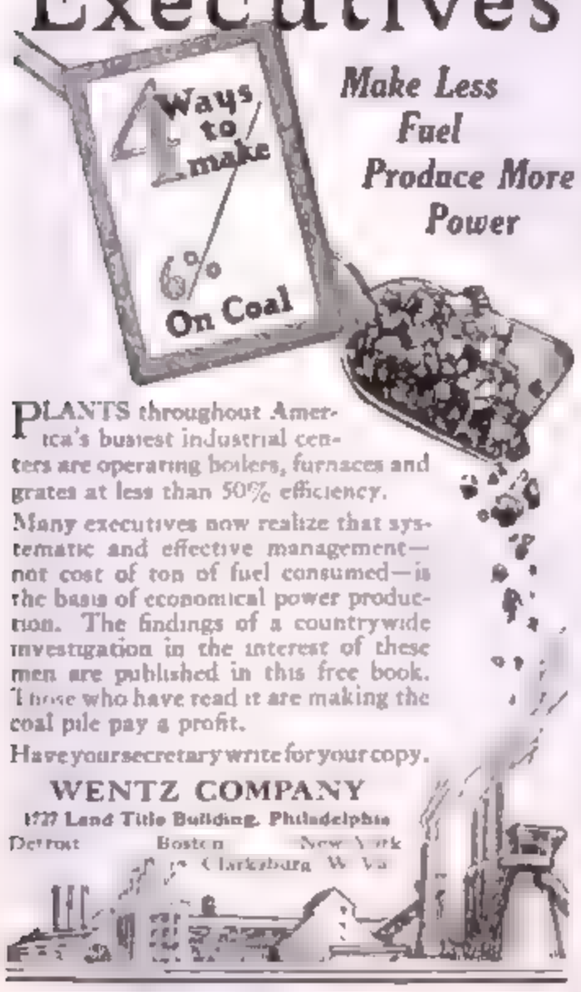

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Have your secretary write for your copy.

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Mild and Mellow—

Get the facts
See Page 75

(Continued from Page 89)

one of our cheapest foodstuffs, nearly approaching the prewar level in retail price. During the years '19, '20 and '21 the consumption has been almost constant. The per capita consumption of refined sugar—Willett & Gray—for the last three years in order was 87.3, 86.5 and 86.8 pounds. Disregarding the war year '18, the average per capita consumption of refined sugar in the last ten years was 86.1 pounds. Apparently sugar is our least flexible foodstuff. Clearly, also, consumption remains the same, irrespective of price and prohibition.

A comparison of curve of consumption with curve of price during the last three years is convincing in this direction. There is, however, evidence that the form of consumption has changed to some extent; there was less use of manufactured sugar—confectionery—and greater use of sugar in the home.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES. Consumption of fruits and vegetables is difficult to measure, because it is not possible to segregate from rural production the production that enters commercial trade. In prosperous times rural production of fruit and vegetables for home consumption tends to fall, in hard times to rise. Stocks of fruits and vegetables were very uneven in 1919, some long, some short. The pack of 1920 was put up at exorbitant prices, the packers everywhere restricting their output to some extent. In 1921 the acreage of the staple vegetables grown for commercial packing in the principal states was reduced one-third.

During '21 stocks declined and the new pack was restricted. The consumption has therefore been the sum of the pack and of volume of decline in stocks. We enter the crop year '22 with stocks of packed vegetables reduced to a low point. Apparently the consumption may be regarded as having been normal with slight reductions in certain directions.

Fruits and Meats

The situation is still more complex with fruits. The Central and Eastern states suffered a killing frost during the blossom season of 1921, and the fruit crop was small. The pack was proportionately reduced. The heated term during the summer of 1921 increased the consumption of all fruits and hastened reduction of stocks. The crop and consumption of citrus fruits in 1921 were heavy. The freeze in California in February has reduced greatly the present citrus crop. From now until the new fruit crops appear, consumption of several fruits must be somewhat low for lack of supplies. The importation of bananas has risen each year since 1919. In 1919 we had a balance of exports of dried fruits of 106,000 tons; this was reversed in the following year to a balance of imports of 4000 tons; and this last year again reversed to a balance of exports of 22,000 tons. In 1919 the balance of imports of nuts was 75,000 tons; in 1920 it was 136,000 tons, and last year 106,000 tons. The fact that the importation of dried fruits and nuts was not permitted during '18 prevents us from using these figures as indications of consumption following their resumed importation. Our own crops have been uneven. By and large, there seems little indication that the consumption of fruits and nuts has displayed during the last three years any other reduction than that naturally associated with partial crop failure.

In certain lines the fancy grades seem to have been neglected. Stocks of fruits and nuts, like stocks of packed vegetables, are low.

MEATS. Estimate of consumption of meat and meat production during the last two years depends largely upon the base line employed.

Meat consumption has been falling in the United States for twenty years before the war, from practically 190 to 166 pounds.

The following table, from the data of the Department of Agriculture, gives the figures for consumption of meats, per person, per year, in pounds. The production of inspected meat and lard was 100,000,000 pounds less in '21 than in '20, but the estimated production of uninspected meat and lard was 260,000,000 pounds more in '21 than in '20. In addition, stocks of inspected meats declined in '21 by more than the difference in production of inspected meat in the two years.

YEAR	BEEF AND VEAL	PORK AND LARD	MUTTON AND LAMB
1907	83.7	102.9	6.4
1908	76.1	97.9	6.2
1909	81.6	96.3	6.7
1910	84.7	71.0	6.5
1911	79.1	88.0	7.0
1912	75.8	82.7	8.3
1913	66.1	87.0	7.6
1914	62.9	82.8	7.5
1915	58.9	92.3	6.1
1916	62.7	91.4	6.2
1917	68.6	70.7	4.7
1918	74.4	86.7	4.8
1919	65.6	80.4	5.8
1920	68.2	82.1	6.0
1921	64.6	84.3	6.3

The data for inspected slaughterings and commercial stocks are accurate. The figures for rural slaughterings and total meat production are estimates. During the period of decline of prices of livestock rural slaughterings have increased relative to inspected slaughterings. The war brought with it a restriction in meat consumption; the consumption during the last three years has tended upwards. The average per capita consumption between '07 and '16 was 167.4 lbs. During '17 and '18 it was 151.9 lbs., and remained practically unchanged during '19. In '20 it rose five lbs., and remained at about the same level in '21. A slight fall in consumption of beef and veal has been balanced by increase in consumption of pork, mutton and lamb.

Classes Most Affected

A local survey of the meat consumption of Philadelphia, Boston and New York during 1921 yields the same result as that drawn from figures for the entire country—that meat consumption was fully sustained in 1921, beef consumption having slightly fallen, consumption of pork, mutton and lamb slightly increased. But meat consumption has shown no trend to the higher figures of the prewar years. It is clear, also, that during the period of industrial depression there has been no reduction in the consumption of meat by the urban population.

Since 1918 the count of animals has fallen. Though the count of milk cows has been maintained, that of other cattle, swine and sheep has declined materially. The supply of meat available to maintain the plane of consumption since 1919 has been the expression of selling off of animals, rather than sustained positive output through efficient feeding operations, though carcass weights in 1921 were good. It is doubtful if the present count of animals can long maintain a meat supply corresponding to the consumption of 1921. This is a problem of the future. Meat stocks are low, except in mutton and lamb.

VEGETABLE OILS. Consumption of vegetable oil is difficult of measurement, because of complexity in statistics. The supply of vegetable oils—production plus net import—was high in 1919, fell about 25 per cent in 1920, and another 10 per cent in 1921, the figure for that year approximating the supply in '14–'16. Stocks in '20 remained practically at the level of '19, but in '21 were considerably reduced. So far as it is possible to trace the oils, it seems probable that decline in consumption in 1921 was confined to industrial uses, the table and kitchen consumption of edible oils being apparently little changed.

MISCELLANEOUS FOODS. Coming finally to the consumption of accessories of the diet—spices, tea, coffee, and so on, it seems clear that consumption, once restored from the war level, has proceeded within normal boundaries. Importations of coffee, tea, cocoa and spices during the last three years afford no ground for assumption of reduced consumption. The coffee crop of last year was large. It is apparently up to the American people to drink this crop; Europe cannot afford to do so.

The classes most severely reduced by decline in income were farmers, civil servants and families living on small, fixed investments. Have these maintained their standards of living? Certainly not. They may have maintained their food supply, but the fact that the per capita food consumption of the country is normal does not prove that these groups have suffered no deprivation. There is evidence of a hearsay nature that the members of the last two groups have had to practice retrenchment in subsistence. The average income of civil servants had in 1918 only 70 per cent of the buying power of 1913; in 1921 it was still more reduced for many groups, because bonuses lapsed. Farmers rarely suffer from hunger except when crops fail. The man close to the soil protects his family first, and in this he cannot be circumvented by business cycles or governments, so long as he has not been dispossessed of his land. Farmers have had less of store foods during '21 than in previous years, but they have used more home supplies. This included more home-killed meat, home-raised vegetables, farm-rendered lard, more dairy products; but fewer bananas from Central America, oranges from Florida and corn from Maine. Fewer eggs have been used on the farm, because eggs have been money in the country store. Before the war, 35 to 40 per cent of the calories in the diet of the farmer's family were supposed to have come from the place. This may have risen to 50 per cent in 1921. To judge the condition of the farmer one must see his bill for implements, not for groceries. The problems of the farmer—and they are very difficult and serious—lie in finance and cost of operations, not in subsistence.

IN SUMMARY. The food consumption during '19, '20 and '21 was entirely within normal limits and the fluctuations no larger than often observed in normal years before the war. Neither war, postwar, boom nor depression seems to have demonstrably disturbed food consumption. Our scale of subsistence was generous, there was plenty of leeway for retrenchment whenever felt to be necessary. But signs of retrenchment in subsistence are difficult to discern. As the family income advanced from 1915 to 1920, the outlay for food a little more than kept pace, apparently, though the average outlay did not rise above 50 per cent of the income. What happened during 1921 varied with the income. For families whose incomes remained high the outlay for food fell to 40 per cent, or less, of the income; but where the income was early reduced the percentage of income expended for food rose, possibly above 50 per cent. The values suggest retrenchment in everything but food, shelter, light and fuel.

TOOLS OF TRADE. Consumption of tools of trade was high in 1919, moderated somewhat in 1920 and declined in 1921. It is not possible to give an approximation of a weighted average of decline. Measurement of reduced purchases of agricultural implements is obtained from one set of sources, of those of hardware and hand tools from another, and so on. It seems clear that stocks declined materially in every direction, and that therefore retail sales afford a closer approximation than manufacturers' output. An excellent indication of the falling off in this direction is shown in the decline of sales of replacement parts and tires of automobiles.

Meaning of Declines

CLOTHING AND HOUSE FURNISHINGS. It is not possible to separate consumption of clothing from that of household furnishings. Wool, cotton, silk, leather and other raw materials enter into both, and one cannot directly measure decline in final consumption by falling off in productive consumption. Nor are these two sets of consumption to be segregated in retail sales, since most retailers deal in both. Measured together, there seems little question that reduction in consumption during 1921 was heavy, ranging from 20 to 40 per cent with different articles.

CONSUMPTION OF WOOL, COTTON AND LEATHER

	1919	1920	1921
Wool (pounds)	680,648,000	574,778,000	656,808,000
Cotton (bales)	5,930,000	5,843,000	5,227,000
Hides (sole leather sides)	22,515,000	18,433,000	17,840,000

These declines have not the same relative meanings, because wool is largely used in clothing, while cotton and leather are also widely used in producers' goods. It is to be observed that decline in consumption of cotton occurred later than in the case of wool. As in the case of wool, decline in silk

(Continued on Page 95)

Drawn from photograph ©

Down in Georgia

The "Caterpillar's" field of usefulness is by no means limited to building and maintaining roads. There is a "Caterpillar"* of size and capacity for every power need. On farm or ranch, in the mining, oil and lumber industries, for snow removal and other civic work—wherever power and endurance are at a premium, the "Caterpillar"* has no real competitor*

Starting with a single "Caterpillar"* Tractor in April, 1919, adding another a year later, the Board of Commissioners of Fulton County, Georgia, further emphasized their satisfaction by purchasing four more "Caterpillars"* this spring. Mr. Oscar Mills, chairman Public Works Committee, says: "We have found 'Caterpillars'* absolutely satisfactory in grading and maintaining our dirt roads, hauling rock, and moving heavy equipment—in fact, they are indispensable for all our power needs."

Fulton County's satisfaction is only typical of that of dozens of others in Georgia, where, out of 155 counties, 71 are "Caterpillar"*-equipped. More miles of good dirt and gravel roads have been built and are being maintained in Georgia by "Caterpillars"* than by any other method or machine.

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In *every* state, progressive counties, townships, cities and highway departments are constantly adding to their "Caterpillar"* equipment for making roads and handling public works of every kind. Continuous usage and repeat orders prove the supremacy of the "Caterpillar"* in the whole field of tractive power. Our motion pictures show the "Caterpillar"* in every phase of road work from a single maintenance job to completely motorized outfits. We will gladly arrange an exhibition at your convenience or mail copy of our booklet "Caterpillar Performance."

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The Color Tells the Story

When you see Texaco Motor Oil poured into your Motor, notice its clear, pale color—whether you use light, medium, heavy or extra-heavy. You know it is pure the moment you see it.

Texaco Motor Oils are full bodied

They are made to lubricate perfectly all moving parts under the widely different speeds and temperatures in your motor.

Save it with Texaco Motor Oil
the clear, clean lubricant

Run it with Texaco Gasoline
the volatile gas

Buy them wherever you see the RED STAR

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products

TEXACO

MOTOR OILS GASOLINE

Continued from Page 92

consumption occurred in 1920; 1921 witnessed an increase. In the case of leather, judged by tanning of sides and by net imports, consumption of leather goods declined late in 1920 and continued to decline throughout 1921.

Particular importance is to be attached to the decline in consumption of cotton, leather, hides, industrial fats and other by-products of animal husbandry. With these sharp declines must be contrasted the practically normal consumption of meats, meat products and vegetable oils as foodstuffs. It is to the industrial uses of animals, rather than to their ingestion as foodstuffs, that one must look in searching for explanation for fall in price of domesticated animals.

SUNDRIES. Consumption of accessories and sundries is difficult of measurement, but enough is in evidence to make it clear that these uses have proved less elastic than anticipated by earlier writers on the standard of living. The year 1921 witnessed material decline in railway travel and in automobile travel outside of commercial uses. Importations of chicle fell in 1921 about a quarter below the importations of 1919 and 1920. Consumption of tobacco was not reduced during 1921, though the form of consumption was somewhat altered—cigar and pipe tobacco decreasing, cigarette increasing. The current idea that tobacco expenditure follows the curve of wage was not well confirmed during this year. It is also worthy of observation that retail prices of tobacco were well sustained while wholesale prices fell continously; tobacco manufacturers at no time in '20 or '21 had to write down inventories. In general it seems as though expenditures for accessories and sundries have been determined less by considerations of total income than by particular circumstances.

Retrenchment in expenditure for rent, fuel and light was out of the question during 1921. People could not move from somewhere to nowhere. In some sections of the country slight increases in rates occurred, which were counterbalanced by reductions in other sections. The established reduction of 9 per cent in output of kilowatt hours in public-utility plants seems to have fallen on power use and not on domestic use.

Consumption of Raw Materials

The large consumption of raw materials that cannot be analyzed from the standpoint of the individual, construction of buildings, railway equipment, and so on, was greatly reduced during '20 and '21. The curve of building permits by volume shows that construction declined steadily from early in 1920 to the beginning of 1921, then began to rise, and early in 1922 had returned to the plane deserted two years previously. Striking during 1921 were heavy declines in production of structural steel, cement, lumber, glass, wire and nails, roofing materials, rails and cars. The year witnessed also reduced output of coal, power electricity, automobiles, commercial use of gasoline, commercial explosives, copper and zinc, leather belting, rubber and other goods employed in manufacture. These reductions varied, from material to material, from 20 to 50 per cent, compared with the outputs of the previous two years. In the case of most materials, stocks declined during 1921, so that actual consumption was somewhat higher than the low figures given in the index numbers as presented in the Survey of Current Business of the Department of Commerce and in numerous analyses of the trade.

Retrenchment in collective productive consumption means letting the public plant of society run down—neglect of upkeep, failure to expand with population, lowered efficiency to meet the enlarging needs of all classes of society. To a certain extent it means loss of wealth; to a greater degree, lowering of efficiency. Heavy collective retrenchments were observed in constructions of all kinds—private construction being heavily curtailed and public construction less curtailed—as an act of policy in combating unemployment during the summer and autumn of 1921.

From the foregoing it is clear that during 1921 retrenchment in the standard of living, as expressed in expenditures judged by volume, was practically not observed with foodstuffs, rent, fuel and light. Retrenchments were noted with some accessories and sundries, not with others. Marked retrenchments were observed in outlays for clothing, house furnishings and tools of trade. From the fact that prices of house furnishings were maintained higher than those of clothing it may be inferred that retrenchment was most practiced on clothing. Data are not available to indicate to what extent retrenchment in volume represented savings in the family budget.

Though the nation apparently ingested as much food as was customary the family buying was not done in the usual fashion. Buying and selling of foodstuffs in '21 were literally from hand to mouth. For everyone in the food trades, from producer through manufacturer to retailer, it was a poor year, despite the normal final volume of sales. And for the consumer it was a poor year of food supplies, despite a normal consumption. Everyone was out of his stride. It was a year of haggle. It were almost better to have eaten less and had less bother over it.

Two Striking Facts

Noteworthy were two phenomena:

In numerous directions, and particularly in the use of foodstuffs, conservation and elimination of waste have been in evidence. Savings through elimination of waste represent the residue of war lessons. I have been unable to find data on subsistence that indicate positive retrenchment in terms of calories, such slight declines in consumption as have been shown with a few commodities are reasonably explained as the result of elimination of waste and seasonal fluctuations.

A second striking fact concerns the retention of buying power of the working classes. In the fall of 1920, when the American Relief Administration inaugurated its campaign for collection of funds for relief in Europe, state chairmen were repeatedly brought to face with local unemployment, then assuming large dimensions. Men of means were compelled to hesitate in their gifts to foreign relief, by the prospect of the necessity of heavy and prolonged relief for unemployed workers in our cities. In previous experiences—as in '14, '08 and '93—it was found that in most cities unemployment of a few weeks' duration brought families to destitution so severe as to demand relief. It was naturally anticipated that this would be the case during the winter of 1920–21. These expectations happily failed of fulfillment. When one considers the extent of unemployment in numbers and the periods of time over which unemployment and part employment have extended during the last eighteen months, the relief measures that have been found necessary have been extraordinarily limited. According to the National Bureau of Economic Research the average income of employes rose from $723 in 1913 to $1078 in 1918. From '18 to '20 wages in most lines rose further to a material extent. Since 1920 wages have declined in irregular progressions. Farm labor is now back almost to the prewar level. In other lines, as on railways, the wage scale of '20 is still in effect, while the pay of artisans has been lowered about 10 per cent.

Whether the wage curve of all employes has fallen as much as the cost index of the standard of living, is in controversy. Data are required, not polemics. In theory, it may appear sound and easy to fix a wage scale on the index number of a projected standard of living, but we are not yet sufficiently instructed in the subject. Urban workers and farmers constitute the large majority of those engaged in gainful occupations. The incomes of farmers increased up to '19 more than those of city workers, but the incomes of city workers, particularly in certain lines, were very substantially elevated. It has been frequently stated in the gazettes, on the basis of superficial observation, that the increased wages were spent as rapidly as acquired. It is now clear that this assertion was erroneous. Out of these wages substantial savings must have been retained, and these savings have constituted the partial support of unemployed urban workers. In part, unemployment of city workers has been relieved by return to the country of workers who had gone to the city in response to the wage appeal of war industries; but to a large extent the ability of unemployed or partly employed workers to carry on month after month is explained only by the possession of substantial savings from the period of higher earnings during the war.

Effect of Prohibition

There can be little doubt that prohibition has contributed materially to the savings of the working classes in cities. War prohibition, during the time of rising wages, restricted dissipation, and the money went into goods for house and family. The same effect of drink control was observed in England during the war. Prohibition during the last two years of lowered employment has restricted dissipation, and as a result the diminishing family income has procured a larger return in necessaries. The idea that the taste for alcohol seeks an outlet in confectionery or narcotics is nonsense. The impulse to waste, blocked in one direction, may seek other outlets, but, by and large, money that is not wasted is spent for necessaries or saved.

Two factors have determined the extent of retrenchment in expenditures for clothing, house furnishings and sundries as contrasted with sustained outlays for subsistence. The first is the natural inelasticity in subsistence, as contrasted with flexibility in requirements of clothing, house furnishings and sundries. In terms of calories the subsistence of a people is susceptible of retrenchment to an extent of possibly 10 per cent over a considerable period of time without observable effect on health and with merely nominal dissatisfaction. Certainly this is true of a generous diet such as ours. European experiences during the last six years have indicated that further retrenchment in subsistence is to be accomplished only with extreme difficulty and at the cost of class conflicts. Retrenchment in purchases of clothing, as demonstrated in Europe, can easily proceed to 50 per cent over a period of a year. Outlays for house furnishings can be practically eliminated for a year, except for renewals in public houses and equipment of new construction. When one contrasts the demonstrated retrenchment in clothing and house furnishings in this country during the past two years with that imposed by war on the European peoples during the past seven years, ours has been slight indeed.

Conditions in Europe

The second factor lies in the relative price declines. If one will take the curve of retail prices of foodstuffs and contrast it with the curve of retail prices of clothing and house furnishings, from the peak of the boom to the present, one will realize that an added motive for retrenchment in outlays for clothing and house furnishings has lain in the obvious retardation of price decline. The relative prices of clothing and furnishings have remained far above those of foods—furnishings being the highest. Not only was the demand for clothing and house furnishings more flexible than for subsistence but retail prices, declining less rapidly, failed to meet the expectations of consumers and buyers retreated.

The depression was the sequel of prosperity; countries that had no such boom have had no such depression. Defeat-stricken Germany and Austria have not passed through the business cycle; the almost equally stricken France and Italy have also largely escaped The neutral countries of Europe, that enjoyed first a war trade and then a boom business with the combatant countries, have passed through a cycle like ours. In many respects the cycle in those countries has been more severe than here, and complicated naturally by local circumstances. In February of this year the official figure for unemployment in Denmark was nearly 10 per cent of the population. During 1921 food prices have declined in the United Kingdom, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, Scandinavia and France. Prices in Italy have remained almost stationary, apart from seasonal fluctuation. Food prices in Germany have risen by two-thirds above the level of the close of 1920. Prices in Austria, Poland and Russia have soared. The recorded price increases rest largely on monetary developments.

Americans should realize that the demonstrated retrenchments imposed on us in the period of depression have been moderate compared to those being sustained in Europe. In no single country of Europe is the food supply normal, judged by figures of either prewar or war period. There is unlimited food for the dollar of the tourist; that is an economic situation, not a sample of the food consumption of the natives. The majority of Europeans are still on abnormal bread. Dairy products are scarce. The meat supply is much below normal. The coarse vegetables predominate in the diet of large classes. Importations of food in large amounts are required to insure a modicum of supply. Europeans suffer penury in nearly every direction. Our complaint is not that we are lacking, but against the prices we have had to pay for what we consumed. In Europe the protest is against price and lack.

But one must be careful in drawing comparisons between costs of living here and in Europe. Our prices give promise of resuming soon their normal relations with each other. This accomplishment is essentially the result of the gold standard of currency. With depreciated currencies and consequent state subsidies, price relations suffer grotesque distortions. The rents in Germany are now 2½ per cent of the income of the working classes; before the war, 20 per cent! But what the workman may save in paper money in the direction of rent he loses many times over in other directions.

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Three Point
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Walker-Johnson
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Wolverine
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Yellow Cab

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Columbia
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Jewett
Jordan
Jumbo

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King-Zeitler
Kissel
Kissel Tr
Kleiber
Koehler

Lansden
Leach-Biltwell

LaFayette
Liberty
Lincoln
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Marlboro
Marmon
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Maxwell
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McDonald
McFarlan
Menominee
Mitchell
Moon
Moreland

Napoleon
Nash Tr
National
Nelson & Le Moon
Netco
New York
Niles
Noma

Ogden
Oldsmobile Tr
Overland

Packard
Packard Tr
Paige
Paige Tr
Pan-American
Parker
Peerless
Piedmont
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Pierce-Arrow Tr
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Reo Tr
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Roamer
Ruggles
R & V Knight

Sandow
Saxon
Sayers
Schacht
Schwartz
Seagrave
Selden
Seneca
Service
Signal
Singer
Standard
Standard Tr
Star
Stephens
Sterling
Studebaker
Sullivan
Superior

Tarkington
Three Point
Titan
Tower
Traffic
Transport
Twin City

U S Tr

Velie
Victor

Walker
Walker-Johnson
Waltham
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— IN STEERING PIVOTS OF —

Acason
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For Women
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Shorts and Sport or Union and One-piece Suits.

Coolness Isn't *All* You Need in Summer Underwear

IF IT WERE, mosquito netting would make the ideal undergarment for hot weather.

Summer underwear should be absorbent. And to be really absorbent it must be *knit underwear.*

To make certain that it meets every requirement of *comfort, style* and *fit* it should be

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Lawrence underwear is as thin and light and cool as any underwear can be, yet will absorb perspiration and protect your clothes—and protect *you* from the dangerous effects of a damp skin.

Soft as silk, porous and elastic. Made in the popular athletic union suits, sock-length suits and separate garments—and sold at *popular prices.* Every garment cut separately to pattern by hand, which means *correct size* and perfect fit.

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Lawrence garments come in two qualities:
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Established 1831 Lowell, Mass.

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LAWRENCE
Tailored Knit
UNDERWEAR

THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE

(Continued from Page 30)

streets, whether from Hoboken or the North River side of Manhattan, he has a ride through a front yard that prepares him for all the dump heaps of the rear, broken pavements, dirty gutters, tumbled tenements, ragged hoardings; and then through our necessitated but oppressive cañons, where the skyscrapers shut out the sun for all but a few minutes of the day. And if he happens to be a home-coming American from Paris he groans inwardly with a despair that he knows no effort of his own lifetime can lift. Having made one such round trip, I looked on Paris for a second time with a knowledge of these American features and a wish to find the elements that made the great contrast.

One principal item is sky line. The building laws of Paris fix the limit of houses definitely at six stories and twenty meters, sixty-five feet. The Mansard roof is an intelligent effort to observe the letter of this law and yet steal a few additional vertical feet under the allowance of roof. As property is valuable, the legal limit is uniformly reached; but monotony is avoided because the race of architects turned out by the Beaux-Arts, where we send our Americans to learn the rudiments of their profession, has found a variety in the unity that makes for restful beauty. Again, the poverty of Paris in its water supply seems to result in another blessing. The water in some of the mains is not potable, as they say, *pas de la source,* and the Parisian is as lavish with it in the streets and fountains as he is economical of its use in his bathtubs.

Every morning, in every block, a street cleaner turns a little rivulet through the gutter, dams it into a little lake with a bunch of burlap and with his long and homely broom of osiers sweeps it over the wooden pavement levels, washing back the débris to the run and gradually extending rivulet and lake until he has accomplished his block. The morning gutter and the sky line call attention newly to each new day.

And then this third item: Intelligent Paris recognizes and admits the eye as an organ. It is not to be more lawlessly assailed than is the ear. No man for commercial purposes shall without restriction assail the passers' attention with his blatant demand. The twenty-four-sheet stand, the barbaric three-sheet poster do not exist, because the municipality puts a tax upon every sheet of paper that solicits its attention. Advertising space is relatively as valuable on the walls as it is in the newspapers, and so posters are artistic, of more than ephemeral value, and are in the main confined to handsome little kiosks set up at intervals for their accommodation.

A Lesson From Paris

When will America learn this value of public right? When will all the unsightly boards that confine our railway journeys to hideous alleys of proclamatory and mandatory attacks be regulated by proper assessment under state domain to things of tolerable sightliness and sources of revenue to the poor public whom they afflict? When will unoffending citizens be permitted to travel and look from their car windows on refreshing landscapes without being commanded to use Startum's Alarm Clock or Sokum's Condensed Milk? Why must there always be interposed between the ruminative individual and the stenography of his Maker the commercial persuasion of his fellow man, money mad?

To one writing for the theater Paris is always rich in suggestion. Little plays that have not the importance to get into L'Illustration, or even into the printed brochure, dramatic bits that never make their way to America, are at the small theaters on the boulevards and the back streets and in the Quartier and in Montmartre, more than half of them containing each some little suggestive, facile scene that educates and urges. When I had my Drew-Barrymore play finished I sent it over to C. F. by mail under the title of The Pug and the Parson, and under that title it was announced. But before I could get over to rehearse it Mr. Frohman had received a couple of letters from Protestant ministers protesting against the association. He had a racial reluctance to risk their displeasure, and although I stoutly stood for the title, feeling that the word "parson" was not so sacrosanct that one might not use it, his wish of course prevailed. We called the play The Other Girl.

C. F. felt that it wouldn't do to put Drew into the part of the preacher, however, because the character, though no better part in the play's value or in the writing, could not from its very kind compete with the character of the pugilist. He believed that Barrymore, again associated with his uncle, Mr. Drew, would lead those who judged superficially to proclaim the younger man the better actor, when the facts would be that in this play, as in The Mummy and the Humming Bird, he had only the more showy part. It was therefore decided to keep Lionel as the pugilist and put some available leading man in the part that had been meant for Mr. Drew. Frank Worthing was engaged for this, and I have never seen a manager move with more enthusiasm to get an adequate company.

Imitating Kid McCoy

I am sorry to forget the name of the play in which a very beautiful girl of that time had made an impression. This girl was Drina De Wolfe, the wife of Elsie De Wolfe's brother. There was some slight domestic-in-law difference that made these ladies not agreeable to each other, and the wish to see them both in the same cast piqued Frohman's sense of humor so much that he set about the seemingly impossible task of persuading the two ladies, with the result that the valuable coöperation of both actresses was obtained. Selena Fetter, who had been a favorite New York leading woman when she married Edwin Milton Royle, was induced to take a part somewhat more mature than those she had previously shown in. For a young reporter, Richard Bennett was engaged; and such excellent actors as Joseph Wheelock, Jr., Ralph Delmore and Joseph Whiting, together with Jessie Busley and Maggie Fielding, then one of the greatest favorites of the vaudeville theaters, were also engaged. The Criterion Theater, in which we were ultimately to play, was given to us for all our rehearsals. That one should mention this may puzzle the layman, but such conditions are not always provided. I think the rule is to the contrary; that the majority of plays are moved about in their rehearsals from one theater to another, and occasionally into some hired hall. There is a great advantage in rehearsing in the playhouse in which you are to open, and getting always the proper tonal values and the physical relations that are to be undisturbed and unrevised.

As soon as Lionel knew he was cast for the pugilist he hunted up Kid McCoy and passed much of his time outside the theater with the champion. This admiration was reciprocated, and when the play opened McCoy came often to see his counterfeit presentment. One difference between Barrymore and McCoy was that the Kid's hair was as curly as Lionel's was straight. For a period in the early run of the piece, and for all I know during all the while he was in it, Lionel had his hair artificially curled each evening in order properly to present this international favorite.

I have reason to believe that an ether jag indicated by Mr. Wheelock, who impersonated a character just released from the table where he had undergone an operation under the influence of ether, was the first time that phenomenon was presented in the theater. The use of sulphuric ether as an anæsthetic dates from some time since the Civil War, and we are familiar with most of the plays produced since that time. In the rehearsals of this scene Wheelock more than once offered to surrender his part, believing that the demonstrations I was asking of him were exaggerated and unreal; but he had never taken ether, and I'd had two jumps at it, so with the help of Mr. Frohman he was finally persuaded.

In Paris, Alfred Sutro had brought to our delighted attention the novels of Leonard Merrick, who is related to Sutro. One of these stories is called The Position of Peggy Harper. It relates an author's patient

training of Miss Peggy, even to the saucy lifting of her chin and other apparently unconscious personal tricks; the great hit of the young lady in London in the author's play, and then the unanimous comment of the press upon those delightful characteristics, chin tipping and the like, and the author's great good fortune in finding an exponent who possessed them and thereby saved his piece from failure. I fancy this is not an unusual experience with playwrights who have positive ideas and who direct their own plays.

As I have written in earlier pages, I was obliged to go back to Paris a day or two after we opened at the Criterion; but before I left, Barrymore's success was so pronounced and his identification with the part seemed so permanent that Frohman asked me what I thought of featuring him in the play. Of course, with my admiration for the boy and my older friendship with his parents, as well as a sense of justice, I was delighted with it. The Other Girl was produced late in December, 1903. Ethel Barrymore was at that time playing at the Hudson Theater in Cousin Kate. I saw her the following summer at her Uncle John Drew's house at East Hampton. The first vivid experience she had to report to me was of a night in midwinter when leaving the Hudson Theater to go home she had encountered on Broadway a billboard on which was a great stand starring Lionel Barrymore, her brother. Ethel said she was so pleased that tears sprang to her eyes. I was able to tell her then of her own first night in Captain Jinks at the Garrick, when her father and I leaned on the bulkhead of the filled theater.

Then Barry's eyes were full of tears as he turned to me and said, "My God, isn't she sweet?" And she was.

In my first saunter through my recollections, and through the contemporary suggestions that were about me for the search of a subject for the Drew play, my attention—not for the first time—went back to the little Constitutional Point that I had written for Mr. Palmer. It was unsuited to my needs, but its ultimate usefulness was not to be overlooked. After leaving my engagement with Bishop, which had been the inspiration for the little piece, I had been more and more intrigued with the subject. The basis for my information was in the series of books written by Dr. Thomas Hudson, of which his Law of Psychic Phenomena was the first. I was thereby led to a considerable interest in the experiments and findings of Doctor Baird, the Englishman, and Carcot and Jannet, the Frenchmen, and occasionally when a kindred subject was on the calendar during my stay in Paris I would go into the indicated salle of the Sorbonne and hear some lecture on psychology.

Amateur Telepathists

There was a double purpose in this. To one learning French the philosophic and scientific vocabularies are much more easily followed than the vernacular of the modern theater or that of the street and shops. I became convinced of telepathy as a fact and as a force, but adopted only the sense of the responsibility that it implied, and never in anywise felt the slightest call for any experiment on what might be called the aggressive or therapeutic side of it.

While we were rehearsing The Other Girl, Lionel spent many evenings with me in my temporary quarters at the hotel and elsewhere, and often his brother Jack, not yet thoroughly launched upon his career, was with us. There is in both the boys a deep hospitality for everything approaching mysticism, and the forceful side of telepathy had for them a profound attraction.

There was a little incident in which we three were engaged, so isolated as to have no value in any scientific aspect, but nevertheless amusing. In the old Café Boulevard, on Second Avenue near Tenth Street, there was to the rear a section of the floor, evidently the level of some acquired addition, reached by the ascent of three or four steps. We were on that little mezzanine. I was referring to somebody's statement and demonstration of the possibility of making a person in front of one in an audience conscious of the gaze of another at a distance behind him. The boys proposed the experiment. To make it difficult they selected a woman in the fore part of the restaurant parquet who sat with back squarely toward us. We agreed upon her by hat and furs, and the like, and then—conforming to instructions—instead of merely mentally commanding the lady to look around, we in our minds definitely dramatized her doing so and focused thought and attention on the lady. In the time in which one can perhaps count ten, with a gesture of great annoyance the lady faced squarely about and glared at us.

I have referred in earlier chapters to a patron of the theater whose theories were so reassuring, Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, a connoisseur and art collector. Men who know Mr. Clarke, and know him intimately enough to call him Tom, will understand my taking any excuse, however risky, to have an hour in his company. For some reason during this winter, 1903, in New York he wanted me to meet his friend, Mr. Frederick Gebhard. As I remember, Mr. Gebhard had requested the meeting, which was to be at a very small dinner at his home, then on the eastern side of Park Avenue at about Thirty-ninth Street. I went with a fairly keen interest, wondering somewhat fatuously if Mr. Gebhard knew anything of my St. Louis newspaper reports of his visits there. As I recalled them, they were rather complimentary than otherwise, except for a hideous woodcut issued as a portrait. But a man about town would hardly invite a person to a small dinner party in order to assault him for that offense after so many years had intervened. It was a fine little dinner, arranged by an excellent chef and accompanied by good wine.

The Germ of a Play

I had last seen Mr. Gebhard in 1884, twenty years before, then wearing the title of the King of Dudes. He was now a middle-aged, reserved and serious gentleman, talking entertainingly and modestly on questions of art and literature. He was gray at the temples, decidedly modeled as to face, a little heavier as to figure, but athletic still. Over the mantel of his living room was the picture of a beautiful woman set in a large oval frame. The men of the small party regarded it with admiration.

"Where did you get it?" Clarke asked.

"You've seen that before. That's Lulu."

"Not the Eastman Johnson?"

"Yes," Gebhard answered. "I had Jones go over it for me, change the color of the hair and the eyes."

"But why?"

"Well, one doesn't go on living with a portrait of a divorced wife. I'm so damn poor I can't afford another picture for that space. I had the coloring changed, and it makes a decoration."

I knew nothing of the divorced wife, have learned nothing since, nor of the circumstances. But the attitude of the lonely man, the cynical philosophy that made that use of the canvas and gave that frank explanation impressed me. I was looking for the as-yet-undiscovered idea for a play for John Drew. I had kept the contract with Mr. Frohman when I had furnished him The Other Girl, but the Drew project to my delight was still before me. A *divorcé*, and such a definite *divorcé* as Mr. Gebhard, for a hero, with the intriguing idea of the repainted portrait, made good a starting point. The cause of the divorce must of course be a woman. The outcome of the play would be a return to the wife or a marriage with the other woman. Of those alternatives, I chose the woman. My problem was to have her the more desirable of the two; to have her innocent of any transgression and unconscious of any charge. The wife would have to be mistaken in her suspicions; the matter would have to be settled out of court. And then again my recollection of the lonely Gebhard suggested having obstacles to the second marriage. I found those obstacles in a disparity of years, in a perfunctory suitor for the girl, in an angered and belligerent father, who unlike the girl was not in ignorance of the charges, and so on. As one may surmise, with story both ways from the portrait, I had material enough.

When the play, which we called De Lancey, was finished I was in France again. John Drew had come over to visit Frohman in London, and together the two came to Paris to have lunch with me and listen to the manuscript. Our apartment at 108 Boulevard Montparnasse was over the Café du Dôme. John felt that he should have a cocktail before he climbed the four flights to the luncheon, and Frohman, who didn't take cocktails, stood with him in the little café against the bar of zinc, while

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(Continued from Page 99)

John in a long French dialogue got such possible substitutes for the right materials as the small stock of French supplies afforded. The cocktail, made in a glass and stirred with a spoon, was warm and long and unpalatable, but after a hard day in London, a night crossing of the Channel and a morning ride up from Boulogne, it was needed. When they reached our apartment Frohman sat down on the wooden chair by the hatrack and had a real characteristic, abandoned laugh because I met them in the hallway agitating a large cocktail shaker in which was a first-class Martini, cold and proper, and the best materials for the skeptical but not disqualified Drew.

When I was in Pope's Theater, and later when I was working on the Post-Dispatch, there was at the Washington University in St. Louis a young man principally engaged in teaching French, which was his native tongue. He spoke English correctly, but with the unmistakable accent of the Frenchman. He was friend of many of the men on the Post-Dispatch, some of whom took private lessons from him. Occasionally he wrote for the paper. The name of this Frenchman was Henri Dumay. He later for a while went into the service of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, Sr., I think as private secretary. He added to his knowledge of journalism, and later in his home city engaged on the Parisian press. He held a position of authority on Le Journal. Dumay also wrote for the theater. I don't know how many of his pieces were done, but La Petite Milliardaire was one of them. In Paris, Dumay and I renewed the friendship that had begun in St. Louis years before and been occasionally reënforced in New York. I think he was a few years my junior. He was an enthusiastic militarist and an officer of the reserves. I find myself speaking of him in the past tense because I have heard nothing of him since the early years of the war.

During our three and a half years' residence in Paris my wife and I found it convenient and agreeable to leave France after the Salon and the spring artistic activities were over, go to London for a few minutes, or to Antwerp, and take a boat for America when the tide of travel was running altogether in the other direction. The summers at East Hampton, near the end of Long Island, where the water comes rolling from Brazil to break upon the sand dunes of that coast, have for me the most enjoyable summer climate in America. On one of these trips Dumay came with us.

Talking of dinner parties one evening, I told him and some other listeners at East Hampton of a dinner attempted some ten years before at our house in New Rochelle. At that earlier dinner ten guests were expected, making a total party of twelve. All but one were expected from New York City. There was a blizzard on the day set, and the only guest to arrive was a lady living in New Rochelle. She did not reach the house until nearly nine o'clock in the evening, and was then in the arms of her coachman. The coupé in which she had passed nearly an hour trying to cover a quarter of a mile was stalled in the snowdrift on our lawn.

Playwriting in a Box Stall

When the lady was thawed out and revived, and as we faced the flowers and the salted almonds, this solitary guest on my right said to my wife on my left, "If you were to put this on the stage nobody would believe it."

There was a feature of our table that became an effective property in a first act. This was a hole some eighteen inches square, which contrary to the expostulations of our local carpenter I had cut in the center of the table. In this opening was fitted a copper pan that caught the drift from a tiny fountain that could play over stones and ferns when we had visitors or felt sentimental ourselves. It was a perfect little fountain, regulated under the table by a key which no man ought to expect a woman to reach, and it worked satisfactorily nine times out of ten, or until a bit of dirt or some aquatic insect got into its pinhole nozzle. Then it spurted eccentrically and was a regular fool thing.

One night Francis Wilson had the attention of the company and was telling a good story when the fountain took one of these fits. The stream struck fair and square on the stiff bosom of his dress shirt and made a noise like rain on a roof. Company tablecloths are long, and before I could get under and find the key a good deal of water went Mr. Wilson's way, but it didn't interrupt his story. He turned up his lapels like a sailorman on the bridge and held his place. We abandoned the fountain soon after that, but the Francis Wilson episode always impressed persons humorously when we told it, to explain the patch on the table where the copper pan had been, and one gentle visitor said, "Mr. Thomas, you ought to put that in a play."

When I presented this material to Dumay he said that no playwright could make more than one act of it, and it was upon his banter that I started out to show him that the material was sufficient, with its suggestion, to furnish forth a three-act comedy.

There was at East Hampton an empty box stall in the stable, with windows set so high that one couldn't look out of them. I put in only a kitchen chair and a small pine table from the village general store—not even a calendar to distract attention. My play material to start with was a suburban house, isolated by a storm on the evening of a prepared dinner. Persons once there couldn't easily leave, and only the sturdy and the heroic could arrive. Question: What is the best use to make of that set of conditions? Answer: The exploitation of a person or persons who would like to get away and can't do so. What person would be the most effective figure under such constraint? A girl!

A Frohman Dress Rehearsal

I took the proposed-and-interrupted dinner party indicated, made it in honor of the girl, a guest in the house; made the lady neighbor who was carried into the house by the coachman the girl's unidentified rival in the affection of a young man who had been temporarily cast off by the girl because of a scandal of which both he and the married lady were innocent, but which was sufficiently distorted in its first presentation. Then I drove the young man, an architect, into the house from a near-by job to telephone, unaware of the girl's presence or of the projected dinner until he arrives. With the people living in the house and the father and mother of the hostess and the jealous husband of the married lady I had people enough for a story. I cannot repeat a play, not even a plot, in these pages, but believe I have herewith given enough to indicate the sprightliness of the subject and the sufficiency of the material.

When the comedy was done, after some six weeks of rather intensive writing, we called it Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots. Frohman immediately accepted it and told me he would wire me to Paris when time and a place in the theaters were ripe for it. I came over the next midwinter, when I found the radiant C. F. with another one of his extraordinary casts. It was a way with Mr. Frohman to see unrecognized ability in a young woman and quickly give her opportunities to prove her worth to the public. Though these opportunities could be devised, it wasn't always possible to make the public accept the lady at his estimate of her. My recollection is that when the public had failed, however, C. F. was more nearly right than the general jury.

Such a girl had come under his attention at that time in the person of Fay Davis, a most intelligent actress, with a method perhaps a little too delicate if anything. It had more the quality of the miniature painter's attention to subtleties and to details than is effective in the playhouse, which responds more readily to the broader touches. Mr. Frohman had starred her in Lady Rose's Daughter, featured her in The Whitewashing of Julia and in The Rich Mrs. Repton. To my great profit and delight he found for her in the young girl I have referred to in this story of mine what he thought was a rôle worthy of her attention. And then, in order to give Miss Davis a perfect support and companionship, he assembled a cast that included these excellent players: Margaret Illington, then prominently in the public affection; Jessie Busley, one of the best of the comediennes; Dorothy Hammond, a very pretty leading woman; and that excellent actress, Annie Adams, mother of Maude. Among the men he had two leading men then as now of equal rank—William Courtenay and Vincent Serrano; also the popular Jack Barnes, English actor; Ernest Lawford, who had been featured in some Frohman productions; that excellent American comedian, Louis Payne; and that almost last of the fine old American gentleman type, the late John G. Saville. The remaining members of the company in the minor rôles were more than adequate. C. F. turned this cast over to me, with the Savoy Theater, where rehearsals would be uninterrupted. There was nobody to replace in the company, no revisions or corrections to be made in the text, and C. F. never came near us until the night of our dress rehearsal

It will be interesting to record a typical Frohman dress rehearsal. He sometimes departed from his rule, but his custom was to have such a rehearsal with nobody in front but the author and himself. Even an assistant director or a man who had held a book and was supposed to have some interest in the setting was not allowed to come in front of the curtain. I remember such an intrusion by a perfectly justified stage manager who came into a box of the Criterion Theater when we were doing The Other Girl.

C. F. said to him, "What are you doing there?"

"I want to look at the scene, Mr. Frohman."

"We'll tell you about that," and the functionary disappeared.

Our dress rehearsal for Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots was at the Savoy. C. F. and I were alone. The presentation proceeded exactly as a first night, with every formality observed.

When the first act was over he said to me, "These people aren't acting."

"They're not?"

"No, they're living!"

It was a pretty compliment to the company, and I tried to steal some of it for the author; but that was entirely a mental process. When our last curtain fell, C. F. had it taken up again; the company was called on the stage and in a few heartening and sincere phrases he told them how highly he estimated their work. There was no need at our first performance to reverse his opinion. I like to recur in my thoughts to that engagement and to that happy family of players, and I like to write about it. Those ideal conditions are what every player dreams of when he comes into the theater and what every playwright has in mind when he sets down a line. Nothing is so health-giving and beneficial as this full, unimpeded expression and interpretation.

A Dignified Frost

In The Earl of Pawtucket, of which I have written above, D'Orsay's success was marked. When he played it well into the third year and there was only what was called the small time open to him he grew anxious for another vehicle, and felt that he could make better monetary arrangements elsewhere than he then had with La Shelle. Mr. Frohman had revised his measure of D'Orsay and now regarded him as of stellar magnitude. I was commissioned to write him a successor to Pawtucket. D'Orsay's ambition made him ask also for a more substantial purpose in the play. The first version of The Embassy Ball was, in consequence, a four-act play, mainly attempting comedy, but with a quite serious note at the end of its third act. Our first night was in New Haven. Mr. Frohman could not attend. He said he would base his opinion of the play entirely upon my telegraphic report of its reception, and not upon the notices or opinions he would get from others.

I wired him, "A dignified frost."

There is little value in going into the reasons for this result. One of them, however, has interest. The end of the third act was a well-defined conflict between a sinister interest in the play and D'Orsay, who had the heroic element. The climax of this conflict was dramatized by D'Orsay's tearing from some diplomatic record the leaf that was the vital issue. This he did under the rhetorical encouragement of the character played by that excellent comedian, Harry Harwood. D'Orsay complained that his support at the serious moment was not sufficient. There was some justice in his claim. Harwood contended that there wasn't material in his lines to evoke the applause that we expected. In my own opinion the fate of the piece was so well settled that whether Harwood was right or we were right could not affect the ultimate result. And Mr. Harwood's effectiveness along the lines of his own work as a comedian is too well known to require anybody's reënforcement.

At Hartford one night I tried on Harwood's wig, and he generously consented to my going on for his character in that performance. With the different treatment of the stump-speech material the act got the calls that it potentially held. The value of this was only my own assay of the stuff, because Harwood's association with the enterprise was worth much more than the material in question.

Frohman saw the piece in Philadelphia and was depressed. The lay reader should understand the interests at stake. To fail then was to throw an entire company out of employment in November; to give in a measure a black eye to the reputation of the star and to leave on the hands of the management an expensive production, including scenery and costumes and a fair stock of printing. Despite its feebleness as theatrical text the play had shown us that D'Orsay was more acceptable in his proper comedy work than he was as a pseudo leading man.

The Frost Thawed Out

As C. F. and I leaned over the bulkhead of the Chestnut Street Theater I recalled my experiences in rewriting the Crane plays For Money and The Governor of Kentucky and lesser work on the unsigned scripts that C. F. himself had called me in to patch or carpenter. I thought I saw my way to make a three-act comedy of what we had. I told him so. My family was in Paris. I was a bit uneasy about them. I said if he would lay off the company for four weeks that I would jump over to Paris and back, and I thought we could salvage all the investment enumerated, with the exception of the four weeks' time held in the theaters. C. F. was delighted with the proposal. D'Orsay and I took the same steamer for the other side, he going ostensibly to see some member of his family supposed to be ill. I wrote on the boat and worked rapidly in Paris.

In three weeks after leaving New York, D'Orsay and I again took a same steamer for America, where we were two in a total of five first-cabin passengers. On the boat I finished the revision. Two days after we landed we had script and parts typed and began rehearsals, with that delightful actor, Forrest Robinson, added to the cast and associated with Harwood. The three-act version of The Embassy Ball, a purely farcical attempt, was successful. We played it two years.

Paris lacks the ocean, but with this exception it has as many suburban enticements as New York, and the Parisian is as accustomed to running away from the city for a little one or two day vacation as any metropolitan that we know. To change the ideas—*changer les idées*, as they say—is with them a frequent act of mental sanitation. We made a party of some twelve or fifteen Americans, children included, who were at the pretty hamlet of Montigny sur Loing in the middle of April in 1906 on one of these adopted *vacances*. The terrace of the Hôtel Vanne Rouge has its retaining wall of stone, washed by the slow waters of the River Loing that meanders by, held almost in lakelike retardation by the *vanne*, or water gate, that accumulates them for the near-by mill. This little terrace, some fifty by fifty feet of graveled level, with its circular tables of sheet iron and weatherproof chairs, sets like a stage to the low and theatrical façade of the toy hotel, where by a fair jump from the ground one can almost catch the sill of the second story window.

On Wednesday the trippers had gone home and our American colony had the place to ourselves. A very obvious bridal couple came that evening, the young man with the French whiskers of the period, the bride in the attractive and now antiquated costume of the date, both obvious to the strangers who were speaking English. After a little rowboat trip in the twilight the couple disappeared. We were at *café au lait* on the terrace on Thursday morning. The children at the balustrade were feeding the swans when the small diamond-paned comic-opera windows of the upper room opened and there appeared the bridegroom in a suit of lavender pajamas whose newly laundered and utterly unruffled condition invited attention.

Dr. Tom Robbins at our table said, "See those immaculate pajamas on the new groom!"

All looked and someone remarked, "Yes, a new groom sleeps clean"; an amusing line, but not so tenacious as alone to fix the Thursday morning of that nineteenth day

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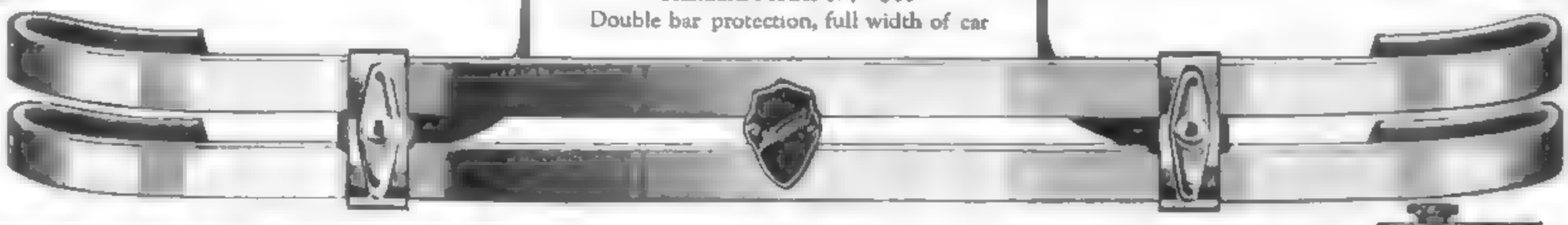

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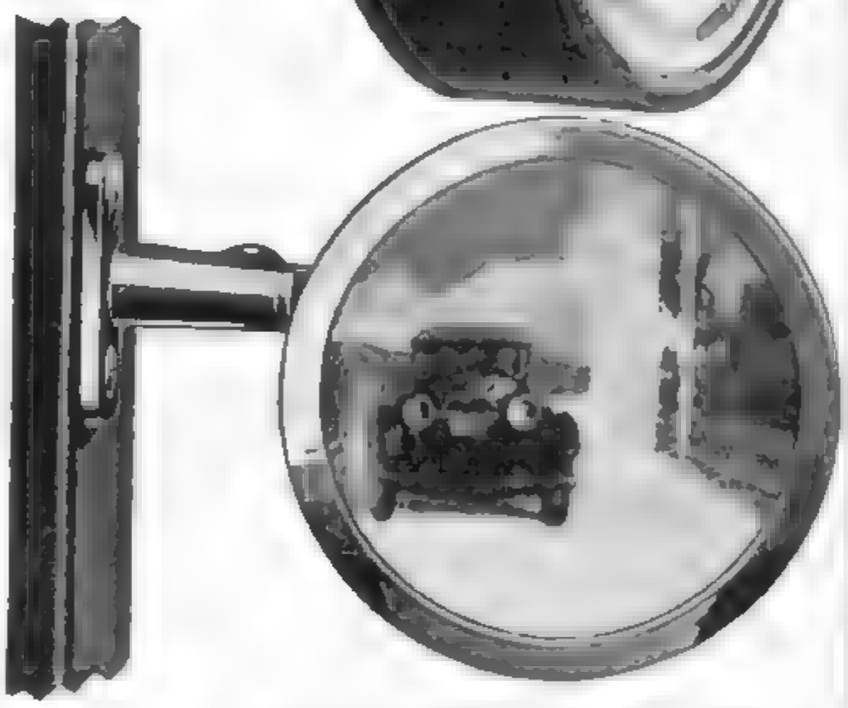

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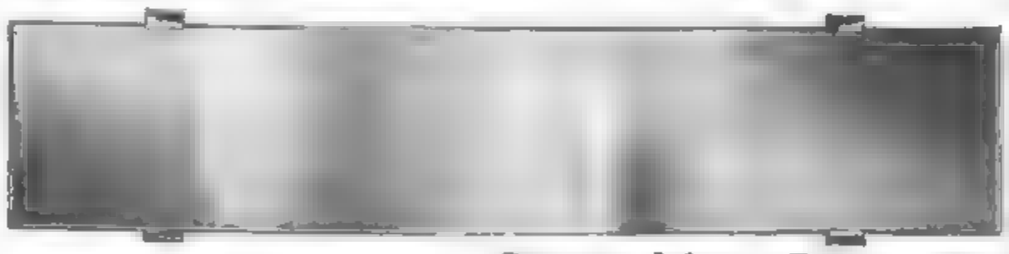
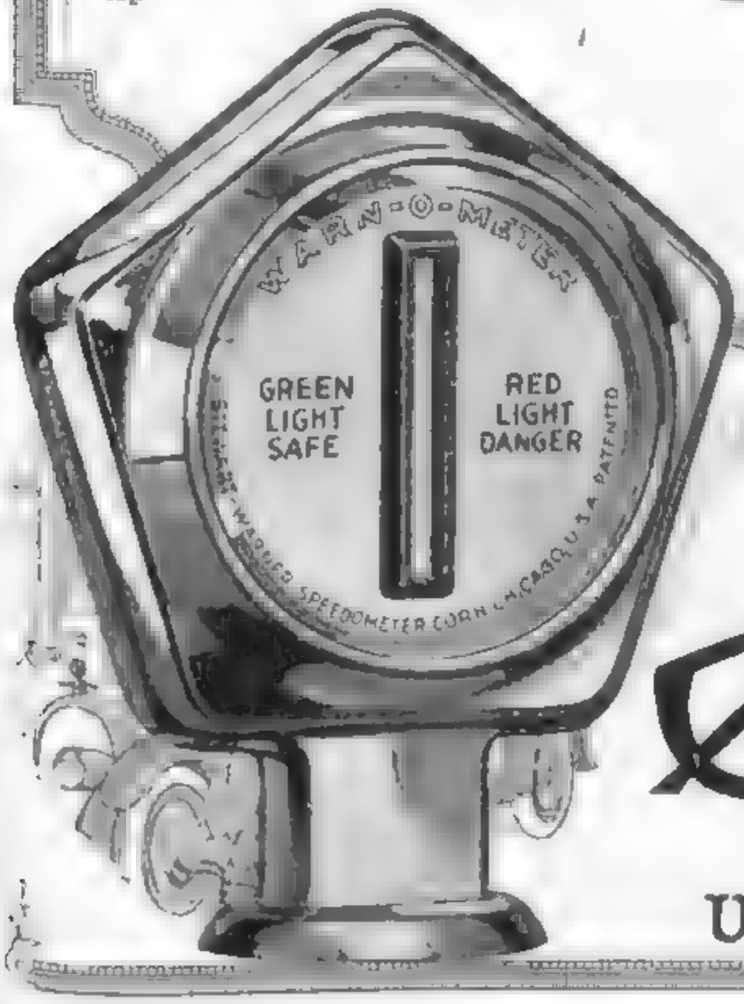
Ford Model, with special radiator cap $10.00





Stewart Motor Driven Signals

Model 163 $6.50 Model 136 $8.50

Stewart

PRODUCTS USED ON 7 MILLION CARS

Slight increase in Western prices on some models

1. Heater coils are supported every 2 inches and cannot sag
2. Makes 2 slices of toast above coils and 2 below at same time.
3. 3-heat switch gives you high, medium or low heat at will.
4. Stove frame is pressed steel coppered, nickel-plated and highly polished.
5. Generous fiber feet protect the table top from heat or scratching.
6. Deep dish of pressed polished aluminum, full 7x7 inches. Handle cannot come off.
7. Stove is nickel-plated and highly polished, with rounded corners.
8. This second deep dish inverted over No. 6 gives you a practical small oven.
9. Aluminum cake griddle when used above heater. Also cover for deep dishes.
10. Four aluminum custard or egg cups. Also for baking muffins. (See No. 8.)
11. Aluminum broiling grill for use in deep pan below heating element.

Summertime Comfort

You can serve a complete meal from this sturdy Table Stove—not a "snack," but a substantial dinner for 3 or 4 people. For example—

—Let's prepare hot muffins, broiled chops, browned potatoes and coffee!

—put reflector (*9*) below coils. Put one deep dish (*6*) above coils. Invert other deep dish (*8*) over it. When hot put muffins into this little oven, using aluminum dishes (*10*). Allow usual time for baking

—then broil a couple of chops (lay them on *11*) below in *6*, while potatoes simmer or brown in *8* above the heater. Use *9* inverted as a cover

—finally, make coffee on the grid (*2*). Control heat with switch (*3*).

Isn't that interesting? And practical? And worth trying?

The room is not heated, as practically every bit of the heat goes into the food when you use the Marion Table Stove.

You cook right on the dining table, enjoying the meal with your family, and serve direct from the Marion Table Stove.

Most dealers will be glad to demonstrate Marion Electric Servants. If your dealer cannot supply you, use the coupon.

Rutenber Electric Company, Marion, Indiana

Rutenber Electric Co.
Marion, Indiana

Enclosed is check for $13.50 for 3-heat Marion Table Stove, exactly as above.
Identical outfit $12.25 without switch.

My Dealer is_____
My Name_____
My Address_____
City_____ State_____

(Continued from Page 101)

of April. The event that did that was the arrival of the morning paper relating the catastrophe in San Francisco, then called an earthquake, but by common consent since referred to as the fire.

One of our laughing party was Mrs. Chase, who had been a Miss Mizner, sister of Wilson and Addison Mizner, Californians. Mr. Chase was still in the States, and the reports of the devastation included territory in which the family had important financial and sentimental interests. Other Californians were in our party, with parents, brothers and sisters in the stricken city. The blow made everything else forgotten; not only those directly and personally affected but all the Americans knew their vacation was over and their stations were at the lines of quickest communication.

It is rather fine to remember the promptness with which the Americans in Paris acted at that time. The American Chamber of Commerce assembled the next morning upon a call from its president printed in the Paris New York Herald. It was a crowded meeting, attended not only by the members but by many sojourners and transients. There was some little personal information, not much; the cables were blocked. Men of prominence and power addressed the company, and running true to form after the American manner the first definite action by the chamber was an appropriation and a volunteer subscription. Thousands of dollars were immediately pledged. The mayor of San Francisco was telegraphed. When, after a period of two or three days, the rather proud but fairly self-reliant reply was received that outside subscriptions were not needed, the American chamber met again and the money was diverted to a loan fund available to such Californians as found themselves in Paris with their communications cut or their sources of supply destroyed. These were principally students in the art schools, the Sorbonne, the Beaux Arts and the musical institutions. But how fine the spirit, how admirable that highly cultivated ethical capacity to respond! How thrilling its demonstration! It was, of course, a comparatively small reaction, but it was very like the stir that went over all America that sixth day in April, 1917, when the resolution of Congress decided that we were in the war.

Editor's Note—This is the eleventh of a series of twelve articles by Mr. Thomas. The last will appear in an early issue.

TRUST EMILY

(Continued from Page 18)

born with, and however truthful he is naturally ——"

"Yes?" murmured Angela sympathetically.

Arthur was glad to be interrupted by the arrival of Stoker, who walked swayingly in, bearing a plate of bread and butter in one hand, and a plate containing a cake in the other. He approached the table nervously, and set them thereon, watched by Angela.

Angela moved to the table. "Let me show you," said she, "how I like a tea table set."

"Yes'm," said Stoker.

"You will easily learn," Angela continued. "Put the cups out in the saucers so. Then group them so. But you have brought too many cups."

"Yes'm," said Stoker, glancing hopelessly round, and counting on his fingers.

Arthur scowled at him.

"The bread and butter is too thick, you know," pursued Angela very kindly.

"Yes'm," said Stoker.

Just then sounds of muffled knockings arose and penetrated to the parlor. Stoker stared uneasily around.

"What's that noise?" inquired Angela.

"The workmen," replied Arthur calmly.

"After tea you shall show me what they are doing," said Angela.

The knockings continued.

Stoker scratched his head. "Please sir," he piped, "shall I go an' ——"

"No, Stoker!" said Arthur ferociously. "You'll stay in the kitchen and come when rung for. That's all just now."

"Yes, sir," said Stoker.

"Kettle boiling?" Arthur added ferociously.

"Kettle ain't quite b'ilin', sir," replied Stoker, and he went out quickly.

"Since tea is not quite ready," said Arthur, turning to Angela with a very subtle smile had the luckless girl but known it, "I'd like to show you part of the house, beginning with the cellar."

"Beginning with the cellar?" echoed Angela.

"Yes," said Arthur. "It's really an awfully interesting cellar. 'S a matter of fact there are three cellars. Two outer ones and an inner one."

Angela shuddered. "Oh-h-h!" shivered she. "They'll be dark."

"Er—yes," assented Arthur. "I'm afraid so. But it can't be helped," he added grimly.

"You'll hold my hand if it's very dark?" cried Angela charmingly. She moved impulsively to him.

"Er—yes," said Arthur, edging to the door. "Er—I mean, yes!"

Angela followed him, with beautiful up-and-down flickerings of eyelashes. "Funny Arthur!" said she, rallying him as she passed through the door he held open for her.

It was barely half a minute later that Stoker wandered in again with a dish of jam. He looked around him and his jaw dropped. A trembling ran over his frame. He shook his head, and the jam dish fell from his hand to the table. He scratched his head—but received no revelation—and gazed round again.

"I'm sure I dunno!" he said aloud.

He heard again the muffled knockings. Knowing what he knew they had a sinister quality. He started violently and scratched his head.

A revelation was made to him. With silent caution he sped to the courtyard and wheeled one bicycle after another behind a laurel bush, till all three were concealed. He returned to the fatal room.

Arthur dashed in at one door and Stoker entered by the other. He appeared distinctly distrait.

"Stoker!" he cried. "Stoker!"

"I've 'id 'em!" said Stoker.

"What?" cried Arthur.

"The bicycles," said Stoker earnestly.

"What for?" cried Arthur.

"It seems better like," replied Stoker earnestly.

"Why?" said Arthur.

"It just seems to me better like," replied Stoker earnestly. He eyed Arthur suspiciously, and kept well out of reach.

"Come here!" said Arthur.

"No, sir! Not me, sir!" replied Stoker with the stout resistance of one at bay.

"Here!" said Arthur desperately. "I say, I got a job for you to do quick. You know where Sir William Hunter lives, and you say you can ride a bicycle?"

"Yes, sir," breathed Stoker.

"Then take one of those bicycles," said Arthur, "and ride as fast as you can to Sir William's, and ask ——"

Even yet Arthur was not destined to give the twice-postponed order, for a new sound simply struck the words from his lips. A car drew up outside. Arthur and Stoker both listened, palsied.

"Who's that?" said Arthur in a terrible whisper.

They listened. Muffled knockings seemed to run like wildfire round the house, above them and below them.

Lady Hunter came determinedly through the courtyard and filled the doorway.

"Tea, Stoker!" cried Arthur stridently.

"Yes, sir!" said Stoker in a numb voice, and he ran past Arthur into the kitchen.

Lady Hunter entered, gushing sympathy, excitement, reproach; and, on terms, forgiveness. It was quite wonderful, the way one woman could express all this in her mere personality.

"My dear boy!" she exclaimed.

Both her hands were outstretched.

"Oh, Aunt Jane," said Arthur in a hollow way, "this is really kind of you."

Lady Hunter went up to Arthur and took possession of him. "I've left your uncle still speechmaking, dear, at the flower show. I ran away, for I couldn't resist coming to you." She then held up her cheek till Arthur kissed it; and next she raised her lorgnette and looked around for a comfortable seat.

"Take this chair, Aunt Jane," said Arthur, offering his poor father's; and Lady Hunter sat in it.

(Continued on Page 107)

A *Dead* Engine on a *Live* Street

A FEW sputtering knocks — a convulsive jerk — a sudden stop! Up with the hood—a frenzied, futile fussing with plugs and wires.

Meanwhile, streets jammed for blocks—drivers yelling—horns blowing—policeman raving!

Annoying—irritating—inconvenient—yet it all shrinks into insignificance beside the damage done to the engine by a single misfiring spark plug or a short-circuited wire.

Worn and loosened bearings, scored cylinders, piston slaps, chattering gears, loss of power and noisy, jerky operation are the inevitable results of neglecting even the smallest defects in the nerve center of the car—the ignition system.

You can protect your car and your comfort by testing the ignition system regularly. It's no longer a complicated task—it now can be done quickly, easily, cleanly by using the

Airco IGNITION GAUGE

The Watchdog of the Ignition System

Instantly spots the plug that's missing

Locates short-circuits and leaks in high-tension wires

This handy vest-pocket instrument is small enough to reach the most inaccessible part of the ignition system. Its blunt contact cap cannot slip off plug or wire while testing. Cannot get out of order—no wires to connect—no shocks—no danger.

Carry one with you in case something goes wrong on the road.

AIR REDUCTION SALES CO.

The name Airco on this ignition gauge signifies that it embodies all the high standards characteristic of the twenty-one other products of the Air Reduction Sales Company, pioneers in commercializing the elements of the air and large manufacturers of oxygen, acetylene, apparatus, etc., for the oxyacetylene welding and cutting industry. It is most logical that an instrument relying solely for its functioning on Neon—a rare gas of the air—should be built by an organization of such specialized experience

For all internal combustion engines

Edward A. Cassidy Co., Inc. (Ignition Gauge Sales Division of Air Reduction Sales Co.)
24 West 44th St. New York, N. Y.

Please find enclosed $ ___ for which send me ___ Ignition Gauges

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6-1

Cooking Utensils and Food Flavors

When odors cling to cooking utensils, it is evident that the same metal surface which draws into its depths enough food substance to give off an odor, also takes out of the food precious elements—particularly the valuable health-giving mineral properties.

The flint-hard, glassy surface of *Nesco Royal Granite Enameled Ware* is non-porous. It cannot absorb food flavors nor food values. It does not permit odors of food to cling to its surface. It does not discolor from deposits of mineral and other food values.

Better Cooking Assured

Good cooking—tastier, better flavored, more wholesome dishes are the products of the housewife who cooks in Nesco Royal Ware. Every bit of the flavor is retained. It is unimpaired by chemicalization. Mineral elements are saved in the food when cooked in Nesco Royal Ware.

Nesco Royal Ware is food-acid-proof. The porcelain-like surface of the granite enamel prevents contact of food with metal. In the handling, cooking and preserving of fruits, it is safest to use Nesco Royal Ware. Then the original flavor and the keeping qualities of canned fruits are assured.

Prevents Contamination; Protects Health

Nesco Royal Ware can so easily be kept scrupulously clean that it insures sanitation in the preparation of food for babies. Food for invalids whose appetite must be tempted with the most delicately flavored, wholesome foods, should always be prepared in glassy surfaced Nesco Royal Ware.

◇ ◇ ◇

Proper distribution and retention of heat thru the heavy steel base makes the cooking of meat especially satisfactory in the Nesco Royal Roaster or stewing kettles.

Because Nesco Royal Ware so well resists the effects of iron and alkali in the water, and its durability is absolutely unaffected, dippers and drinking cups in Nesco Royal Ware are used everywhere. Picnickers and campers use Nesco Royal plates, bowls, and cups and saucers. They are easily cleaned, and unbreakable.

Durable Ware Has Lasting Beauty

Whether the Nesco Royal Granite Enameled Ware utensil is old or new it always looks the same. Its porcelain-like surface is just as glossy and glistening, and the lovely, harmonious colors remain as vivid and bright as on the day when the housewife first washed from the granite surface the diamond label which identifies each utensil of Nesco Royal Granite Enameled Ware.

◇ ◇ ◇

The Nesco diamond label is assurance of the high quality of material and workmanship in Nesco Royal Ware. The label indicates that the best grade of heavy pressed steel forms its base, and that high quality, rock-hard melted granite has been flowed over and baked into its pores.

Use Only Mild Soap and Water

Water and mild soap are all that is required to clean Nesco Royal Ware. Hard scouring and polishing, which roughen and redden the housewife's hands, are entirely unnecessary. With the elimination of the use of expensive and unpleasant cleaners, comes to the housewife a saving of many hours of dishwashing drudgery.

◇ ◇ ◇

The reasonable price of Nesco Royal Ware places it well within the means of every housewife. Its economy and great durability, its assurance of years of good cooking, and relief of dishwashing drudgery, make the purchase of Nesco Royal Ware a desirable investment.

An attractive descriptive folder and a handy recipe book will be sent upon request. Address: National Enameling & Stamping Co., Advertising Dept., Sec. D, Milwaukee, Wis.

NESCO PERFECT
OIL COOK STOVE

A Real Test for Any Stove

To obtain a crisp, evenly browned piece of toast a pure, intense, blue flame is required—a flame which indicates by its color, perfect combustion of air and gas. The Nesco Perfect Oil Cook Stove produces this perfect blue flame not only suited for making toast but for all kinds of cooking as well.

NESCO ROCKWEAVE WICK
(PATENTED)

The Nesco Rockweave Wick and the famous Nesco Perfect Burner work in such perfect accord that the high blue flame which shoots up through the grate is free from the slightest taint of smoke or odor.

Such a flame bakes light, fluffy bread and cakes most temptingly delicious; roasts to a turn; fries quickly and cleanly; and boils with equal success.

Go to your hardware, house furnishing or department store and witness a practical demonstration of the Nesco Perfect Oil Cook Stove. Satisfy yourself that the claims we have made for it are true. Also see these other Nesco Products—

Nesco Perfect Oil Heater,

Nesco Royal Granite Enameled Ware.

Send postal for free booklet, "Thirty Picked Recipes," by Mrs. Simon Kander, author of The Settlement Cook Book. Address: National Enameling & Stamping Co., Inc., Advertising Department, Section D, Milwaukee, Wis.

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The Nesco Boy diamond-shaped label identifies all Nesco Products. Look for it. It is your guide in buying quality articles.

(Continued from Page 104)

Arthur held his head, which was beginning to ache. He sighed. "Where's Parks?" he thought. "Where is Parks? Why doesn't she come and help me? Everyone comes but Parks," he thought resentfully.

Stoker came in with the teapot; and his wife dodged behind him, trying to avoid Arthur's eye, with the hot-water jug. Her movements were watched interestedly by Lady Hunter. Suddenly Mrs. Stoker fell under Arthur's observation, when she turned and scuttled out like a rabbit. Stoker, too, fairly burrowed his way into the kitchen after her.

"Good gracious!" said Lady Hunter. "Does she always run like that?"

"Generally," replied Arthur severely. "I don't let her see me."

"Fancy!" said Lady Hunter musingly.

Arthur fidgeted about. "I—I suppose you've come to tell me I I've been missed," he hazarded.

"Missed?" ejaculated Lady Hunter. "Missed!"

"I simply—er—simply had to go," said Arthur firmly.

Lady Hunter sighed. "That feeling seems to be catching in my household," said she. "Parks put it like that too."

Arthur started guiltily.

"P-p-parks?" he murmured.

"I've lost her," said Lady Hunter.

Arthur walked about. He gave the sofa leg nearest him a good kick, and felt better. Muffled knockings came down regularly from above, and as regularly came up from below, while from the attic on the south side rose what might be taken, without error, for a female voice faintly calling. Arthur kicked the table leg.

"I've lost Parks," repeated Lady Hunter.

"Lost her?" said Arthur nervously. "She seemed to me the sort of girl you couldn't lose or mislay if you wanted to. Always there; always right on the spot."

"After obtaining the whole day off for the flower show," continued Lady Hunter, "she gave me a month's wages in lieu of notice. I never saw anything so shamelessly independent. I pressed for an explanation, you may be sure; and after a while she said she felt a call to go into the service of the clergyman who confirmed her at Durham. The clergy are very insidious."

Arthur tried to repress a groan, but could not.

"What!" he said. "Parks off to Durham?"

"Durham," nodded Lady Hunter. "Then," she continued after a pause, "there's cook."

"Cook?" he echoed.

Lady Hunter nodded again. "Cook. As soon as she heard you'd gone she said to me: 'Me lady,' she said, 'I must follow and cook for him if it's ever so.'"

Arthur swallowed rapidly.

"She's not coming here?" he asked unsteadily.

"Oh, no, dear boy," said Lady Hunter. "Sir William sent for his lawyer, who was able to impose upon her, as lawyers do. But fancy me, with a cook that has to have an act of law read to her to keep her, and Parks lost to a clergyman, all in one day."

Arthur walked about. He could only think of Parks and her defection.

"As a matter of fact ——" he began nervously.

Lady Hunter interrupted him in a tart voice. "As a matter of fact religion is evidently not the thing it was for the lower classes. Cyril told me to insist on my servants going to church. 'When in the country,' he said, 'that is the thing to do, and if they won't walk send them in the donkey cart. Spread them out. Two donkey carts full would look well.' And I'm not arguing that Cyril doesn't know the right thing to do; but still, what does it lead to? I've gone and lost Parks to a clergyman."

The knockings now beat with the regularity of drums, and Lady Hunter's attention wandered from clergymen. She listened attentively. Then turning she fixed Arthur inquiringly through her lorgnette.

Arthur had known, of course, throughout the conversation that sooner or later this moment must come, and he had his words ready.

"The workmen," he said with an explanatory wave of the hand.

Lady Hunter kindled.

"Ah, of course!" she cried. "But, my dear boy, that brings me to the object of my little secret visit. Now that you have mentioned workmen, I must say that under the new conditions I hope you won't go on with all those alterations and repairs without consulting a certain lady. Not a tin tack should be driven in without her consent. For after all a home is a place very sacred to a woman."

Her voice trembled emotionally.

"I wish I knew some place sacred to a man," said Arthur.

"Now listen to me, my dear," said Lady Hunter, looking at him very earnestly through her lorgnette, "listen to me, for we must discuss very carefully the whole awful situation.

"I lay awake all night thinking of it. To-day has been miserable. Lunch was tragic. None of those poor girls has spoken to the other all day. And all left the flower show on pitiful pretexts. I know something of women's hearts, Arthur, and I could guess where all those poor dears are at this very moment."

Arthur recoiled.

"What!" he exclaimed.

"Each," said Lady Hunter solemnly, "is lying on her bed, locked in her room, crying her little heart out." She sighed.

Arthur swallowed once or twice. "I darn well wish they were," he replied.

"Arthur!" said Lady Hunter, appalled. "Arthur! You brute! But," she added, "that is what all those poor girls love in you—the brute. We women ——"

Arthur kicked the sofa, interrupting her.

"I don't know what to do," he remarked.

"But that's so simple, my dear," breathed Lady Hunter.

"Simple?" repeated Arthur.

"Just do it over again," said Lady Hunter, with a proud look at her simple ingenuity.

"Just do it over again?" repeated Arthur faintly.

"And this time, dear," pursued Lady Hunter softly, "be sure to ask the one you love."

"I don't love anyone," said Arthur, at his sturdiest.

Lady Hunter fairly shrieked.

"You must!" she cried.

She began to get very angry, and tapped her toes incessantly on the floor.

"I won't!" said Arthur.

Lady Hunter grew violently agitated. "The situation," she panted, "is impossible."

"Improbable," said Arthur grimly, "but not impossible. Nothing of this kind is impossible to me. I don't love any ——"

"You shall love somebody before I leave here," said Lady Hunter breathlessly, "or I won't go!"

She recklessly delivered this ultimatum to Arthur; it was her own fault. Also the knockings went on distractingly all the time.

"What!" said Arthur. "Do you mean to tell me you won't leave here till I—I ——"

"I won't go till it's all settled," replied Lady Hunter flatly.

Arthur gave a very long musing look. After all, if one, why not two? If two, why not three? If three, why not four?"

"Ah!" said he in a quiet voice. "Then there'll be lots of time to spare, and I would like to show you the linen cupboard. Mother left a lot of linen."

"I do not care how I occupy the time, Arthur," said Lady Hunter wrathfully. "The linen cupboard by all means."

"Then come on!" said Arthur.

She rose without a qualm, save the qualms of her first anger. And when Arthur opened the door violently she walked past him at a great pace. So once more the parlor was left to the sun, and the gun, and the stuffed birds, and so on.

Stoker had been reconnoitering outside, listening in a condition of fear to the upraised voices. Now he stole across the courtyard and looked into the room. He saw only the sun, the gun, and so on. He stared round, trembling.

"'Ell and blazes!" he cried piously. Again he gazed round without hope. "I dunno," he said, quailing.

Arthur dashed in again and saw Stoker, who recoiled, and would have run away, but Arthur checked him.

"Here! Stop!" he commanded.

His unwilling accomplice drooped against the door lintel.

"You've left the chauffeur!" he whispered hoarsely. He pointed outside to where the car lolled in the sunshine.

"You go and get right in that car," said Arthur ferociously, "and tell that chauffeur to drive to Sir William Hunter's and fetch Mr. Wakefield. Mr. Wakefield! Do you hear?" (Continued on Page 109)

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The more an owner uses his car, the more he needs plate glass. The active car gets the close shaves of the road, and its users reckon most with turns and distances. Plate glass in windshield or windows makes safety more certain.

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Busy men put maps under plate glass on their desks. If they used cheaply made glass, a sideway look would instantly make a confused mass of colored inks. For windshields or windows, for safety's sake, plate glass is essential in motor car replacements.

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McFord & Co.
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Does 1922 look so rosy that you can afford to throw away that which these world leaders are so carefully saving?

Can you afford to use cumbersome riveting to join pieces of steel which they would weld at half the cost with a Lincoln Welder?

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Can you afford to discard for minor defects castings, forgings, and stampings which could be made sound and perfect by arc welding?

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Philadelphia
Boston
Charlotte, N. C.
London, England

(Continued from Page 107)

"Yes, sir," said Stoker abjectly. But he paused, pointing imploringly towards the door leading into the kitchen: "Don't 'ee touch my wife!"

Arthur made for him.

"I wouldn't touch your wife for a million!" he shouted. "Get!"

Stoker vanished. He awoke the chauffeur, tumbled into the lazy car and departed swiftly. Arthur was alone.

The house now resounded to dim knocks and cries. They made Arthur shiver. He dragged himself to the mantelpiece, leaned upon it and mopped his brow. He thought very gravely. His nerves were all anyhow. He started at a bird's twitter. Things were too terrible. It seemed to him awful that a quiet, simple man should come from Australia and have these things happen to him through practically no fault of his own. He nearly fell into the fireplace when once more someone knocked on the door behind him.

He had once seen the Hunters' cook. He swallowed once or twice and shut his eyes before he turned round and saw only a telegraph messenger.

Arthur experienced one of those moments of relief which are almost too great to bear. He stretched out his almost powerless hand, and the telegram was thrust into it.

"No answer," he said weakly.

Once more he was alone in the parlor. He thought how blessed loneliness was, but guessed somehow that it must be of short duration. He put the telegram into his pocket.

Arthur was still leaning against the mantelpiece, resting after his trial, when again the door knocker sounded. This time he felt sure of seeing a certain stout and passionate form, light of hand in the making of meringues, but probably heavy to suffocation in the arts of love. He wondered why it had never occurred to him to shut and bolt the door. However, he pulled himself together presently and looked furtively round.

There was Parks.

VII

PARKS smiled. So did Arthur. He just stood there and smiled. It was so nice to see a woman who didn't really count as a woman at all and was innocent of all fell design.

She wore the hat looted from Mrs. Drelincourt; and adorable it looked, too; and she wore the shoes and stockings looted from Angela; but she had an ulster over Gwennie's gown. She carried tenderly a large epergne.

"You!" said Arthur happily, after a dreamy silence. "Not you!"

Parks gurgled joyfully. "Oh, no, Mr. Arthur. It's not me."

It was splendid to see how comfortable and at home Arthur felt with her. He approached her without fear.

"Come in!" he said heartily.

She came in. Then he noticed that in her other hand she carried a basket holdall, which she placed by the wall where it wouldn't be in the way.

"Why the deuce didn't you come before?" asked Arthur.

"The flower show, Mr. Arthur," Parks explained.

"Confound the flower show!" said Arthur.

Parks gurgled. "And from what Mr. Wakefield said to me this morning when I took his early tea I—I rather thought I was going to get this, Mr. Arthur." She displayed the epergne triumphantly.

"The first prize for ladies' table decorations, Mr. Arthur."

"'M," said Arthur, giving the thing a mere glance.

"I suppose nothing ever prevents you carrying out your own plans?"

"Nothing, Mr. Arthur," she replied serenely.

She placed the epergne in the center of the tea table.

"For you, Mr. Arthur."

"Eh?" said Arthur, giving the thing another look. "Why?"

"Oh, just—because," said little Parks.

She turned away, fidgeting with her gloves and looking round the parlor. Then her ear was caught by those dim knockings, which had been spasmodic for the last five minutes, but now were beginning again their steady rhythm. She listened curiously.

Arthur endeavored to distract her attention for a bit. For, after all, it could not be long now before aid arrived in the person of Cyril, who, earning his good living simply by the exercise of tact, was absolutely the man to send for.

"I say!" said Arthur. "This isn't the way to Durham, y'know."

"N-no, Mr. Arthur," said Parks.

Then she began to laugh. They looked at each other, and Arthur began to laugh, too; rather morosely perhaps, but still he laughed.

"Durham!" said little Parks. "Dud-durham!" She gurgled and gurgled.

"Er—er—would you like to sit down?" said Arthur happily.

"Thank you, Mr. Arthur," murmured Parks.

She seated herself beside the table and ran a domesticated eye over its arrangement.

Arthur fidgeted about restlessly between the table and fireplace, an eye cocked at Parks.

"You you're looking awfully well," he hazarded.

"Thank you, Mr. Arthur," she replied, smiling. "You've never seen me before in my mufti, have you?"

Arthur fidgeted about.

"No," he said. "That—that's a cute little hat, isn't it?"

"Cute's the word, Mr. Arthur," she replied triumphantly.

Arthur gazed at Mrs. Drelincourt's sacrifice. Then his eye wandered to Angela's

"And I say!" said he. "Silk stockings! Eh?"

"All the way up, Mr. Arthur," said little Parks with girlish rapture.

"You swept the stairs in cashmere," added Arthur, musing upon her legs.

"Oh, Mr. Arthur!" said little Parks, softly smiling. "You noticed!"

"Well, I dunno," said Arthur, musing; "at the time I didn't know I noticed, but I suppose I did."

"I always say," remarked Parks, "that every man's the same at rock bottom."

Arthur recovered his sturdiness with a jerk.

"Well," he said, "don't let's talk about your stockings." Parks pouted a little. "What's happened?"

"Everybody's very upset," she replied.

"What do they say?" asked Arthur.

The muffled knockings continued in spasms.

"Nothing, Mr. Arthur," replied Parks, glancing around her a little curiously.

"Nothing?" repeated Arthur.

"Well, how can they?" said Parks. "If nobody helps 'em—and I'm not going to," she added cryptically, "though there are some who may think otherwise—if nobody helps 'em, Mr. Arthur, they don't know what's what, or which is which, or who's who."

"But neither do I," said Arthur. "They've got me there."

Parks smiled most shrewdly. "Oh, no, Mr. Arthur! Oh, no-o-o-o! Because, you see"—she turned in her chair and leaned over the table towards him—"if Mrs. Drelincourt says it's her and knows it wasn't, for all she guesses the one it was will bring up proof; 'n' if Miss Harmony says it's her and knows it wasn't—ditto; and if the twin does ditto, why—ditto!"

When Parks had brought this out with a delicate air of finesse she sat back and regarded Arthur.

He considered rapidly, on his part.

"Why—why—then if I say nothing and everybody else says nothing I'm saved!"

"Oh," said Parks dreamily, "I wouldn't say 'saved,' 'cause, after all, you know, somebody's going to have you in the end. Must."

She regarded Arthur very dreamily indeed.

"It's pretty awful, isn't it?" he groaned.

"Oh, 's awful, Mr. Arthur," she agreed sympathetically.

"You seem the only one out of it," said Arthur gloomily.

Little Parks spoke very gently, although she was at heart one of those sweet maternal girls literally without mercy where the male sex is concerned.

"I don't know that I'd put it quite like that, Mr. Arthur," temporized she.

"Help!" said Arthur.

"Yes, I'm here to help you, Mr. Arthur," said little Parks, "and to save you from the other women."

"How'll you do it?" asked Arthur desperately, for it seemed as if she had brought him hope only to snatch it away again.

"You engage me as lady housekeeper," she replied.

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Arthur was staggered. He began fruitlessly to object.

"But I don't want one," said he.

"No," said Parks, sweetly but firmly; "no. But you need one. You're the kind of man that wants guarding. And if you engage me you would have nothing to fear"—she paused—"from any other female. Yes, you're the kind of man that wants looking after. You want managing for."

"Well, I've managed my own life for myself pretty well, so far, thank you," said Arthur sturdily.

"Ah," she murmured, "but when it comes to women — "

She paused significantly

"You're right!" said Arthur. "When it comes to women "

"You want helping," she continued. "You're the sort of man that wants blindfolding and then pushing hard."

Arthur started violently.

"Eh?" he cried.

Little Parks caught herself back from the edge of disaster. She knew the dangers of being premature. Yes, she was one of those sweet maternal girls who make a bee line for a man and get there. But he never sees her coming.

"I was using a figure of speech, Mr. Arthur," she said blandly. She paused. "Do I consider myself engaged?"

"Well," said Arthur, listening to the rappings all about him, "since I last saw you, Parks, things have happened which you know nothing about, and the job will be of a temporary nature only; very temporary. But I shall certainly be glad of you at present. What terms?"

"A pound a week—at present," murmured Parks.

She looked down softly; not that she was sorry for him.

"I think you're darned cheap," said Arthur with enthusiasm. "And I'm sure I hope you'll be happy 'n' comfortable, Parks."

He paused for the suitable reply which he expected, but he did not receive it.

"Parks," he added repetitively.

Little Parks looked at him. Her look was demure, but there was something in it. It fairly pulled Arthur together and riveted him.

"The situation is lady housekeeper," she replied.

Arthur started violently again. There was no doubt but that she flustered him.

"Oh—er—certainly, Miss Parks," he said lamely.

"And secretary, Mr. Arthur," she added.

"Secretary!" repeated Arthur.

"Gentlemen often have young secretaries, but not often young housekeepers," she explained.

"What a lot you know of the world, Miss Parks," said Arthur lamely.

"I suppose I can have a room, Mr. Arthur?" she continued after a pause.

"A room?" Arthur repeated. "What for?"

"To sleep in, please," said Parks very demurely.

"Oh!" said Arthur. "Oh—ah—yes, of course. The kitchen's through there." He indicated the door. "And there's a woman er—who cooks who'll show you the bedrooms."

Little Parks sat up.

"A woman?" she exclaimed.

"Yes. But married," Arthur replied peacefully. "Teeth drawn."

"Oh! Are they?" said little Parks. "A married woman has nothing but double molars. Will you kindly ask her to take my things to my room?"

She indicated the basket holdall, and Arthur's glance followed hers.

"I brought very little," she added, "depending on a lift in the baker's cart. My big box will follow."

Arthur continued looking at the holdall. He could not exactly have explained why; but there was a subtle menace about the thing. That epergne, too, kept staring at him from the table.

"Certainly—er—Miss Parks," he answered at last.

He seized the holdall and carried it to the kitchen, while Parks remained sitting by the tea table, exercising admirable self-control over her gurgles. He returned, looking very interestedly at her, on his way back to the hearthrug.

She was the first to break the ensuing silence.

"And now," said she, looking very settled and happy, "the question is: What are you going to do?"

Recalled to realities Arthur sat down heavily in his father's chair. He drew his favorite brier from the pocket of his lamentable coat.

He spoke more laconically than he could possibly have felt.

"Do? Me?"

"'M," said Parks; "you; do?"

"Nothing," returned Arthur.

He filled his pipe.

"Nothing?" breathed Parks.

"No," said Arthur.

He lighted his pipe. When he had hung it in the right corner of his mouth he felt infinitely better, wiser and safer.

"You can't, Mr. Arthur," argued Parks earnestly.

"I can," said Arthur. "I can do nothing just as well as anyone can do it. I'm through with women, Parks—I mean, Miss Parks. I'm through with 'em for good."

"You know, Mr. Arthur," returned she with a soft voice, "there's women—and women."

"And women and women and women," added Arthur. "You don't need to tell me." A knock sounded just under his chair. "Place seems full of 'em. But I'm through."

Little Parks crossed her knees; and Arthur mused once more briefly upon her stockings, before he exerted his strength and turned his eyes away

"Oh," she said softly, "I do wonder if you know what you're missing!"

"Here!" said Arthur. "You aren't trying to marry me off to anyone, are you?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Arthur," she replied hastily. She smiled. "Oh, no. No-o-o."

"No woman on earth would ever manage me," he added warningly, "and so I tell you."

Parks spoke from the heart, and with a sigh.

"Oh, don't you worry," said she. "The girl you marry will know her job."

"H'm," muttered Arthur.

"She'll have to," added Parks.

There was a pause, filled by knockings, to which again Parks listened curiously.

"What are those noises, Mr. Arthur?" she asked at last.

"Oh, nothing! Nothing!" said Arthur. "I mean, the workmen. Don't worry about them. I've got something to show you." He got up hastily, listening for the sound of the car bearing Cyril to the rescue, but the sound came not. "I'll show you my new gun. What do you think of her, eh?"

Then tenderly he fetched the gun from the corner where she leaned, and as soon as he got his hand upon her he forgot, for the moment, his troubles. He brought the gun to Parks.

"Look at her!" said he. "This is a first; six, seven, four and single trigger. Let me describe her to you, for she's a darling, isn't she, if ever there was one?" He stroked the barrel with a loving finger. "This is Whitworth steel; and this"—and here he moved his loving finger down to the breech, speaking with ecstasy—"is charcoal iron; and these lines at each side are gold; they move—I know you're interested in this—and by their position one knows at a glance if the barrel has been fired. This trigger guard's blue metal, and the stock walnut. She will last forever, and weighs exactly six pounds seven ounces and four pennyweights. Oh!" cried Arthur to the gun. "Oh, you peach! You beautiful peach!"

After a moment little Parks spoke.

"It seems a shameful waste to say all that to a gun," she remarked regretfully.

There was something wanting in this comment. Arthur returned the gun to the corner.

"Do guns cost much?" she asked.

"Sixty quid," said Arthur.

He stood off from the gun and eyed it.

"Sixty quid!" cried Parks. "My! You could have a lovely wedding on that!"

Arthur turned in haste. "Wedding!" he echoed irascibly. "Curse it, Parks—Miss Parks! What do I want with a wedding?"

"Oh, you don't want one, I know," she replied dreamily, "but still—they're pretty things."

Arthur advanced and faced her across the table

"Now," said he sternly, "will—you stop—it!"

Parks met his look square. Her eyes gazed into his.

"Just a minute," she begged softly and hurriedly. "Don't you think it would be wonderful to have someone who belonged to you; and who cared about everything you did; and loved you; and served

(Continued on Page 113)

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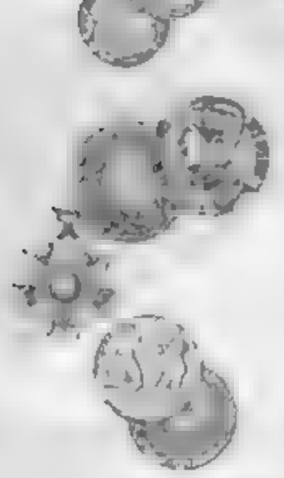

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(Continued from Page 110)

you; and helped you; and—and comforted you when you were ill or worried; and laughed with you when you were gay; and who just thought you all the world? Don't you think that would be rather wonderful?"

Flustered as he was by this unwelcome rhetoric, Arthur had stamina enough to frame a cutting reply.

"More than wonderful," he said. "Impossible!"

"No," said little Parks, biting her lips hard. "Love isn't impossible, Mr. Arthur."

"Love!" said Arthur. "I shall be very angry soon."

"Yes, love," persisted Parks gamely.

"H'm," said Arthur. "Well, when I meet a woman who can love I may think so."

"You don't know her when you see her," cried Parks desperately.

"You do like arguing with yourself, don't you?" said Arthur. "Have I ever seen such a girl, to your knowledge?"

"Y-yes, Y-yes," choked Parks. "You've often s-seen her."

"Not so that I'd notice, I'll swear," said Arthur.

"Oh, no!" said little Parks, beside herself. "Oh, no! You don't notice her—not at all."

Arthur turned away. He drove his hands into the pockets of his disreputable breeches. His pipe hung in the right corner of his mouth.

"Well," said he heartlessly, "she's lost it now, such as it is. I'm off to Australia."

Parks rose very slowly, leaning against the table.

"You—you're going back?" she breathed.

"I am that," said Arthur. "Quick as I can get. Made up my mind this afternoon. Didn't I tell you your job was only temporary?"

"So—that's that," said Parks.

"Right over there, Miss Parks," said Arthur, "is a great big farm that started by being a little one; but now you could put this farm into it and lose it. And there's a house"—he was flattered to see how raptly Parks listened—"that started by being a little house, and was added to till it got a dining room and a sitting room, and two bedrooms, and a veranda and a sleeping porch, and a garden, and a bathroom, hot and cold. And I'm the architect. I built it, and it's mine. And just beside the house is a stable, and in it is the only female I ever loved."

"A woman!" cried Parks fiercely. "But only in the stable," she thought.

"My mare, Isolde," said Arthur.

"Oh—yes," murmured Parks. "It's a beautiful name."

"She's a beautiful mare," returned Arthur warmly. "I said to her, 'Isolde,' I said, 'if I decide to stay in England I'll send for you, my beauty. But I shouldn't be surprised if I came back to you.' And she sort of smiled, you know"—here Arthur began smiling quite sentimentally himself—"and what she really meant was, 'No, and I shouldn't be surprised either.' She knew. The little devil! She knew."

"She's only a horse," said Parks quite passionately.

How complacently Arthur smiled!

"Is there anything better?" he said. "I ask you?"

"It's a question of op-op-op-opinion," gulped Parks.

Arthur remained infuriatingly complacent. "Well," he said, "I've given you mine. That's my opinion. And in my house I smoke where I like, and I sit where I like, and I eat when I like, and I have two Chinese house boys who make me darned comfortable. And the only female thing that follows me about is Isolde."

Parks bit her lips.

"Aren't your evenings lonely?" said she.

"Lonely!" Arthur repeated with scorn. "Lonely! Good Lord, no! There's my dog."

Parks stamped her foot and bit her lip again.

"A dog!" she cried.

"Well," said Arthur, "is there anything better than a dog?"

Parks sniffed.

"Yes," she said; "Isolde."

"Ironic you women are!" mused Arthur. He laughed infuriatingly. "Now, Isolde," he added, "she isn't ironic. Neither is the dog."

"The dog can't talk to you in the evenings," sighed Parks faintly.

"He listens," replied Arthur.

"Ah, that's why men like dogs," said little Parks. "So—you'll go back to him, and Isolde?"

Arthur nodded. "Yes. There're no complications in life out there."

"Don't you think you'll leave a good deal behind you?" asked Parks, biting her lower lip feverishly.

Arthur grinned. "I hope so," he replied. He waggled the pipe in the right side of his mouth. He began to feel quite humorous about it all, now that any moment might see Cyril—with that inimitable tact on which his young life hung—to the rescue. In an access of spirits he began to sing, burlesquing a song which was to little Parks—or to any other nice girl of her ilk—sacred.

"*De-earest*" [sang Arthur], "*our day is o-ver!*
Ended the d-r-r-ream divine;
You must go-o bah-ck to your life [sob],
I must go-o bah-ck to mine!
H-h-how" [Arthur sobbed] "*can I live without yeow?*
How can I let yeow go-o-o?"

A scream from Parks stopped Arthur in full song. He turned and saw her with her arms on the table and her head on her arms. He recoiled, feeling terribly apprehensive again.

"Oh, dear!" wailed little Parks. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

She sobbed piteously. It almost touched Arthur.

"Eh?" he said. "What's the matter now?"

"It's such—a—be-eau-tiful song," sobbed Parks. "It makes you think."

"Think what?" said Arthur.

Little Parks looked up. "Oh," trembled she, "w-w-wouldn't you re-r-really like to be with the girl who loved you, by this fireside, she with the stockin' basket and you sitting opposite talking—talking—talking? You don't kn-kn-know how nice things can be."

"No!" yelled Arthur. "Stop it!"

Parks rocked to and fro. "Well—that's that."

"Yes," said Arthur briskly. "Clearing up the dubious points nicely, aren't we? Is there anything else?"

"Well, you know," faltered Parks, "there's a sort of—sort of glamour in getting married."

"Glamour!" said Arthur, waggling his pipe enthusiastically. "Glamour! You should see our sunsets. Getting married's nothing to 'em."

Parks faltered on, weak but pursuing. "But what do you do when you feel—when you feel ——"

"When I feel?" prompted Arthur helpfully.

"Romantic," quivered Parks.

"I don't," said Arthur.

"But you might," quivered Parks stubbornly.

"I should play my banjo and sing," said Arthur. "And the dog'd howl. And we'd get rid of it that way."

"A banjo, too!" said Parks in a voice of utter despair.

Arthur nodded. "Yes, you see—I'm complete."

He was relieved to see the poor girl suddenly pull herself together.

There was desperation on her face, but it was calm.

"Well," she said, "that's that."

Arthur was glad to find her so open to reasonable conviction, and he was ready to assuage any normal curiosity.

"Anything else?" he asked.

Parks sat upright.

"Yes, Mr. Arthur."

"Out with it," said Arthur encouragingly.

Little Parks smiled with extreme sweetness.

"You once said you would repay."

"Repay whom?" said Arthur.

"Me," said Parks. "For saving you from being married."

Arthur agreed to this heartily.

"I've been thinking for some time of leaving England," said little Parks; "of emigrating to the colonies."

She turned her innocent trustful eyes up to Arthur.

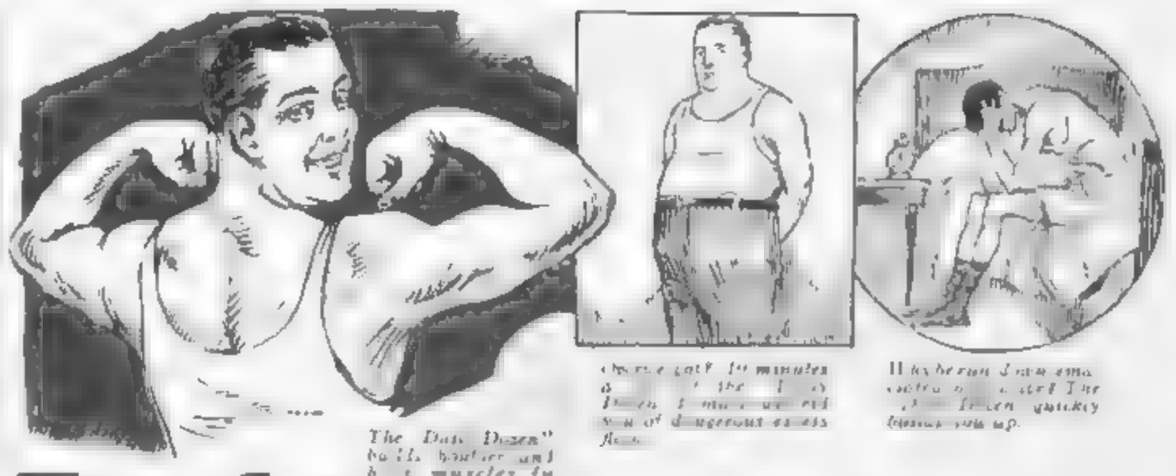
"Er—er—which colony?" asked Arthur, beginning to walk about rather uneasily again.

"Australia," replied Parks softly but inflexibly.

Arthur walked a little faster.

"Er—you want to go to Australia, too?" said he.

"'M," nodded Parks. "I'm capable and strong and most domesticated. My health's good. Perhaps you could recommend me



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for a post to one of your neighbors if you are fully suited yourself."

"Eh?" said Arthur, a little fidgety. "Yes, of course. My nearest neighbor's thirty miles away."

Parks gulped and recovered.

"D-d-do they lend domestic servants horses in Australia?" she asked, losing and regaining in a breath a fine steadiness of voice.

"Oh, I expect so," said Arthur, waggling his pipe. "Do you wish to take up riding?"

"I would be obliged to," said Parks.

"Well, Miss Parks," said Arthur, "there's no doubt that I am grateful to you, and so please consider any help I can give you at your service. But I say—the expense of passage—'n' all—you have to think of that sort of thing, my dear girl, haven't you?"

Little Parks was perfectly brave.

"I've saved a bit," she answered. "I shall go steerage."

Arthur hovered from one foot to the other. "Were—er—were you thinking of going on the same boat?" he hazarded.

"Thank you for suggesting it, Mr. Arthur," answered Parks very gratefully.

"Me?" said Arthur. "Suggest? I don't. Er—don't let me influence your choice in any way. I just asked a question."

But she held on her way, softly yet inflexibly.

"Perhaps when you arrange your own passage you would be kind enough to arrange mine, Mr. Arthur—me having no traveling experience."

Arthur was not clear in his own mind why he did not like the trend of this conversation, but like it he did not. However, gratitude is gratitude, or should be.

"Oh, certainly," he replied. "It's a little thing to do for you after all you've done for me."

Parks rose quietly from her chair.

"Thank you, Mr. Arthur," she murmured.

Arthur looked at this nice obliging girl standing so unobtrusively and gratefully there. He looked at the epergne she had brought him. He mused again upon her silk stockings. His mind seemed less clear and his will less dependable than usual.

"I sort of don't—don't like this steerage idea," he said obtusely. "I wonder why. Now I wonder why I don't just like it."

He pondered at her silk stockings.

"I can't think!" said she in tones of acid despair; for there are limits to every woman's forbearance.

"No, I don't like it," mused Arthur. "Still—I dare say it's not so bad nowadays. I'll come and look over at you—and I'll chuck some apples down."

For a moment Parks looked at Arthur in wrathful silence. He was still pondering at her stockings, and knew nothing. She clenched her fist impotently. She looked round for relief. Seizing a plate from the table she cast it with concentrated force upon the floor, where it lay shattered.

Arthur awoke violently.

"Ap-ples!" said little Parks very slowly between her locked teeth.

"G-g-good heavens!" stuttered Arthur, looking at the smashed plate.

Parks walked with extreme violence to the door and back again, and faced him.

"I'd like to know what some men are made of!" she gritted. "Ap-ples!"

Arthur hurried after her. "How can they be m-m-made of apples?" he stuttered. "Don't be silly."

Parks hurried away from Arthur, clenching her hands, biting her lips, and stamping. She had let go.

"Apples!" she cried, and swept a cup venomously off the table in passing.

Arthur followed, confused.

"Please!" he implored.

"I'd like to know," cried Parks, evading him in and out of and around the furniture—"I'd like to know how some men dare to say the things they say, and to do the things they do! And not do the things they don't do! How dare they?"

"Listen," said Arthur, appalled.

"I couldn't put into respectable words what I think of you," cried Parks, walking about violently, with Arthur trying to keep up.

"I say," said Arthur wildly.

"Men!" cried Parks, heaving the milk jug to the floor.

"Good heavens!" stuttered Arthur. "Look here ——"

"It's a pity we can't do without 'em," continued Parks, unheeding, "but we can't!"

"Please!" cried Arthur.

Parks took up the sugar basin and crashed it to the floor.

"From the highest to the lowest," said she, "just the same! From the oldest to the youngest, all the same! Men! I know 'em! I know 'em!"

"Good heavens!" shouted Arthur, beside himself.

Parks stamped up and down. She really had let go.

"I loathe the lot!" cried she. "I hate 'em! There isn't a man alive worth that!" She snapped her fingers right in Arthur's face.

"Oh, it's a pity we can't do without 'em! And as for you, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. All men ought always to be ashamed of themselves!"

"Oh, please!" said Arthur madly.

"But shame!" cried she. "Can they feel it? No!"

She smashed plate after plate untiringly, and Arthur had to duck to avoid the flying missiles.

"Apples!" she cried, stamping.

"I say!" said Arthur.

"I'll fetch my things," she cried, whirling round at him.

"Stop!" shouted Arthur.

"Men!" cried Parks.

"Please! Please! Please!" shouted Arthur.

A perfect hurricane of knockings now broke out above and below and around as if in response to the hell's delight that Parks was raising. And she would not listen to a word he said. She took the cake from the table.

It was light and crumbly, with soft icing.

"You go to perishin' blazes!" she said.

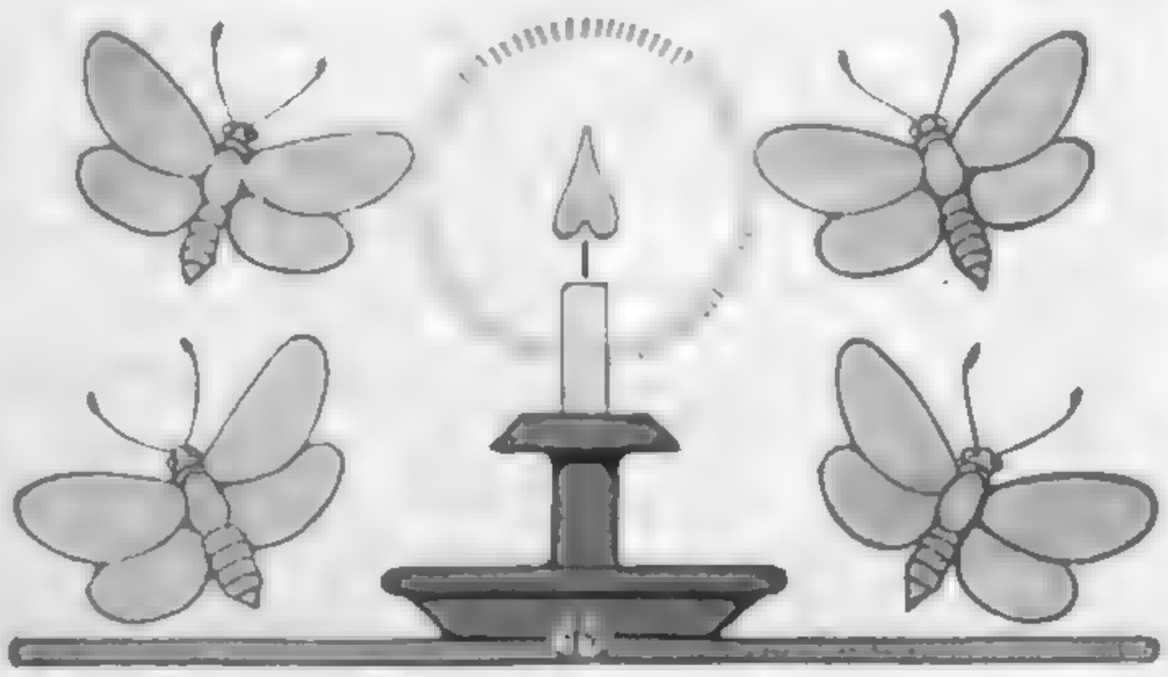
And she hurled the cake at Arthur's head and caught him fair, and when he opened his eyes again she was gone.

For a short while Arthur stood, covered with crumbs, with his feet in the milk, receiving strange sensations. He held his head.

He felt an extraordinary warm rushing in all his veins; not unpleasant. Wonderfully enough, his pipe still hung in the corner of his mouth, and he took it out and looked at it thoughtfully. He smiled. He looked from the pipe to the door whence Parks had departed, and back again. He sat down on the edge of the wrecked table. Never in his life had he been so shaken. He smiled once more.

"That's a—a lovely girl," he said. "That's a lovely girl!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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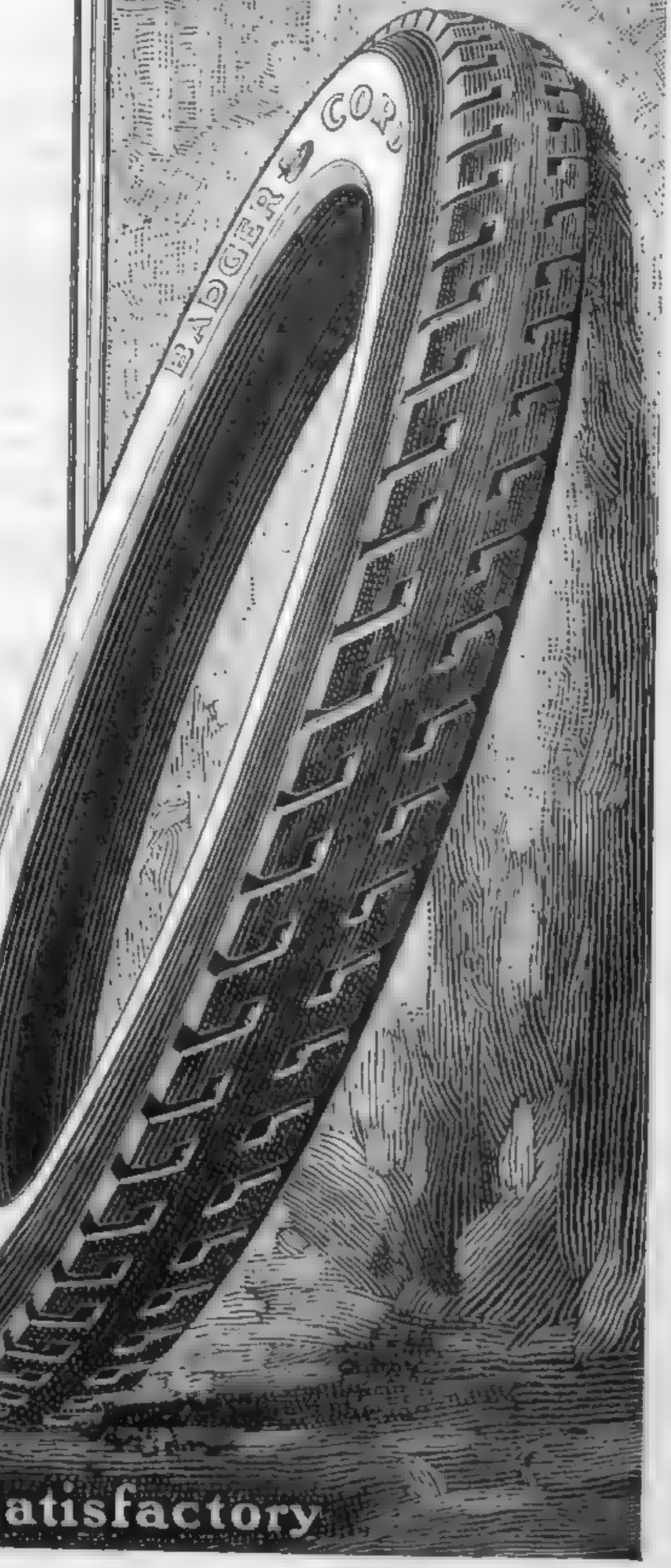

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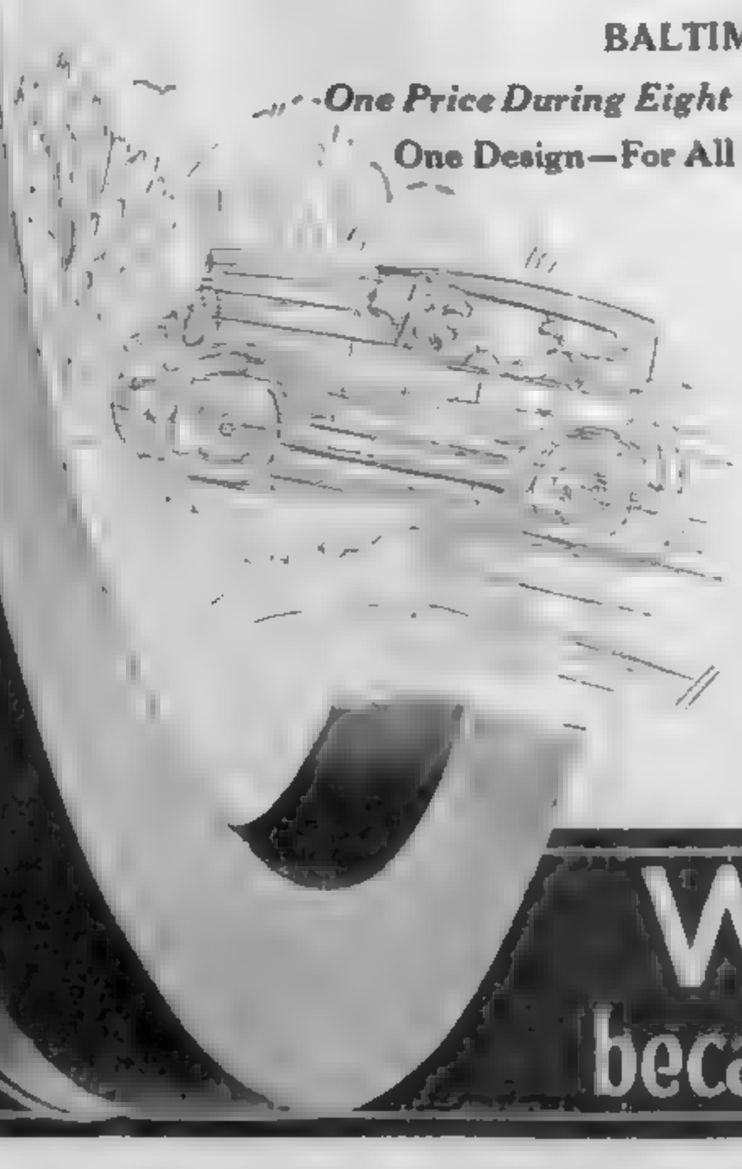

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WHEN FINN MEETS FINNIGAN

(Continued from Page 9)

"Do to me? Why, little girl"—again Finnigan winked at the clock—"why, little girl, when I missed him with the cleaver I grabbed a knife, and in two seconds I had the big bum begging for his life. That," he continued, letting his humor run riot for the moment, "was when I made him promise to get a woman cook. I'm a refined man, I am, and I like refined company. The last cook was a roughneck, so I threw him out. That's how you happened to get the job. Now you are here," he concluded gallantly, "I'm going to see that no one pulls any rough stuff around a sensitive little woman like I can see you are."

"You're a good-hearted guy," she told him, unconsciously beginning to pat the hand that had been patting her shoulder. Then she happened to glance at the clock. "By gee," she exclaimed, forgetting the emotional outburst of a moment before, "you'd better fly at them spuds! And if that big Swede"—this, by the way, was her most subtle way of offering insult to a fellow countryman—"if that big Swede starts anything don't butt in. I can handle him easy enough myself."

Two days later Finnigan made himself solid with the lady for life. She had relieved him of the task of cutting bread for the next meal, and as a slice fell away from the heel of a loaf the knife slipped and cut her finger.

"Damn!" she said indifferently, reaching for another loaf. But Finnigan had seen the mishap. From a shelf above his sink he secured a roll of bandage cloth and some antiseptic.

"Sit down while I fix it," he commanded. "It's a shame," he continued as he deftly arranged the bandage, "that such pretty little hands should have to do such work. They should be fussing with nice silks, or at a piano, or something."

Finnigan had begun to wonder how much of such kidding she would accept before she bawled him out. However, the lady had no thought of bawling him out. Instead, her big blue orbs became misty with emotion.

"You're a good-hearted guy," she told him softly. "There ain't many like you."

"You know it," Finnigan agreed, successfully repressing his desire to grin. "I reckon you're kind of tender-hearted yourself." He gave the bandaged hand a parting squeeze. "If the sight of blood makes you feel weak maybe you'd better stay here until you get your strength back."

"No," she said. "It ain't the sight of blood makes me feel like I do." She sat watching him with enraptured gaze as he dodged nimbly from sink to stove and from stove to refrigerator and back again.

"It's a shame a smart man like you should be wasting your time in a kitchen," she said finally.

"Why is it a shame?" he demanded, pausing long enough to produce a greasy, well-worn bank book from one of his pockets. "Look at that if you think it's a shame. How could I have made it easier than in a kitchen?"

Helga studied the figures entered in the bank book with undisguised admiration. "More than two thousand dollars!" she exclaimed. "Why, that's enough to start a boarding house or a restaurant or something."

"Listen, girl," Finnigan said with dignity. "I'm going to do that very thing some day. I'm edging along toward forty now; and it's time for me to be settling down to something steady. If I just had a couple of thousand more ——"

He paused wistfully. Uncle Andy McPherson had once offered to lease him the trim little hotel down on the bay, provided he could buy the furniture and equipment.

Helga looked dreamily at the bank book for a moment longer.

"Since I quit my last man I've saved almost a thousand," she told him. "Between us we could soon save a thousand more."

When a man sees his life's ambition within his grasp he does not always consider the ultimate cost. Finnigan did not even consider the immediate cost. He simply made sure that she intended to include herself with the money.

"Would you?" he demanded.

"Uh-huh."

She slipped a well-muscled capable arm round his waist and drew him into her capacious lap. A few moments later, when he felt he must say something appropriate to the occasion, he told her she was the first woman he had ever kissed. He wondered if she would fall for such old stuff. Apparently she did.

"I could tell that," she said comfortably. "But I'll teach you. I've had experience."

During the following weeks but one shadow darkened Finnigan's anticipations. That was the shadow of Toivo Saarenpaa. Occasionally the big Finn would come into the kitchen and stand silently admiring his statuesque cook until she ordered him out. This always seemed to amuse him, but invariably he obeyed her without argument. Helga seemed undisturbed by these visits, but in Finnigan's mind a haunting hunch grew and persisted that Saarenpaa had decided to take Helga himself, and was simply awaiting an opportune moment. By reputation he knew the persistence of the Finn. And he also knew the mentality of the man—geared to two speeds, slow and slower forward, and no reverse.

There came an afternoon early in June when Saarenpaa wandered into the kitchen—and Finnigan knew his worst fears were to be realized.

"Miss Ehlo," said Saarenpaa, "there are going to be big doings down on the bay Fourth of July. I'm going down the river now to see McPherson about the program. A big time, we always have. Logrolling, and races, and a ball game and everything. I'm going to take you with me."

Helga turned and folded her arms over her ample bosom.

"Who said so?" she asked.

"I did," said Mr. Saarenpaa.

Finnigan stopped his dishwashing and dried his hands. Watching the big Finn with a malevolent glare he sidled across the room and picked up a long carving knife. He tried the blade on his thumb. Apparently he was not satisfied with the keenness of it. He began to stroke it up and down a sharpening steel that hung suspended above the meat block.

Saarenpaa failed even to notice Finnigan. He was still gazing at Helga. To his notion she was well worth looking at. But he was beginning to resent her attitude toward him. Helga continued to return Saarenpaa's gaze. Nevertheless, she kept glancing apprehensively toward Finnigan. The moment he ceased sharpening the long knife she interposed her bulk between him and Saarenpaa.

"You'd better get t'hell out of here," she said to the Finn.

Saarenpaa grinned.

"I like to see you mad," he told her. "Some day I'm going to take it all out of you."

Finnigan's breath escaped with a long warning hiss. Helga turned on him hastily.

"You," she said sternly, "go over to the sink and wash those dishes."

Saarenpaa finished his message. He was not interested in what he considered Helga's private troubles with her flunky.

"You be ready to go with me right after breakfast on the Fourth," he told her as he turned to leave the kitchen.

Finnigan remained beside the meat block, gazing at Helga with hurt, indignant gaze.

"There now, dearie," she said soothingly, "don't be mad with me. I could see you were getting ready to do a murder, and we can't afford to spend all our money for lawyers and judges and such."

Finnigan was not immediately pacified.

"Girl, I sure like you a lot," he decided, "to let you go butting into my private quarrel like that."

Helga stooped and kissed him moistly

"I know you do," she assured him. "And there ain't no need for you to mind what he says. Because he's going to say it, anyhow. Pretty soon now that fellow's going to try to marry me, and then you'll see what happens when a Finn meets a Finn."

"And what happens when a Finn meets a Finn," the little man declared earnestly, "isn't a circumstance to what happens when a Finn meets a Finnigan."

But later, busy with the dishwashing, his spirits began to sink.

"Slow and slower forward, and no reverse," he kept thinking gloomily; "and the big bruiser can't go any slower with her than he has been going."

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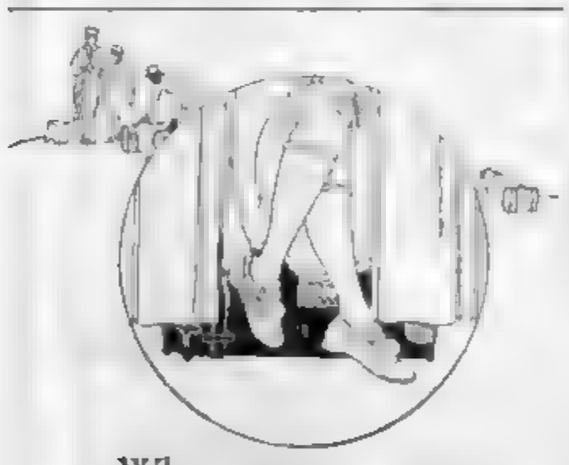

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Saarenpaa, when his little message to Helga had been delivered, went down to the boat landing and untied the company's launch. Two hours later he found Uncle Andy McPherson in the lobby of his hotel regaling a number of cronies with a detailed review of the activities of the Spruce Division.

"I made money out of the war," he was saying. "More than I had ever expected to make. I'm not denying that. And I'm not saying the railroads the Spruce Division built won't be a benefit to a lot of us timber owners here along the coast. But think of spending all those millions just getting ready to get out a little spruce for airships!" Uncle Andy snorted his disapproval. "Why," he continued, quoting the figures Finnigan had recited for his benefit several weeks earlier, "only about sixty-four board feet of spruce are used in building an average plane. Six and a half million feet would have been sufficient for a hundred thousand planes. In a month's time with my outfit I could have cut and milled that much of the finest spruce in the world."

Saarenpaa mulled over this statement for a moment. The point of criminal extravagance Uncle Andy was trying to make entirely escaped him. He was a literal-minded man, the Finn was, interested only in facts pertaining to his own vocation.

"No, you couldn't have gotten out that much lumber in a month," he contradicted stolidly. "Not with your outfit. But I guess maybe I could have with mine."

An eminent writer has said the only way to argue with an east wind is to put on an overcoat. A less eminent Missourian has said the only way to argue with a mule is to use a club. The Missourian's philosophy is the oftenest quoted in the logging camps.

Several of Uncle Andy's friends exchanged furtive glances of amusement while they waited for the good-natured old lumberman to answer. But Uncle Andy simply shrugged his shoulders and began speaking about the coming Fourth of July celebration. As they discussed the program of sports he kept studying the big Finn with speculative, rather peeved expression.

"Toivo," he said when most of the details had been arranged, "do you think you can throw my mill boss?"

"Sure," Saarenpaa said complacently. "Didn't I throw him twice within half an hour last Fourth?"

"That's right, you did," McPherson agreed. "Well, this year I'm going to give you a chance to throw him and as many more bullies as you want to. I'm going to anchor a scow out in deep water. You bring up the best of your men and I'll take the best of my men, and we'll put 'em out on the scow and let them throw each other off. The last man left on the deck will be the best man, and the best man will get a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars."

Saarenpaa considered this new matter gravely for a time. When finally he visualized the possibilities—his roughnecks engaged in hand-to-hand conflict with Uncle Andy's gang, forty or fifty huge, hairy, iron-hard loggers struggling for individual supremacy on the flat open deck of a scow anchored in deep water—he smiled in anticipation.

"I think maybe there'll be some fun," he said. "And I think maybe you can give me that two hundred and fifty dollars now if you want to. I'll need that money. Pretty soon I'm getting married, and I'll have to build a house and everything."

"I'll congratulate you when you get married," Uncle Andy said none too cordially, "and I'll give you the money when I see you the last man on the scow."

Before nightfall practically every logger along the river had heard of the battle Uncle Andy had planned, and practically every man was hoping the big Finn would fall dead before the Fourth. For Uncle Andy had announced the event would be open to all comers, each man for himself, no teamwork, no boots or other lethal weapons, and no glory or cash for the men who were thrown overboard in the struggle.

As soon as Uncle Andy learned Saarenpaa had definitely committed himself to participate in the contest he went post-haste to Portland, the nearest large city. There he hunted up a fellow lumberman of known sporting proclivities.

"I want you to find a professional wrestler for me," he said. "He must be a big fellow—two hundred and fifty pounds or more—and the meaner he is the better I'll like him."

"That'll be the toe-twister, Joe Shultzheim," the sporting lumberman declared. "Joe is so big and so mean he hasn't had a match for more than a year. And I know he needs money."

When McPherson met the notorious toe-twister he wasted no time in getting down to business. He told of the contest he was staging and of the prize he was offering.

"How much will there be in it for me?" the wrestler asked.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars for going down with me, and the two-hundred-and-fifty dollar prize if you win it."

"I'm on," the toe-twister declared. "When do we start?"

"To-day," McPherson said. "And you'll have to work in the mill until the Fourth. My men would get sore if they found I had run in a professional, and if Saarenpaa's men should get next they would most likely gang up on you and boot you to death."

There occurred but one little slip in Uncle Andy's preparations. To make a place for the wrestler he had to shift his mill watchmen to another job. One of the toe-twister's new duties was to check out all tools taken from the storeroom.

It happened one day that Uncle Andy's mill boss, the only man along the river who had ever dared challenge Saarenpaa to physical combat, started away from the storeroom with a bundle of ax handles for a teamster who was driving out to one of the camps in the woods.

"Here, you," the wrestler yelled, "come back and sign up."

The mill boss was in too great a hurry just then to return, and one little remark led to another until the toe-twister lost his temper. By sudden assault he threw the mill boss. Then he unceremoniously dragged him to the edge of the loading wharf and dumped him into the river.

The men at the mill who saw the battle were fair judges of man power. Within twenty-four hours a rumor reached the other outfits along the river that a contender for Saarenpaa's laurels was working for Uncle Andy.

Saarenpaa heard the rumor in due time, and permitted himself a smile. Hadn't he tried his strength with every real bully from Vancouver down to California? And had he ever met a man who could worry him? He had not. So he permitted himself a smile regarding this newcomer. He was more interested and just as certain regarding the outcome of his little affair with Helga. In preparation for the time when he should propose to her he had had the company's launch overhauled and painted and polished until it looked like a new craft. He was planning the matter carefully. On the morning of the Fourth he would run the launch down to the bay himself, with Helga as his only passenger. Undoubtedly by the time they reached the bay she would see the light. Then they would enjoy the day's sports. And after he had thrown the last man off the big scow he would take the prize money and with the lady start for the big city. He had made up his mind to do the honeymoon thing right, even if the trip cost him all of the two hundred and fifty he was sure of winning.

The morning of the Fourth dawned clear and tranquil and as delightfully cool as only the mornings of the Oregon coast can be. Early in the forenoon one of the river boats came whistling up to the company wharf to take the crowd down to the bay. At the sound of the boat's siren Helga, in holiday or honeymoon attire, accompanied by the pessimistic but loyal Finnigan, left the kitchen.

"Now mind," she cautioned as they approached the wharf, "it's bound to come. And don't you butt in. I won't need no help."

Saarenpaa, watching for the lady, rose and knocked the ashes from his pipe, then stretched himself like a contented well-fed grizzly—a blond and blue-eyed grizzly. Helga went to him, seeking the encounter. To Saarenpaa this betokened a proper spirit. Taking her arm he led her ceremoniously but hastily to the launch. He hoped she wouldn't start anything before the crowd.

"Untie us," he flung over his shoulder at Finnigan.

Finnigan obeyed reluctantly. But he obeyed. Hadn't the lady told him it was bound to come and that he shouldn't interfere? He untied the line and cast it in a neat coil on the glistening deck. As he did so he decided impulsively he would go aboard and if necessary defend the lady with his life. He would let no Finn put anything over on a Finnigan.

Saarenpaa, unaware that the little man figured in the situation, eliminated him as a factor, temporarily at least, by placing a brawny hand against the wharf and with a careless shove propelling the launch some hundred feet out into the river.

Finnigan turned dejectedly back toward the cookhouse. Out of deference to the lady's opinions he had left his flask behind. Now he knew the affair had become a matter of brain power versus brawn, and who could think fluently without proper stimulant? Later, on board the boat bound for the celebration, he found a number of lads who were quickening their mental processes in a similar manner.

The other sporting events of the day—the foot races, the ball game, the boxing matches and the logrolling—were mere preliminaries, formalities permitted by the tolerant good humor of the crowd. The real interest was centered on a flat-decked scow, open and unrailed, that rode at anchor on the placid water of the bay a hundred yards from the shore.

Promptly at two that afternoon Uncle Andy stepped into a rowboat and pushed off from the shore a few yards so as to attract the attention of the crowd. As soon as he could make himself heard he repeated the conditions of the contest.

"Every man for himself," he said. "Boots, axes and peaveys are barred. Any men teaming up will be disqualified. Small boats will stand by to pick up the casualties. And the last man on deck will be awarded the prize money—two hundred and fifty dollars."

Immediately there was a rush into the water, and soon the big scow was swarming with eager men. Some were attired in bathing suits; the rest wore overalls and nothing else. All were barefooted. The less impetuous ones, conserving their strength, and those who could not swim were taken out in motor boats. McPherson had expected forty to fifty men to enter the contest, but word of the proposed battle and of the prize offered had brought camp bullies from as far north as British Columbia and as far south as California. Nearly one hundred huskies, more eager for the trial of strength than expectant of the prize, made their way out to the scow, and there, impatient for the signal that would start the fray, milled and jostled and appraised one another.

The toe-twister, waiting until the crowd became clamorous for action, came swaggering down to the beach. At the last moment he had insisted upon wearing the professional attire of his calling. And he had staged his appearance so he might receive a full measure of applause. But the crowd was more prone to appraise than to applaud. With silent admiration they saw the mighty frame of the man, the bunched and rolling muscles, the great torso, the splendid limbs. But they did not applaud, and the toe-twister, suddenly sullen, began to scowl.

Just before he stepped into a waiting boat Uncle Andy whispered a parting word:

"The big white fellow on the far corner of the scow is your man. When you throw him, throw him so hard he'll spatter."

"He'll spatter," the toe-twister promised.

As the boat put off from the shore a voice hailed him:

"Fellow, I want to bet on you. What's your name?"

The wrestler's sullen scowl lifted for an instant.

"Joe," he answered, flashing a mechanical smile.

Then another voice called: "Joe, I'm putting my winter's wages on you."

Again Joe smiled, this time with a look of almost human appreciation.

Saarenpaa, a Colossus in a bathing suit, stood in his corner watching the wrestler. And he watched without his usual stolid indifference. The day already had been spoiled for Saarenpaa. There were four livid scratches across one cheek. That was where Helga had caressed him when, halfway down the river, he had let the boat drift long enough to propose. And there was a suggestion of puffy purple under one eye. That was where Helga's capable fist had connected when he stooped down to accept a betrothal kiss. All in all, the big Finn was beginning to feel peeved over the treatment he had received. Not that he had minded her finger nails or her fist.

(Continued on Page 121)

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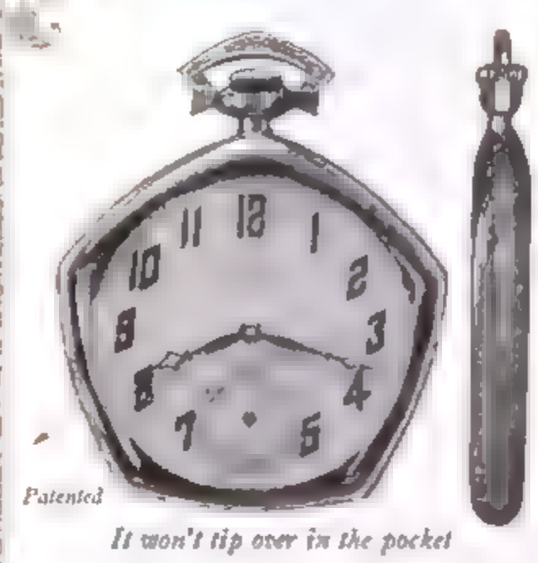

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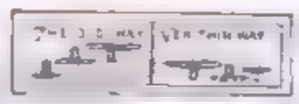

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Solid gold, *Precision* movement $65.00
Gold filled, *Precision* movement 40.00

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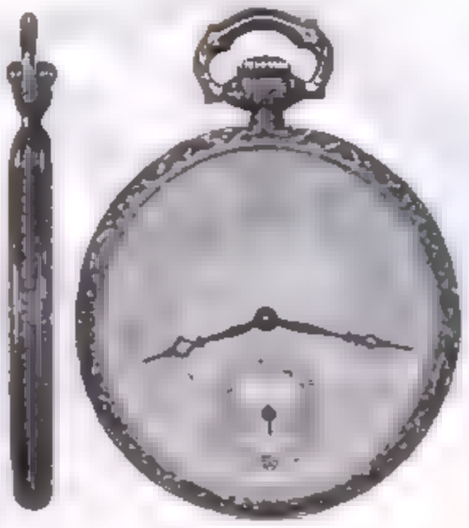

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(Continued from Page 118)

What had untethered his northland goat was the verbal whipping she had administered. He registered rather slowly in English, but in his own language he was capable of receiving at full speed. And Helga had talked in their own language. She had talked steadily, with unlagging earnestness from the time he gave up his attempt to kiss her until they reached the bay. She had commenced with the history of his remotest wild Finn forbear and had recited his genealogy generation by generation down to himself, Toivo, son of Toivo. She had spared the womenfolks of his line, passing them by with a mere pitying sneer.

Then after the launch was tied at the wharf on the bay, just as he was formulating a fitting reply to her tirade, she had walked away from him and he hadn't seen her since. That was no way to treat a man who intended to marry her. Saarenpaa, it may be remarked, was in no festive humor. And as more than one logger could have borne witness, when a Finn like Saarenpaa decided to get mad something was going to bust. Saarenpaa had decided the thing that was going to bust was Uncle Andy's new bully. He stood stolidly in his corner paying but scant heed to the men who jostled one another near him. He had decided to waste no effort with anyone but the fellow who had given his name as Joe.

Finally a silence settled over the waiting gladiators while they listened for the signal to go. No one on the scow gave heed to a skinny little bantam of a man in dripping overalls who crouched in the corner across from the big Finn. From his attitude he might have been a spectator who had thoughtlessly pressed forward into the field of combat. So far as the spectators on the shore were concerned he was utterly unnoticed by all save Helga. She alone had watched Finnigan as he dived into the water with the first rush of men. She had no doubt a long carving knife was concealed somewhere in his clinging wet overalls. Since she had left Saarenpaa at the wharf that morning until she saw the crowd moving down to the beach she had stayed in the seclusion of a room in Uncle Andy's hotel, calling on her northland gods to destroy the man. With Finnigan crouched there on the scow she had no doubt Saarenpaa's fate had already been written in the scroll of destiny. She hoped Finnigan would be able to do the deed undetected.

But Finnigan had no knife concealed. Nor had he any definite plan. He was an inspirational fighter, Finnigan was, and his was the desperation of a man who fights for a lost cause—or, in his particular case, a thwarted ambition, a lost hotel.

The silence that had settled over contestants and spectators alike was broken by Uncle Andy.

"Boys," he yelled, "all set?"

"All set," came an answering roar from the scow.

"Go!"

And they went. Hairy body locked with hairy body. There were no rules to govern. Most of the men chose wrestlers' holds. One, a blacksmith, veteran of many a glorious shindy, preferred his fists. With one terrific wallop he drove a luckless victim overboard into the bay. A roar of approval went up from the crowd on the shore. Then two men, locked in loveless embrace, went down into deep water together. Another roar came from the crowd. Then the mêlée became general and one by one and two by two the men around the outer edges of the scow were eliminated by the simple process of being pushed overboard by the struggling men nearer the center. One youth who cherished a personal grudge against Saarenpaa waited until he saw a momentary opening among the men, and then rushed the Finn. Seemingly without effort Saarenpaa met the rush, held the youth for an instant in a mighty rib-cracking embrace, then negligently tossed the winded body overboard. His attention immediately returned to the fellow called Joe. By watching the wrestler he was learning something.

Uncle Andy's mill boss, the man Joe had previously thrown into the river, had, when Uncle Andy gave the signal to go, charged the toe-twister, hoping to regain lost laurels. He had charged with hands held loosely in front of him. Like muscled lightning the toe-twister had caught one of those inviting hands, had ducked under the outstretched arm, had grabbed a leg hold, and apparently all in one continuous mighty movement had straightened up with the mill boss helpless across his shoulders and had heaved him viciously toward the edge of the scow. Two innocents who struggled in the path of the hurtling body went overboard with the mill boss.

Joe had gone out to the scow intending to save himself for a conclusive bout with the Finn, but he liked to splatter 'em, and his easy victory over the mill boss was as blood to a man-eater. With head lowered between powerful shoulders he went into action. His technic did not vary. An outstretched hand was all he looked for. He would grab that outstretched hand in a grip of steel, duck under the outstretched arm, grab a leg hold, straighten up with the body of his antagonist across his shoulders, and then heave. He aimed so his victim would hit the edge of the scow before going into the water. Man after man followed the mill boss overboard, and the crowd on shore screamed itself hoarse with delight.

Joe disposed of five men in this manner, then stopped for a moment's rest; stopped and remembered he had better save his strength for his last victim, the big white Finn.

Slow and slower forward, and no reverse! That was Saarenpaa. But even a slow mind can sometimes solve a trick if the trick be repeated often enough. Saarenpaa, watching the toe-twister, began gently flexing his muscles. The time came when but two gladiators besides the toe-twister and Saarenpaa remained on the scow. Two other gladiators—and Finnigan. But Finnigan did not count. He might have been a schoolboy out of bounds, a hitching cleat, a nothing, so small and colorless a figure he made. The two men in the center of the deck, gouging, butting, kicking, fought a glorious battle from a logger's viewpoint. But one of them finally slipped and fell. The other, grabbing the fallen man by the feet, pulled him to the edge of the scow and with a final effort dumped him over.

Saarenpaa had grown impatient during the last moments of the fray, and without thought of affording amusement to the crowd walked over to where the exhausted conqueror stood laboring for breath. With a gentle push of his big palm he shoved the man into the briny deep after his own victim. The thing was done so easily, with so little display of effort, that the crowd was boisterously tickled.

Saarenpaa went back to his corner and waited. In the center of the deck the toe-twister waited.

"Come on, y' big Swede," he invited.

Then someone on the shore shouted a warning.

"Make it snappy—the tide has turned."

To Joe, inland bred, the flow and ebb of the tides meant nothing. But Saarenpaa cast a hasty glance seaward. Rolling swiftly, evenly, irresistibly into the gate of the bay came the first white-crested wave of the returning tide. The big Finn realized there would be no opportunity for strategy once the scow was at the mercy of those choppy white-capped waves. With a rush he went into action. The wrestler moved forward to meet him. Saarenpaa came with his left hand extended, and Joe grinned. He grabbed that huge paw, ducked under the extended arm, grabbed the reliable old leg hold and straightened up. To those on shore the action seemed all one swift continuous simple movement from the instant he grabbed Saarenpaa's hand until the Finn's body lay across the knotted straining muscles of his shoulders. But for even a trained giant like the toe-twister it was no simple matter to swing aloft the weight of a man like Saarenpaa. Joe did not pause when the body lay across his shoulders. Mean to the last, he intended to spatter the Finn. He stooped somewhat as he was completing his herculean effort, leaned forward, and with a final gigantic heave released his antagonist's body. In that same instant Saarenpaa's great right hand—a hand that could bend a silver dollar in its terrible grip—flashed downward and closed round the wrestler's back-thrust ankle. Joe never knew quite what happened, except that his leg was suddenly jerked from under him and that the force of his own tremendous effort threw him face forward upon the deck.

Until that moment no man had realized how swift in action the Finn could be. Anchored solidly to the wrestler's ankle, the force of the throw spun him in a half circle through the air. But he landed upon his feet landed on his feet and rebounded in the air and came down like a man-killing horse with his knees grinding into the fallen wrestler's back. Then he buried his fingers in the corded muscles of the man's neck and thigh, and with incredible strength lifted the still struggling toe-twister at arms' length above his head and advanced to the edge of the scow. As the scow rose abruptly skyward on the crest of the first wave he flung the body into the white teeth of the inrushing tide.

For a moment the crowd remained silent. The thing had been too swift, too stupendous for immediate shouting or applause. Then before the people could begin to express their appreciation Finnigan raced up across the tilting deck. Until that moment Finnigan had had no plan of combat. But he knew that what goes up must come down. Even as he reached the center of the deck the scow began to dip downward into the trough. Saarenpaa, watching for the wrestler, balancing easily with the downward-plunging deck, exhaled hugely when he saw the toe-twister come bobbing to the surface. At that instant Finnigan charged. Silently the little man launched his flying attack—a wildcat giving battle to a grizzly.

With a dull plop the end of the scow where the big Finn stood slapped into the bottom of the trough between the waves. With a dull grunt Finnigan, knees, head and elbows bunched, slapped into the broad unsuspecting back of Toivo Saarenpaa. With a dull bellow of astonishment Mr. Saarenpaa slapped into the crest of the next wave.

On the shore the crowd gasped. Then came the high-pitched voice of a small boy: "Golly, what a belly buster that guy took!"

Somebody snickered. The snicker was followed by a choking giggle. Then the gale broke. A crowd likes its comedy.

Finnigan waited until the round blond head of the Finn disappeared under water. Then he turned toward the shore. With one hand held gracefully over his heart and with the other raised aloft in the approved attitude of the gladiator triumphant, he accepted the plaudits of the multitude. But he maintained a discreet watch over his shoulder, and when Mr. Saarenpaa reappeared, spouting salt water and Finnish oaths, he dived promptly toward the shore and began to swim. He reached the beach, and seeing he was not pursued, swaggered out of the water and approached Uncle Andy.

"The last man on deck," he said, and held out his hand suggestively.

Uncle Andy, still red faced and shaking with laughter, counted out the prize money.

"It's brains that wins, Mr. Finnigan," he said by way of congratulation. "It's brains that wins, even in a rough-house with the roughnecks." This was for the benefit of the bystanders. Then he leaned down and whispered in the little man's ear. "You'll be looking for a new job after this stunt," he said. "Come down and see me and I'll find a place for you."

Mr. Finnigan was equally secretive, confidential.

"It's not a job I'll be wanting," he whispered. "But when you have time I'll want to dicker with you for the lease of that hotel of yours. And mind, I'll be talking mostly cash."

Then he glanced along the beach. One glance was sufficient. Helga towered head and shoulders above the other women gathered there. With arms akimbo he swaggered over to where she stood.

"Here, old lady," he said, "here's a bit of change to put into the family sock."

Helga accepted the money as her due, and tucked it away in her hand bag.

"Now, dearie," she said solicitously, "you'd better hurry and get into some dry clothes."

Finnigan smiled tolerantly.

"Huh!" he said. "A logger, a regular river guy, don't feel natural unless his legs is wet."

Helga nodded, but, nevertheless, she took his arm in her capable hand and piloted him toward the dressing room that had been erected along the wharf. As soon as they had passed the outer circle of the crowd Finnigan rose on tiptoe.

"Say," he confided, "I'd better hold out fifteen of that roll. I'll be wanting to buy a bottle to pass among my friends."

"Wouldn't a pint be enough?" she suggested.

"Woman," he said coldly, "gimme fifteen, I said."

A look of resignation registered in Helga's adoring blue orbs.

"Just as you say, dearie," she answered.

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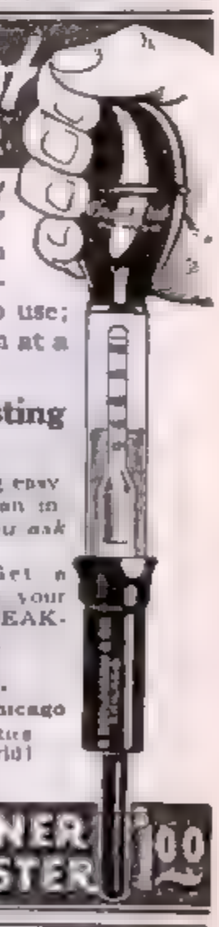

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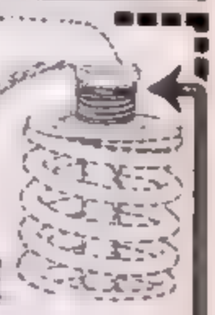

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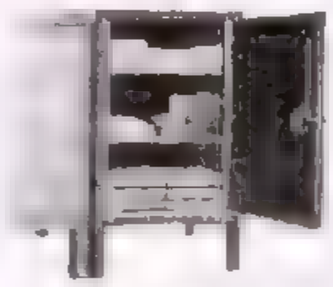

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THE BARONS OF THE NIMBLE PACK

Continued from Page 13

I knew that there was a ship in sight as soon as I squinted him coming forward. That's the way he started his conversation if he couldn't find another.

"Have you seen the ship?" he says. They were all sitting right under the alleyway porthole where I was standing. "It is a big Cunarder; she is on the starboard side."

So they all walked round to see the Imperator go by. They call her the Berengaria now, and she's a wonderful ship to see.

Of course that started the conversation, and then Jerry came strolling carelessly by and it was a case of "Meet my friend, Mr. Macbean—an old Scottish family."

Jerry was angling for Danton, I could hear that, but Mr. Danton said he seldom played bridge or poker.

"And then I play such a modest game that it isn't worth the trouble," he says.

"Oh, say!" says Jerry, pained. "We only play ten cents a hundred."

But he didn't get Danton. Instead he found Ralph. Ralph knew all about bridge. When he came back before the lunch bugle went he had won eighty-five dollars.

"Danger?" he says when Miss Eileen talked about playing cards with strangers. "You can't sharp at bridge; and besides, they are friends of that big tobacco man."

Can't sharp at bridge! I could have laughed. It's got poker lashed to the mast from the sharper's point of view. They needn't stack the cards. They've only to signal what top cards they're holding, to overcall their hands—if they are partnering the victim—or to revoke, and it's picking up money with all the chance of winning honestly thrown in.

Two nights off Sandy Hook they pulled Mr. Ralph into poker. He knew all about poker. They got him between tea and dinner, and the first I knew about it was when Miss Eileen's bell rang and I went in to find Mr. Ralph lying on the bed sobbing his heart out.

"Will you please fetch Mr. Danton, steward!" she says, and she was terrified.

I guessed what it was all about when I saw the revolver on the floor. He couldn't even commit suicide without going to her and telling her how well he could do it.

I picked it up and shoved it in my pocket. If there's one thing we don't want on board a ship it's a suicide of that kind.

I found Mr. Danton; he was dressing for dinner, and he came as he was.

I'm not a listener, and curiosity was never a vice of mine. But in a manner of speaking I could not help hearing, especially as I was rubbing up the paint work in the alleyway. Well, I could have rubbed it up in the morning, but I felt like doing it just then.

"He's lost every farthing we have," says Miss Eileen in a low voice.

"Lost it—how?"

"He has been playing cards with Mr. Macbean," she says. She was very quiet and very steady. There was nothing weak or timid about her then. Mr. Danton didn't say a word for a long time, and when he did he was talking to young Ralph.

"See here, my young friend, you're not going to mend matters by blubbing. I'll go see that—what's his name, Macbean? Perhaps I can persuade him to give you some of the money back."

That sort of roused Ralph and he started talking about debts of honor, and how no gentleman could ask another gentleman for money he had lost at cards.

"I forbid you to see Mr. Macbean," he says. "I lost my money fairly. They couldn't have cheated me without my knowing—I'm not a fool."

And so on and so forth.

Danton and the girl went out on deck and I saw them leaning over the rail together, so close, and her arm slipped through his, that I guessed she wasn't likely to starve in New York City.

In our mess we had had rabbit pie for dinner—at least, every member of the mess but me. I never did care for rabbit, even when it was fresh; and these rabbits were out of the freezer. I mention the rabbits because they gave me an opportunity of seeing Act Two, so to speak. The chief steward sent for me whilst the passengers were at dinner.

"Finished your work?" he said.

"Yes, sir," said I.

"Then go forward to the smoking room and report to the barman; Billing and his mate are down with ptomaine poisoning. Did you notice anything funny about that rabbit pie?"

It appears that the whole mess was down with this ptomaine poisoning—you spell it with a "p"—and as I'd had a promise from the chief of the first vacancy in the smoking room I got the duty for that night.

It was about nine o'clock when the people began to drift back from dinner, and almost the first man in was Whiskers, looking very distinguished, as the French say, in his black eyeglass and broad black ribbon.

Jerry came in later and I saw the two having a long conversation. When I went up to them to take Jerry his coffee, he was laughing.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Danton," he said, "but I don't know what I can do. I wouldn't have played with the poor fish if I thought he couldn't afford to lose." He looked at Whiskers with a twinkle in his eye. "The best thing you can do," he said, "is to get into a little game and win back all that he lost; my luck's turned for the worse."

"I haven't played poker for years," said Mr. Danton, "and although I can better afford to lose than Mr. Stanhope, I don't care to play."

Well, Jerry kidded him along and I could see Danton was weakening. He kept on polishing his eyeglass nervously, and what with Jerry's kidding and the fact that quite a lot of people had gathered round and were listening, he seemed to get more and more rattled, until at last they had him.

The gang gathered round and they let in an outsider just to make the six and give the game a genuine appearance. Of course Danton won at first. Couldn't do wrong. The way they let him take money showed that they were out for a killing.

Then he lost. He bet up to two thousand dollars—they had dealt him a pat-full hand—and on the show-down was beaten by small fours. That made him look down his nose and count the bills that were left.

He won a little jack pot after that, but when they handed him the cards to deal I saw by the signs that the real killing had commenced. I've seen plenty of cabin play, I've known the gangs for years and watched 'em at practice. It was ten years before my eye was educated up to seeing a pack changed in full view of the audience.

Quick? That's not the word. One of the gang picks up the pack from the table and hands it across. You may never take your eye from it, but between the moment the cards are picked up and the moment they reach the dealer the old pack has been pocketed, and a new pack, beautifully stacked, has been put in its place. The only thing I saw happen was Jerry lift the cards and frown as if he'd forgotten something. The next instant they were in Danton's hand; but it wasn't the same pack!

Danton seemed nervous.

"Is it my deal?" he asked.

"Your deal, sir," says Jerry, "and this time I'm going to bet; if I've only got a pair of fours I'll bet. The game wants livening up."

I looked over Danton's hand, but I didn't see anything except the ten of diamonds. But he drew no cards. No more did Jerry.

(Continued on Page 124)

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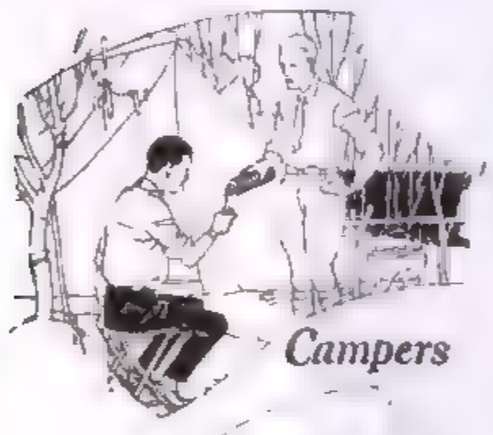

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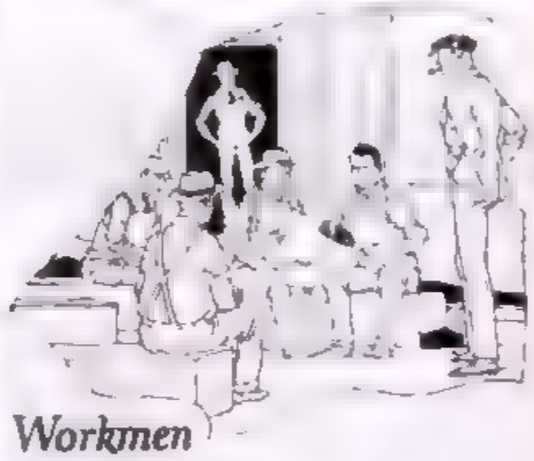

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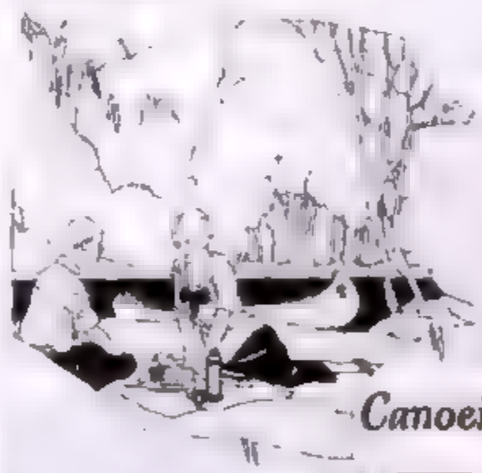

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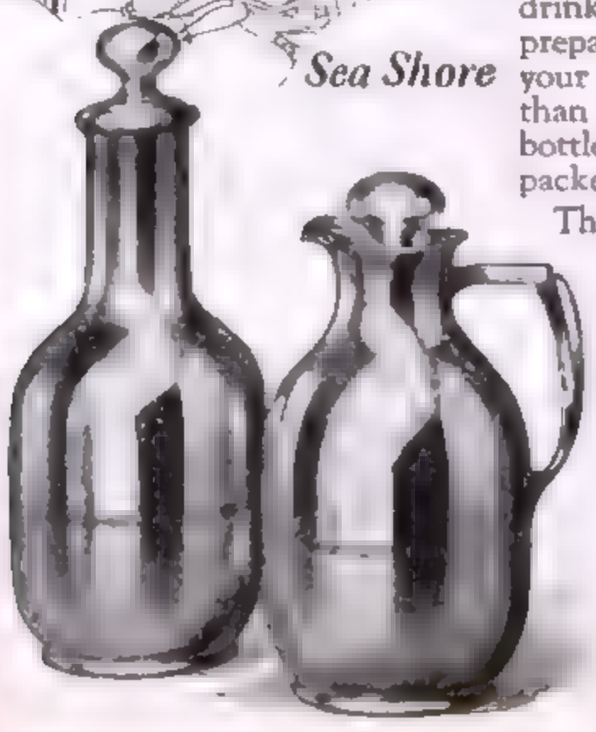

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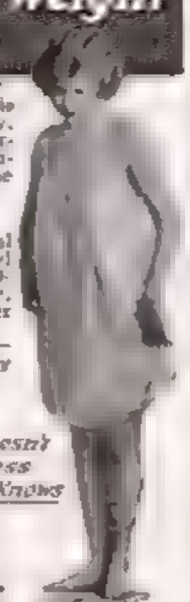

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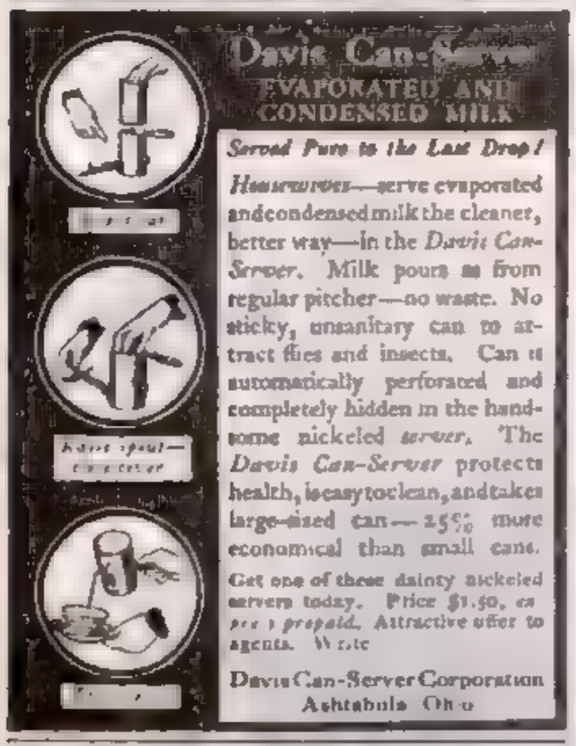

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Continued from Page 122

And then the fun started. The first man to call made it a thousand dollars—it's funny how they always bet in dollars on the outward voyage and in pounds on the homeward trip.

The next man raised him five hundred; Jerry put it up to two thousand. The next man made it twenty-five hundred. It was three thousand when it came to Danton.

"I'll see that," says he.

But the man on his left raised it five hundred. It was four thousand when it came to Danton again, one man having chucked in his cards; he was the mug they'd brought in to make the sixth.

"I'll see that," says Danton.

But they weren't letting him see anything, and it was six thousand dollars when it came to Danton's turn to speak. He was more nervous than ever.

"Six thousand is a lot," he said doubtfully, "but I've got a real good hand and I don't like to go away."

He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a roll of bills and counted them.

"I'm playing with strangers," says Danton, "and without wishing to cast any reflections I'd like to be sure that I am not betting against words."

Jerry planked down a wad of money. He must have had a very successful voyage home. And of course the other members of the gang did the same. There was a bigger crowd round the table than I've seen since Monty Benson, the millionaire, played Isaac Hardfelt piquet for a hundred a point—and that's going back a few voyages.

"Do you make a limit?" asked Danton.

"No limit raise by thousands if you like. Double stake when it gets to ten thousand."

"Well, I'll see six thousand," said Danton with a sigh.

"Seven," said the next man.

"Eight," said Jerry.

"Nine."

"Ten."

It came to Danton again.

"Twenty," says he.

The next man went away, and I think Jerry either funked or else—and this was more likely—he thought that twenty thousand dollars was about Danton's bank roll.

"I'll see that twenty thousand," he said. "I've got a straight flush, king high."

Danton put down his cards: ace, king, queen, knave and ten of diamonds; unbeatable.

I never saw any man look as Jerry looked. If the ship had suddenly straddled an iceberg he couldn't have been more dazed.

"A straight flush—ace high?" says he. He couldn't believe his eyes.

"That's so," said Danton, and began to gather up the money.

Then Jerry laughed.

"Let's face all the cards on the table," he says. "I have an idea that I threw away the ten of diamonds when I drew."

As he didn't draw cards at all, I thought Danton would mention the fact. But they faced the cards and they were all there. Not one too many, not a single card duplicated.

"Let's deal again," said Jerry, breathing through his nose.

"I don't think I'll play any more," said Mr. Danton, and stuffed the money into his pocket. "I will give you your revenge to-morrow, gentlemen."

But the next day he was not well enough to do anything but walk with Miss Eileen and her brother. Jerry trailed him all over the ship and was outside the smoking room biting his nails and waiting for Danton when he came up from dinner.

I didn't see that night's play, partly because the regular smoking-room steward was back on duty and partly because it was the night before we got into New York—we passed Fire Island at one o'clock in the morning, though I wasn't aware of the fact.

From what I heard later Mr. Danton won about ten thousand.

But as I say, I'm not quite sure about what happened that night. At one o'clock every steward was paraded, and the purser and head steward and second officer were trying to discover who was the man who had gone into Col. John Widdicombe's suite whilst he was promenading the deck with a little English widow that he was crazy about, and pinched a pearl necklace that he was taking back to his wife. The pearls had gone, and the colonel's presentation watch and a gold cigar case.

That sort of thing often happens just before a ship arrives in port. The thieves wait until the last moment, because it gives very little time to make a thorough search.

Luckily it wasn't in my section. It appeared that the colonel had drawn the pearls from the purser overnight, so that he needn't bother him in the morning. That's what he said. My own idea is that he wanted to show 'em off to the widow.

We had the same old search, with the same old result. At Ellis Island the next morning half a dozen men from the Central Office came aboard, but they found nothing.

I carried Mr. Danton's grip and Miss Eileen's portmanteau to the customs when we got alongside, and Jerry Macbean and one of his crowd followed me.

There was a detective on duty at the end of the gangway, and Mr. Danton, who was the first of our party, stopped and said something to the detective. He only spoke for a few seconds, not long enough to hold us up.

I reached the end of the gangway and put down the baggage I was carrying in order to get a better purchase of them, and at that minute Jerry put his foot ashore on his native land.

"Hello, Jerry," says the detective. "Have you got anything worth seeing in that grip of yours?"

"Say, how long have you been a customs officer, Reilly, I'd like to know?" said Jerry.

"Just been appointed collector," says Reilly, and took the grip out of Jerry's hand. The pearl necklace, the gold cigar case and the presentation watch fell out when he opened it.

I didn't wait to see the rumpus; I wanted to tell Mr. Danton. He had found a customs officer and I didn't have a chance of speaking to him until the examination of his baggage was through, and then I had to carry his bag to the S block, where the Stanhopes had just finished displaying their lingerie.

"See Here, My Young Friend, You're Not Going to Mend Matters by Blubbing. I'll Go See That—What's His Name, Macbean?"

"Good-by, Felix," he said, and stuffed a hundred-dollar bill into my hand, but I was so astonished at his calling me by my Christian name that I didn't see its value until after he had gone. Only the old passengers who knew me called me by that name.

"I'm traveling to British Columbia," he said. "Mr. Stanhope and I are going into partnership." He looked at the girl and she turned her eyes away. I pretty well guessed where the partnership would be.

"I've left a pair of shoes in the cabin," he said, dropping his voice. "You can have them, Felix; and there's a bottle of hair dye in the locker. You might find it useful."

I looked at him hard. He was smiling that gentle smile of Boston Smith's.

I've often wondered how long it took him to get his hair golden brown again; and how he explained it to the young lady.

I will say this of Boston Smith, that he was thorough. He must have spent six months in cultivating those whiskers of his, and another three months before he found the right voyage to put it over Jerry.

Twelve years Jerry got—they had been waiting for a chance at Jerry. So had Boston. Jerry swore he was innocent and that the jewelry had been planted in his bag. I think he was right.

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WATERBURY CLOCK COMPANY

THE OUTGUESSER

(Continued from Page 11)

"One time last night," resumed the fielder, "this bird stands pat. He opened the pot. I draw three cards to a pair of eights, and hook three typewriters. Sattherwaite passes the bet. I shove out a coupla dollars and he lays down a five full on nines without a call. What do you think of that?"

"Good judgment."

"Doesn't look right to me," persisted Roberts.

There was no sympathy from Heenan.

"Must have telegraphed your full in a night letter. He just read you right, that's all."

"Tracy thinks ——"

"When did Tracy begin thinking?" retorted the manager. "You're just a bum lot of losers. Besides, that guy Sattherwaite can read your mind a block away. He's a complex kid." And Heenan strolled away.

However, after two other members of the team had sought him out, told him of the remarkable play at the poker game and asked for advances on their salaries, the Blue Sox boss hunted up Ephraim. He found him in amiable conference with a youngster concerning the latter's likes and dislikes in colors.

"What about the game last night?" asked Heenan bluntly. "The poker game up in Roberts' room?"

"Oh, yes," replied Sattherwaite. "Here." He reached in his pocket and pulled out a roll of bills. "I think there is four hundred dollars here. I wish you would have it returned to the boys in some way."

"What's the idea? Wasn't the game on the square? Did you stack 'em?"

"I don't know what you mean by stacking them, but taking their money was little short of theft. Are you aware that you have a collection of most obvious minds on your team?"

"I know something is the matter with their minds. You just read 'em, eh? Where did you learn to play poker?"

"Oh, a couple of months ago, when I started on this work for Mr. Randall. I have found the game most valuable in studying the men on the different teams. It presents excellent opportunities for observation into traits of character. The game, as you are doubtless aware, is more of a battle of mind against mind than cards against cards. I may even assert that the greater part of the memoranda I have obtained for you was collected at the poker table."

"For me?"

"Of course."

"H'm. I see. Roberts tells me, Sattherwaite, that you laid down a pat full against a three-card draw of his. How did you figure him there?"

"Let me see"—slowly. "Roberts—full house? Oh, yes; I recall it now." Ephraim smiled. "His reactions were quite easy to follow. He had previously lost several large sums to me. I passed and he bet—that was it. His movements in putting the chips in the center of the table, the tightening of the lips, the crudely apparent effort not to appear cocksure—all made it plain as daylight that he had obtained a very, very good hand and planned to make up for all his losses at one swoop. As a matter of fact I figured him for fours. I would have let him win but for one thing."

"What was that?"

"It was necessary for the sake of the records to learn how well Roberts kept his temper in control, how he acted in the face of adversity, what his reactions were to bad breaks and the like."

"And ——"

"He's a good man. He appears to absorb punishment without great loss of poise. Keeps his head well. I should say, on the basis of fragmentary data, that he is one of your best players for an uphill fight. He's not the quitting kind."

"He isn't," agreed Heenan.

"Inclined, however," added Sattherwaite, "to be a bit suspicious. More apt to look into motives than results." He again extended the money. "I would have returned it myself except for the fear that the boys might be offended. Perhaps you ——"

"You won it on the square, didn't you?"

"Well, if I may say it, my mind is perhaps a bit more acute than theirs."

"That's their lookout," growled Heenan. "You hold on to the jack. Tell me something about the work you're supposed to be doing for me."

"I'm glad you spoke of it," replied Sattherwaite. "My data are about complete. I've had a talk with Mathews."

"Did he tell you why he has blown up?"

"Yes."

"Huh?" The manager's eyes were wide with surprise.

"It's a girl. She will and she won't. However, I've offered to find a solution for his troubles, and I think you'll get some better playing out of him on the rest of the trip."

"Damn these skirts," scowled Heenan. "How did you get him to talk?"

"It was easy enough. He was just looking for an opportunity to share his perplexities. However, Mr. Heenan, please regard this as confidential. It would never do for the men to know about Mathews and his girl."

"I get you. You think you can straighten him out?"

"I think I have—for the present."

Sattherwaite drew a memorandum book from his pocket and for the next hour read to the manager matter relating to his observations at the training camps and among the Blue Sox. Heenan did little but nod.

"Of course," explained Ephraim, "the work is not yet complete."

"You sure have the lads sized up," said the manager, a sort of dazed admiration in his eyes. "That physical analysis of yours is a hot sketch."

"Psychic," corrected Sattherwaite.

III

MATHEWS rode to the ball park with Ephraim the next afternoon. "Heenan is sending you back at the Bruins to-day, at my suggestion," said Sattherwaite. "What are you going to do?"

"Give 'em the trimming of their life!" snapped back the southpaw. "I'll show them if my arm's gone."

"Good," applauded the psychoanalyst. "That's the way I like to hear you talk. Everything's going to work out fine, Dan."

"Have you thought up anything?" eagerly.

"Not yet, but I'll guarantee to set your mind at rest soon after we get home."

During the game Sattherwaite sat in the player's pit, watching every movement on the field through the thick lenses. Occasionally he jotted down a note.

Mathews was pitching masterly ball. The Bruins were well-nigh helpless. His fast ones sang by their belated bats while they lurched forward and twisted back in vain efforts to connect with his sharp-breaking curves. Heenan glanced once or twice at Sattherwaite, but Eph was too intent on his field observations to note the strange look of respect in the manager's eyes.

In the ninth inning, with the Blue Sox one run to the good, the Bruins managed, after one out, to get two men on bases through field errors. The next player struck out readily enough. A short passed ball advanced the runners to second and third bases, and Stacey, the heaviest hitter in the leagues, came to bat.

"Mathews will flop him all right," muttered Heenan. "That boy has sure got 'em to-day."

Sattherwaite shook his head dubiously.

"No; I would suggest that you take him out and send in Frazier."

"What!" gasped the manager. "That rookie! You're crazy. Besides, he's cold."

"Nevertheless, I wish you would do what I ask."

Without another word Heenan sprang from the dugout and ordered Mathews in. The pitcher, dazed with surprise, did not move at first, but on a second signal from the boss weaved slowly toward the bench with a puzzled scowl. The astonishment of Frazier, who was sitting against the fence some distance away, when gestured toward the box, was even more profound than that of Mathews. It was evident, too, that Stacey was at a loss, not to mention the rest of the players and the crowd.

After a few preliminary tosses Frazier pitched one to the batting behemoth. The throw was so wild that the catcher was compelled to leap high into the air to stop it with the top of his mitt.

Heenan growled something toward Sattherwaite, but Ephraim was smiling blandly. The rookie's next pitch was high and wide, but Stacey swung and missed. The next one he fouled into the bleachers. The fourth throw, high and wide also, the batter missed by a foot.

"Just as I thought," remarked the psychoanalyst.

"How did you dope that one?" queried Heenan on the way to the clubhouse. "I would have figured that Stacey could have killed anything that that kid had. Frazier hasn't a thing in the world, as a matter of fact, and besides, he's as wild as a loon. I was figuring on letting him go this week."

"He isn't much of a pitcher," agreed Sattherwaite, "and he is hardly worth keeping, but he has served usefully in a laboratory experiment. The test I made is hardly in the field of psychoanalysis, but this early in the season one may properly take a risk."

"That's all right, but ——"

"Stacey," resumed Ephraim, "has what is known as a mind of slow adjustability. I made it a point to study him closely at Jacksonville last month. You will recall that each of the four times he faced Mathews he continued to get better. It is true he made no hits, but it is also true that he was beginning to gauge the throws more accurately. Of course, there is no way of knowing, but the probabilities were strongly in favor of his making a hit in the ninth inning."

"Law of averages, huh? But why Frazier? Thompson and Allee were warm."

"Frazier," explained the scientist, "is perhaps the poorest pitcher you have, but in this particular instance he was the most desirable for the reason that he does everything in the box that Mathews doesn't. They represent perfect extremes. Mathews is a left-hander, Frazier a right-hander. Mathews is quite tall and slim, Frazier exceedingly short and squat. Where Dan has a normal tendency to throw low, fast and inside and is noted for his control, Frazier pitches slowly, high and outside and has little control. Their movements in the box, too, are at wide variance. It would take an unusually agile mind to adjust itself to the two styles in a few moments. Stacey has anything but that. He was mentally set for Mathews, and he was still set for Mathews when the game was over."

"I see," said Heenan slowly.

"However," went on Sattherwaite, "I wouldn't advise you to make use of Frazier against Stacey again. After facing him about three times he would probably break down all the fences in the circuit."

"You're there, boy!" admiringly. "This is about the first time that I have been able to follow you all the way, but when that kid went in cold I ——"

"Ah, yes," interrupted Eph. "I didn't explain that. His coldness was a point in his favor too. I wanted him to pitch as naturally as possible. Had he been warmed up he might have been amenable to the catcher's signals. It was essential that he throw them high, wide and wild, his normal gait. It was quite obvious that with men on second and third and two out Stacey wouldn't try to walk. His mind was made up to hit at all costs. That clear?"

"I make you."

"One of the things that I can't understand about the so-called smart managers," continued Sattherwaite, "is their insistence on keeping a pitcher in the box until he is knocked out. A little observation, it would seem to me, would permit them to anticipate the breaking point. Why carry six or eight pitchers of varying forms of delivery, stature, and the like, without making use of them psychologically?"

"We ain't on to them complexes, kid."

"There is no question of complexes involved. By the way, Mr. Heenan, I want to ask you about Morton. I see by the official figures that he bats in the neighborhood of .260. Can you find out for me—are the figures available—as to where he does his best hitting—at home or on the road?"

"That's easy. He's a .300 swatter on the road. Come on in. We can get the dope in the office."

Heenan obtained a baseball guide that went in for exhaustive statistics, and thumbed the pages.

"Here," he said, handing the book to Sattherwaite. "Here's the dope on last season. Look it over for yourself. What's the big idea?"

Ephraim studied the figures.

"I see," he said at length. "He apparently does well everywhere except at home and in the Lizards' park."

(Continued on Page 129)

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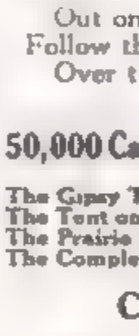

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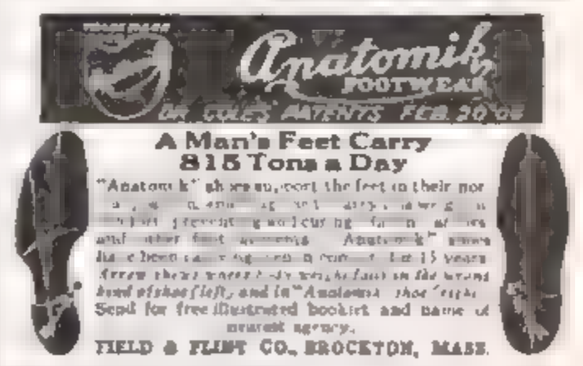

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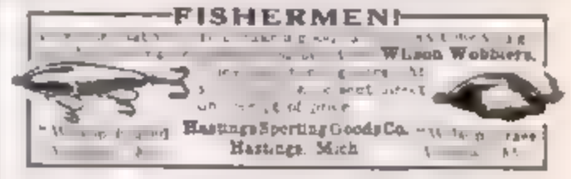

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(Continued from Page 127)

"Yeh, he was a bum there. I remember."

"H'm. Tell me, Mr. Heenan, is there an advertisement of Beauty Soap at Lizard Park, like the one we have in left field at home?"

"Huh?"

"You know the girl holding the bar of soap. The yellow-and-blue sign."

"Yes," said the manager, "there's one there."

"Where is it? What part of the field?"

"Where ours is, left field."

"Do you know whether the Vamp field has one? I know the rest haven't."

"No, they haven't any. There isn't a sign there at all."

"That's what I thought," said Sattherwaite. "Have that sign taken out of our park. We can do nothing with the other one. Remove ours, however, and I predict that Morton's hitting will improve."

"You think so? I don't."

"I'm sure of it. The trouble with him is that he keeps his eye on the girl instead of on the ball. The picture has too much attraction for him."

"I wonder," began Heenan.

"It seems quite obvious. Where the sign isn't he hits well. Where it is, he doesn't. I have watched Morton closely. I never saw a man with more confidence or better technic at the plate. Also, I have noticed that his eyes are constantly wandering toward the picture, even when he is out in right field."

"All right," nodded Heenan, "I'll try to have the sign taken down."

That was on Monday. On Wednesday the manager stopped Eph in the lobby of the hotel.

"Funny thing happened yesterday. You know Morton's girl lives here. I saw them driving together. She's a dead ringer for the soap lady, hair and all. Can you beat it?"

"Ah," said the psychoanalyst.

IV

THE Blue Sox came home leading the league. The last two weeks of the trip had added twelve straight victories to their winning string, placing them full three games ahead of the Tigers. In view of the fact that the hitting of Heenan's crew had been light, and the pitching, with the exception of Mathews, rather indifferent, the triumph was distinctly one of Sattherwaite's methods, as the manager somewhat dazedly admitted.

Heenan's strange tactics in shifting about players, taking out pitchers at the most extraordinary times, and removing batters in the middle of their sessions at the plate puzzled seven managers, hundreds of thousands of fans and the Blue Sox players themselves, but Sattherwaite, Randall and Heenan kept their secret. The newspapers speculated, joshed and admired, but never found out.

An example of Ephraim's amazing gift was furnished in one of the games with the Lizards. In the sixth inning Heenan sent in Garland, a heavy-swatting bench warmer, to pinch-hit for the pitcher. He fanned on three plate cutters.

"It's my fault," said Sattherwaite. "I should have known that red would have had the effect of destroying the coördination between his eye and brain."

"Red?" spluttered the manager. "You mean yellow, don't you?"

"Quite the contrary," was the calm reply. "His reactions to yellow are quite favorable. You must understand, Mr. Heenan, that colors have a marked effect on the human mind. You instinctively shy away from certain tints without exactly knowing why, while others attract you."

"The long green, for example, eh?"

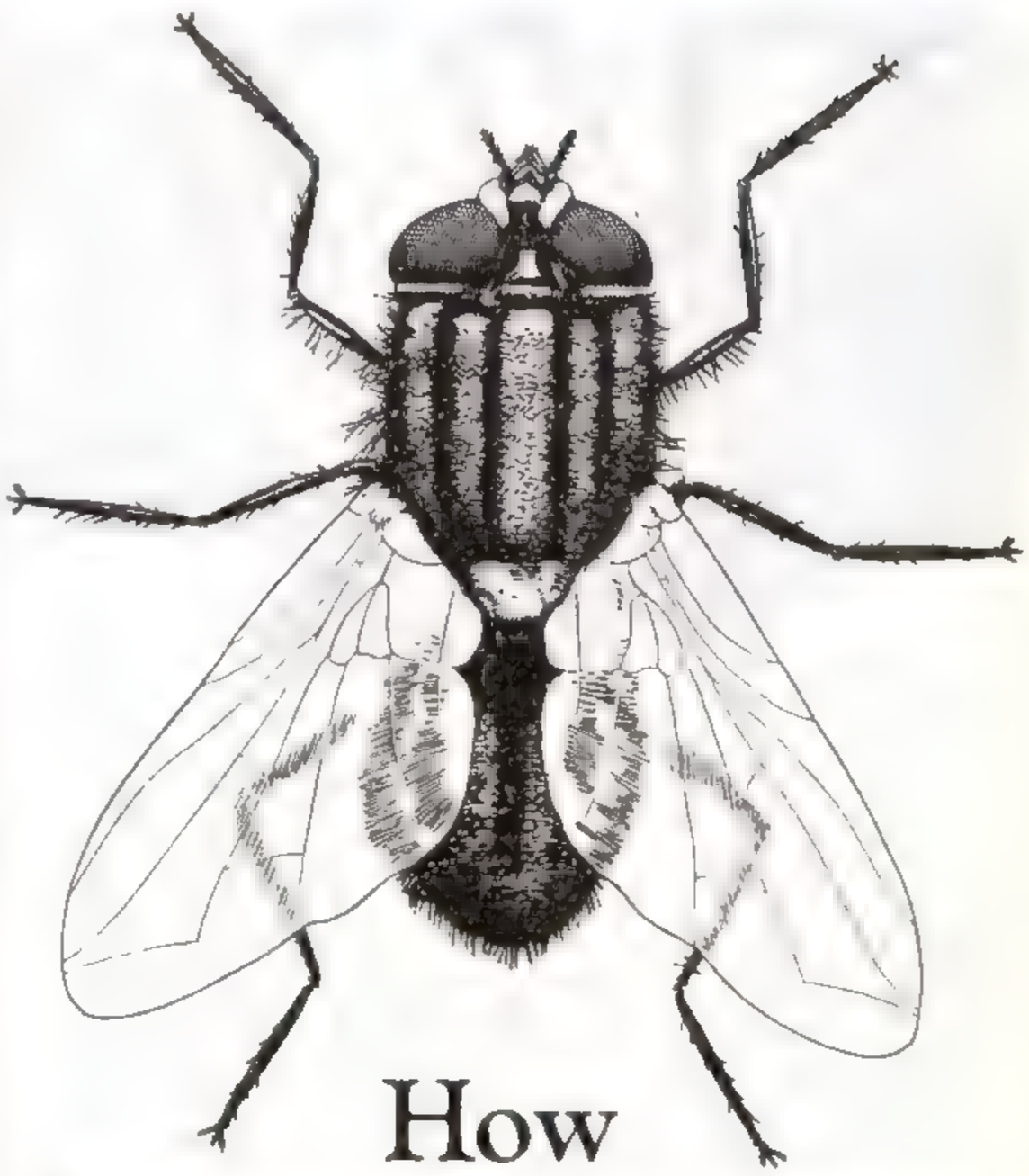
"Green may, in your case," gravely went on Ephraim. "Red, however, is particularly bad for Garland. The color is associated with a most disagreeable event in his life, yet it has a strange and baleful fascination for him. You have probably noticed his neckties and shirts. You ——"

"Yeh," laughed Heenan, "I've even seen him ragging with that redhead flapper at the hotel. Say, what's all this about? Where does the red come in, anyhow?"

"You saw Harlan's red undersleeves, didn't you? Garland couldn't keep his eyes from that bit of color at the pitcher's wrists. Instead of watching the ball he was gazing, half-hypnotized, at the edge of the sleeve. You may have noticed that he swung late at every pitch. That isn't his normal fault, you know. In fact, I have heard you talk often of his promptness in meeting the ball."

Heenan shook his head in puzzlement.

"Gosh, boy, this trick stuff of yours has sure got me going."



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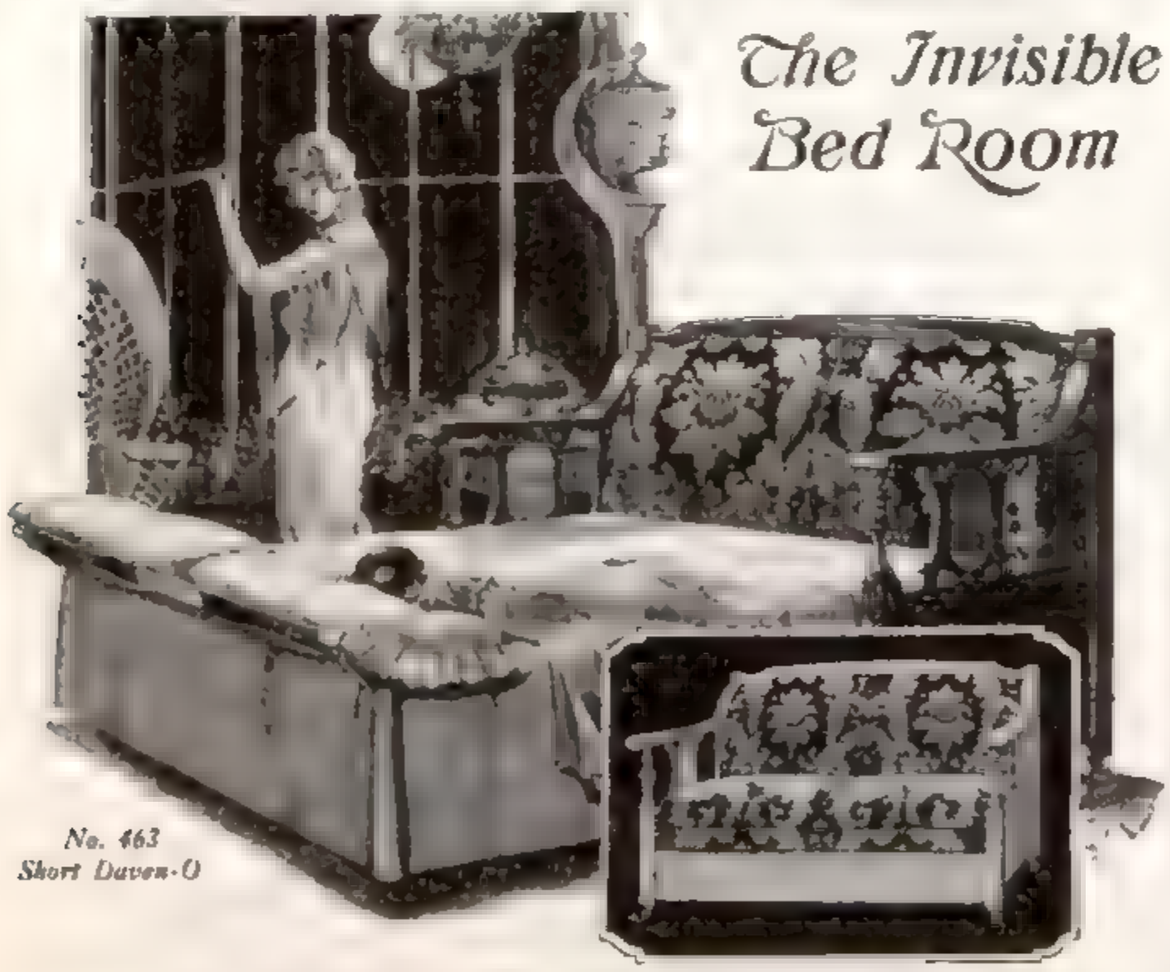

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"Garland," went on Eph, "is a great pinch-hitter. Try him again to-morrow if you have a chance."

The manager found the opportunity in the eighth inning of the next game. With two on, Garland hit the first ball pitched so far over the fence that it dropped into the middle of the next block. The undersleeves of the pitcher, however, were white.

Since his talk with Mathews, Sattherwaite had spent a great deal of his time with the pitcher.

"Have you thought up anything yet?" the southpaw was constantly asking.

"Not yet," was the evasive reply. "Wait till we get home; but no matter what suggestions I may be able to make, you've got to make up your mind to force the issue. You've got to have the matter disposed of one way or another. She either loves you enough to marry you or she doesn't. If she does, marry her; if she doesn't, forget her. Your future is too brilliant to be jeopardized by worry over a hopeless situation."

On the night the team arrived home Ephraim repeated the same advice. Mathews was silent and nervous.

"Were you ever in love?" he blurted out at length.

"No," was the reply; "but if I were I would know what to do. I would wait for or build up a psychological moment ——"

"A what?"

"A psychological moment. Too bad you haven't studied psychology."

"What's that?"

"It's the study of the mind. It enables one to know just what a person will do under certain circumstances and, what is more important in your case, it permits one so to work upon the mind of a subject as to make it favorable to the reactions you desire."

"You can make 'em do what you want?"

"In a measure."

"Have you ever studied it?" eagerly.

"A bit," was Sattherwaite's modest reply.

"Listen, Eph; how would it be for you to come out to the house with me some evening and when the—what did you call the moment? You know, the ——"

"The psychological moment."

"Yeh. When that comes," hurried on Mathews, "why, you give me the office and beat it."

"All well enough," smiled Sattherwaite, "but psychological moments are impatient affairs. They don't wait around. By the time I gave you the sign and departed the young lady might undergo a dozen mental reactions. I'll tell you what I will do, though. If you'll take me calling some evening I'll make a study of the girl and I will doubtless be able to give you some information that will help."

"Will you? That's fine. I know you've got a big-league brain, and I guess I'm a dumb-bell when it comes to women."

"So are we all of us. However, I'll be glad to go with you."

Just how glad, Mathews didn't know, any more than he knew that Sattherwaite had already invited himself to call on the girl of the picture.

"How will to-morrow night do?" asked Mathews.

"Just as you say."

"Now that we're back in town," said Heenan to Sattherwaite a bit later, "is Mathews going dippy over that skirt again?"

"Well, I ——"

"Are you going to be able to keep him in line? If he blows again we're through. The Tigers have just bought Swanson from the Lizards, and that boy sure has the Indian sign on our lads. That was a pretty wabbly game Dan pulled yesterday. Looks like he's slipping again. Had that dopy look he used to have."

"I think everything will work out all right," assured Ephraim. "He has virtually agreed to force a showdown from her. The only thing that bothers him is uncertainty. Even if she rejects him he'll be all right after a few days."

"What is she?" asked Heenan; "a chorus lady or a pearl diver?"

"Neither. I don't know her, of course. I've seen her picture, however. To-morrow night I'm going calling with Dan."

"Looker?"

"Wondrous," was the reply.

"Huh!" Under Heenan's quizzical gaze Sattherwaite reddened. Mumbling something he walked away, just as Randall the young owner made his appearance.

"How's the outguesser?" was his first question.

"Boss, that boy's got something."

"Something?" laughed the other. "He's got everything—the whole subconscious universe."

"Where did you run into him?"

"At college. He was a bear. He could tell by the way the prof combed his hair what he was going to lecture on. Seriously, though, that boy can outguess the world. This psychoanalysis is great stuff."

"It must be," agreed Heenan. "You know what he has done with Mathews. He's saved our bacon. He's made a ball player out of Morse too. He's taken that bum and turned him into a grand hitter. He'll top .300 this year."

"How did he do it?"

"I don't know. Sattherwaite hasn't any secrets from me, but he might as well have. He and the hard words in the dictionary are too pally. Fixing up Morse he said was something to do with correcting error—er——"

"Erroneous mental impulses?"

"Yeh."

"Sattherwaite will win a pennant for us, Heenan."

"Maybe, unless some of the other teams grab a complex kid. There are a lot more where he came from, ain't there?"

"The woods are full of psychoanalysts," agreed Randall; "but Eph is the only one I know who combines abstract knowledge of the human mind with a concrete knowledge of baseball."

"Not a ladies' man, is he?"

"I laugh," said the young owner.

V

AT 8:30 Tuesday evening Sattherwaite and Mathews presented themselves at the home of Esther Haven. The picture had told the truth, but only a small fraction of it. It had given a true account of the laughing eyes, abundant curling hair, but had said nothing of the divine dye in the cheeks and the rich lusciousness of the crushed-strawberry lips.

While Mathews sat silent and nervous Esther chatted brightly with his friend. The sprightliness and intelligence of her conversation completed the ensemble of perfection. It developed that she had known the pitcher since childhood. A few months before she had returned from an Eastern finishing school. Psychoanalysis interested her. Shortly after eleven o'clock the men departed.

"I guess none of them psychological moments showed up," said Mathews.

"Eh?" Then Ephraim laughed.

"With me in the room? Hardly. It takes two and a moon, I imagine, to develop them in this case."

"Did you find out anything?"

"Hasn't she wonderful features?" asked Ephraim absently.

"You didn't have to go to college to find that out, did you?"

They walked along silently.

"To tell the truth," said Sattherwaite slowly after a spell, "from what little I was able to observe, Miss Haven appears to regard you rather in the light of a chum than a lover. Of course you can't tell much after one superficial examination. With your permission I will call on her again this week—alone. You understand if I have her undivided attention I can ——"

"All right," cut in the pitcher.

The next day a succession of five hits in a row with a couple of walks thrown in for good measure sent Mathews to the showers in the second inning. Sattherwaite found Heenan plainly worried.

"Damn these skirts," snarled the manager. "Can't you do anything? If he blows we lose the pennant sure. Haven't you got some trick stuff you can pull? Find out her favorite color and let him wear it. Straighten out her mental pulses, can't you? Or his."

"I'll do what I can," said Ephraim.

It wasn't much. Mathews' performances grew more helpless with each appearance. Two weeks later, on the evening before the team was to depart on its second Eastern trip, Heenan received a note from Sattherwaite. It read:

I have solved the Mathews problem. She would not marry him, and rather than permit her to remain a vexation to him I have married her myself. We leave for California to-night. Don't pitch Mathews for six days.

Heenan looked up, to find Randall in the office.

"Where's Sattherwaite?" asked the owner.

"Out," said the manager tersely. "Stealing."

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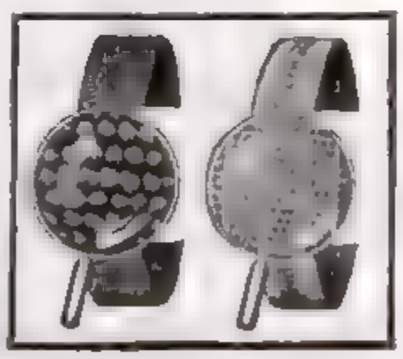

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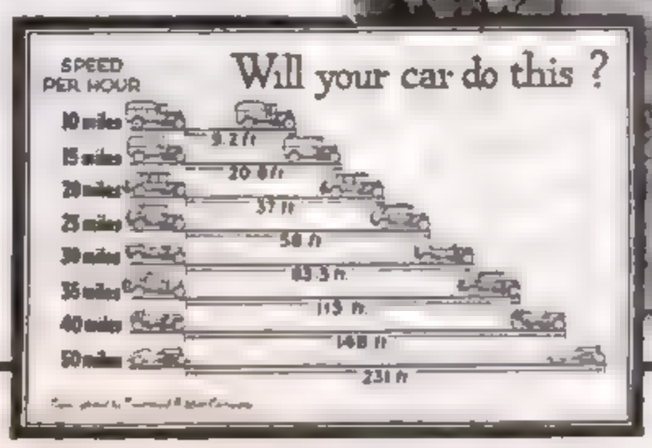

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THE NUMBER ONE BOY

(Continued from Page 21)

Clear and confident came the sentry's assurance. It was repeated by a farther sentry:

"Post Number Two, nine o'clock and a-all's well."

And then faint as an echo: "Post Number Three, nine o'clock and a-all's well."

The hawk laughed aloud with more than his habitual harshness. The laugh was curiously similar to Jimmy's laugh four days before in the temple of Gautama Buddha when he had found himself alone.

"Nine o'clock and all's well, eh?" said the hawk. It seemed incredible that only an hour had passed since —— He turned to the mirror to see if it was evident that in a single hour he had become an old, old man. His eye fell on the photograph in the gold frame. This he clutched in a sort of spasm that turned his reflected face in the mirror to a brick red.

The glass of the photograph was shattered against the corner of the mantel. Next the back of the frame was ripped off and the frame and back hurled into the fireplace. The photograph followed in many pieces, torn and retorn. And now—even the photograph being gone—the hawk, like Jimmy four days before, was alone. But there was a difference. Jimmy had felt absolutely helpless. The hawk was by no means helpless. The destruction of the picture was a symbol. The greater destruction which it typified came next. Just how to accomplish it must be thought out. There were many ways. It was a question of choosing the best—the most complete. He took to pacing the floor. Once more his eyes were lighted by a cold, remorseless flame. The veins on his temples were congested, and the arteries in his neck. The high collar of his fatigue tunic began to choke him. He went to his room and removed the tunic, substituting a smoking jacket that left his throat free.

Returning to the living room he resumed his pacing in greater physical comfort at any rate.

At last he halted by the desk and stared down at it, his brows in rigid welts, the muscles of his lean gray jaws working convulsively.

"I think that's it," he decided under his breath. He reached for a sheet of paper and dipped a pen in ink. The pen was traveling across the paper before he had more than settled in his chair.

Presently, without troubling to ring, he shouted for the orderly:

"Tim! Oh, Tim!"

"Yis, sorr," said Tim, appearing a moment later.

The pen was still traveling across the paper.

"I want an arrest made. I want you to make it. Take two men and arrest Lieutenant James Lee, detailed to the Legation Guard from L Company, Seventeenth Infantry. Do you know him?"

"The young officer that was here already to-night?"

"That's the one."

"Shure I know him."

The hawk ceased writing and reached for a blotter.

"The charge is desertion. Here is the order."

The sergeant gave the colonel a puzzled look as he took the order.

"Has he desarted, sorr?"

"He has."

"He's quick like gunpowder," Tim decided, staring at the order. He looked up inquiringly. "He was here not twinty minutes ago, sorr."

"Lieutenant Lee has deserted with a woman," said the hawk. "They will leave Peking for Tientsin sometime to-night. They will go through the Chin Mien gates of course. Get horses at once and ride to the gates. I think you'll be there before the cart goes through. If you are keep your men and yourself out of sight and follow the cart to Tientsin. Keep well to the rear of it—four or five miles—all the way down. Close up to it when you are near Tientsin and arrest him just as he arrives at the walls."

The blue eyes of the sergeant gleamed with perfect understanding. It would have been a simple matter to see that the young officer did not leave Peking. But his hide was wanted, evidently. That was why the calf was to be given rope. The fact must be kept quiet and so a noncom was to make the arrest instead of a commissioned officer.

"Yis, sorr," he said aloud.

"And, Tim—be very careful. Neither he nor the woman with him must see you or suspect that you are following them until you make the arrest."

"Shure I know, sorr. What'll I do wid the woman?"

"Nothing except identify her. You know her. That's why I want you to make the arrest."

"I know her, sorr?" The sergeant's eyelids narrowed suddenly as the plot began to thicken. "Who might she be?"

"She might be anybody," said the hawk. "She is—my wife."

"Holy Mary!" The sergeant's weather-stained, tanned-leather countenance became a wine color. "You don't mane ——"

"I mean the dirty little waif that I lifted out of the slime and guarded and cared for and married—last Thursday."

"Not Miss Betty?"

"That's what you called her."

"That's been grown up and goin' to school and all, under our eyes?"

"Yes," said the hawk, as pale as the stammering sergeant was red. "She went to school. I'll tell you what she learned: She learned to treat the man who sent her there like a leper because he wasn't as young as he had been. She learned to skip out with the first young beast she came across, when I caught him making love to her."

The red had left the sergeant's face. His eyes again narrowed.

"It ain't thrue."

The hawk rose, astounded, menacing, to his feet.

"What's that?"

But the sergeant faced him across the desk. "You may think it's thrue, sorr, but there's some mistake. If she's wint, as you say, 'tis for no harm. 'Twill be out av the innicence av her—her bein' kep' wid niver a look at a lad.

"I'll bet these shtripes I was twinty years gettin'—I'll bet me life on it."

The hawk relaxed. "You'd lose both. You have your orders. Carry them out."

"Can I say wan word, sorr?"

"Make it short."

The sergeant tapped the order for arrest with a blunt forefinger.

"Ye've got a charge of desartion here. 'Tis plain why you let the officer go clear to Tientsin. He seems a foine, upstandin' boy, but he's nothin' to me—the coort-martial can decide about him. But if I arrist him at Tientsin and"—the sergeant gulped—"well, you know who happens to be wid him—it'll be the rooination of her, sorr, th' everlastin' rooination."

The hawk noticeably brightened.

"Quite right, Tim," he said briskly. "Back to the gutter she goes, where she belongs."

"An' ye mane that, sorr?" Tim inquired.

He got a look for a reply. It was enough.

"Well, then, what about yerself, sorr? Think of your reputation. Your name will be in the mouths of all, from the ranks to the Sicretary of War."

The hawk smiled, or rather his lips stretched sufficiently to show two rows of surprisingly good white teeth.

"My reputation," he repeated softly. He leaned over the desk, his smile gone, the veins at his temples standing out like cords. "Tim, I'd give my life—what she's left of it—to see her in hell."

The sergeant was beyond his depths. He knew that now, and acknowledged it.

"I'm nothin' but a noncom. I ain't got the gift of words. Won't ye git an officer frind to advise ye? Give me his name and I'll have him here in a whisk. Colonel Blair now ——"

"Sergeant!"

"Yis, sorr."

"You have your orders for the arrest of Lieutenant Lee at Tientsin, and the identification of whoever may be with him. Carry them out."

"But, sorr ——"

"One more word and your stripes come off!"

The old marine jammed on his hat, stiffened to attention, and saluted. For a few moments he had been Timothy Regan, the man; he was now Sergeant Regan, who clearly understood his orders and would carry them out though the heavens fell. He wheeled and made for the door. A tall figure appeared noiselessly in the doorway directly in his path. It was one of the

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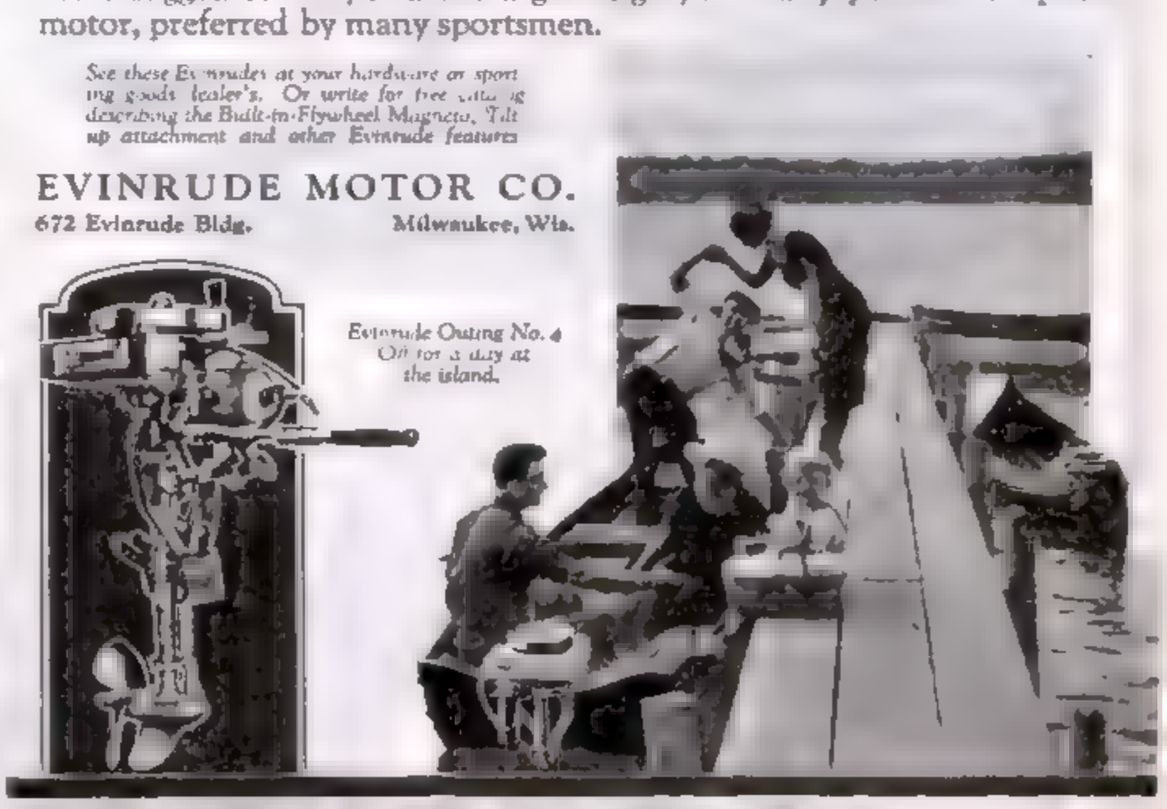

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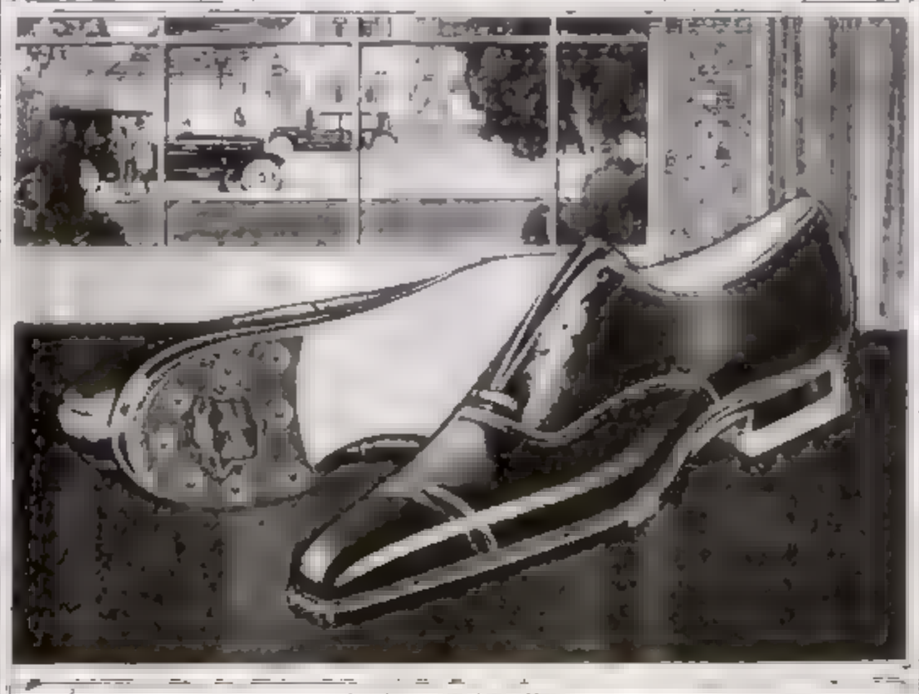

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servants, a Chink, on whom a little of the bitterness within him could be vented.

"Out of me way, hathen!"

He glared into the servant's eyes for an instant, his face thrust forward into an impassive yellow countenance. He saw the flicker of a hand. The eyes of the servant became dark wells that merged and widened.

In a flash they were a huge black cavern into which Tim Regan plunged headlong, down—down into darkness.

In the darkness a voice spoke, a quiet and soothing voice, like soft bells chiming:

"Remain here, soldier; you know not where to go."

Another voice, a loud harsh voice: "Ty Ming, have you gone crazy?" And then, "Tim! What the hell's the matter with you? Knock him down, sergeant!"

"Tim!" Why, he was Tim. "Knock him down, sergeant!" That was a command. Commands must be obeyed. He drew back his fist.

The soft voice spoke again:

"Your arm, soldier."

He realized suddenly that something had happened to his arm. The fall down the dark hole must have done it. It did not pain him, but when he seized it with his left hand he found it numb and useless. In his surprise he exclaimed aloud.

"God help me. It's broke." He must get to the infirmary with his broken arm at once, he thought, and took a step to do so, but the soft voice spoke:

"Soon it will mend; stay here and—rest."

He sank quite gently into a deeper and more silent darkness.

The hawk stared at the motionless, glazed-eyed sergeant of marines, still clasping his arm, then at the undisturbed face of the Number One boy. He spoke at last in a dry whisper:

"What are you trying to do?"

"I am trying to bring peace to this house," said the Number One boy.

The hawk was moving toward the door.

"I'll bring peace to you with a firing squad!"

"One moment." The voice was no longer bell-like. The hawk turned at its trumpet tone. It went on more softly, "Reflect! The rifles of your guard will bring me peace. But you?" The voice deepened and became a note of doom: "You will be left in darkness and in torment."

"Torment," repeated the hawk softly.

He stared at the strange Chinaman who had for some reason supplanted Ty Ming that evening. What was the reason? He had hypnotized Tim like a flash. An astonishing trick. And why had it been done? Why were his own heartstrings still vibrating at the words of an Oriental fakir? What the devil was it all about anyway? His curiosity was stronger than his anger for a moment.

"No more tricks now. They don't impress me. You are not a servant. Who are you?"

"I am the servant of the Lord Buddha. My name is Chang Foo Low."

"The lama! Impossible! Why should you be masquerading in my house?"

"The maiden who was called your wife has served my master in his temple. You would destroy her earthly happiness. That is an error. I have been sent to prevent it."

The hawk's curiosity was consumed in a fresh fire of rage.

"The damned temple business again, eh! Well, great prophet, Master of Souls, no Chinese fakir can creep into my home to pry and listen and tell me what to do." He returned to the desk and went on less sneeringly, "My reports show that you tried to preserve order in Peking during the recent trouble. That is why I give you one minute to get out of here before I call the guard."

"Give me ten minutes, Excellency."

"What for—to watch you take rabbits out of a hat?"

"Have you, then, all the wisdom of the ages?"

"No," admitted the hawk, "but I have common sense."

A smile played like a faint light across the face of Chang Foo Low. His voice when he spoke was more than gentle:

"You have been crushed and broken by the wheel of life, despite your common sense. That order you have given to"—his faint smile returned for an instant as his glance took in the motionless sergeant of marines— "the soldier who waits, will bind you tighter to the wheel." Again came the deeper note in the voice: "Let me help you find the knot you must untie before you can be free."

"I've got no time to listen to a lot of hocus-pocus."

"Ten minutes is all I ask—ten minutes taken from eternity."

"Eternity!" exploded the hawk. "No! Get out!"

"I am a lone Chinese, surrounded by your soldiers. What have you to fear?"

"Fear?" repeated the hawk. It was his turn to smile. "Do you think I am afraid of you? Do you think you can hypnotize me the way you did that fool standing there? Go ahead; start your show. Let's see how far you'll get with it."

"First take back that order," demanded Chang calmly.

"Well, not exactly."

"It can remain here on the desk. The soldier can wait outside. In ten minutes you can call him to enforce it if—you so desire."

The hawk thought this over for an instant.

"Very well," he decided. "Are you going to palm it?"

The Chinaman did not reply. He turned to the helpless sergeant. There was a faint click of thumb against palm.

"So ends your rest, soldier."

The old marine shook his grizzled head like a dog emerging from water. The light of understanding was scarcely in his eyes before he had started for the door.

"Tim," said the hawk. The marine halted, turned and saluted. "Let me have that order."

"You revoke it, sorr?"

The hawk crushed the hope. "I do not. Wait outside for exactly ten minutes. Then come in. Do you understand?"

The sergeant returned the order, glanced at his watch, glanced at the inscrutable face of Chang. "Tin minutes; yis, sorr." He saluted and withdrew.

The hawk seated himself at the desk and laid the order upon it. He opened the drawer into which he had plunged his hand some little time before. On the present occasion the hand was not empty when it came from the drawer.

"Here is the order," he said. "Here is ——" He laid the revolver on the desk. "And nothing will happen to my arm. Now what?" He looked up into the grave unfathomable eyes of Chang Foo Low.

"First—with your permission, Excellency—the lights." A long yellow hand rose and waved once at the bronze lamp on the desk. In doing so it passed across the intent gaze of the hawk.

The lamp flickered and went out.

"A pretty trick," said the hawk, his eyes strangely set on the tranquil face of Chang. "How's it done?"

Again the hand waved. The blaze of a standing lamp in a far corner sank to a faint blue flame and expired.

There were no other lights in the room, but only a dimness followed, for the full moon was by now high in the heavens; its rays were streaming through the doorway from the garden, and through the bay window, to bathe the room in pale firm light.

The source of that light, the hawk recalled with satisfaction, was not of this earth. It was in the unassailable heavens, thousands of miles away. He was shaken a little. Of course the lamp business was a trick, but he was unable to account for it and he could not account for a sudden feeling that the air of the room was becoming heavy, that it was filling with a faint greenish-colored mist. His hand moved to his revolver and lifted it from the desk. At the feel of it he threw off his absurd uneasiness and laughed his harsh laugh.

"I have you covered, Chinaman. We still have—the moon."

"Ah, yes." The words were like a sigh. "The moon."

The hawk did not press the trigger of his revolver. He simply congealed where he sat, for the moonlight was sucked from the room like smoke at the mouth of a strongly drawing chimney, leaving him in the most profound, the most impenetrable darkness he had ever known.

He had enough. Tricks or no tricks, he had enough. He would have rushed blindly, madly from the room, but he found that the darkness was like an iron cast which had been poured about the mold of his body, binding every muscle to an absolute rigidity. His revolver! He could barely feel it in his nerveless hand lying on the desk. There remained the

(Continued on Page 137)

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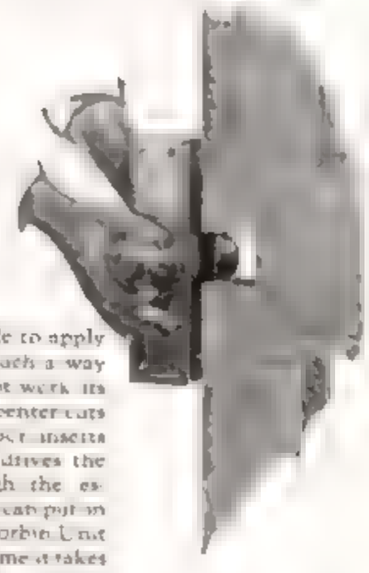

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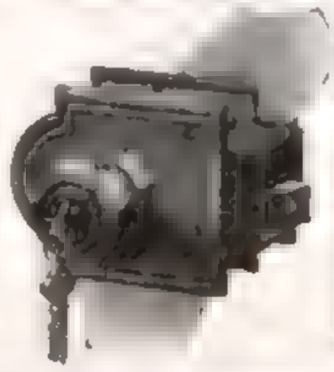

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(Continued from Page 134)

faithful Tim waiting in the hall. This devil had made a fool of him a moment before but the sergeant could at least call the guard. With all the power of his lungs he called to the sergeant. The result was a faint gurgle.

A calm voice spoke:

"Quiet is preferable, Your Excellency."

The darkness seemed to press like a band about the hawk's throat so that even the gurgle died.

Again came the voice, like the middle notes of a flute:

"Be undisturbed, Your Excellency. You still have your eyes and your ears. Use them well." The voice dropped into the lower register of a flute and grew in volume. "Great Buddha above me—let the wisdom of thy spirit enter this unworthy body, that the curtain of the centuries may be lifted from the past."

In a stupendous silence the hawk grew conscious that the blackness about him was giving way to the faint green mist he had noticed before the moonlight had been withdrawn. It was thickening in the room like smoke, and like smoke was drifting steadily in the direction from which the voice had come. As it gathered at this point it condensed well above the floor into a more and more brilliant oval of pale green light. Within that circle of light a face appeared. It grew swiftly clearer until it became the face of Chang Foo Low, floating in the surrounding darkness, pallid, set, lifeless. The eyes in the face were closed as though in sleep, but the lips began to move. From those lips came a voice, deep, sonorous, vibrating. It was as though a great organ had suddenly been given human speech.

"I am the spirit of Gautama Buddha—servant of the one God who created all things. Now I, knowing truth to be the essence of God, do speak in the English tongue, and proclaim: That in the year 1394 after the beginning of the earth life of the prophet Christ, there lived in the village of Wickford, in the shire of Essex, upon the island of Britain, the scholar and philosopher Sir Gilbert Warren. Now I, Gautama Buddha, clothe again in the flesh of that day the soul of Gilbert Warren."

As the great voice ceased and its reverberations died away the green mist was again disturbed. It began to drift swiftly toward the wall of the room which the hawk was facing. Where the wall should have been the mist formed a billowing semitranslucent curtain. Behind this curtain the pallid green light intensified and spread. A figure appeared, growing clearer each instant as the light brightened. It was the figure of a man. He was seated on a wooden bench at a primitive oak table on which stood a lighted candle. He was reading from a parchment rolled on two round sticks. As he read he unwound the parchment from one stick and rewound it on the other. The man was dressed in a worn black velvet doublet and worn black hose. About his neck was a thin chain of gold which flamed dully in the light from the guttering candle. Presently he lifted his head from his reading and smiled dreamily, unseeingly, into the eyes of the hawk.

It would be thirty years before the face of James Calthorpe Lee, lieutenant of infantry, U.S.A., in the year 1900, had such heavy lines at the nostrils, and the finer lines across the forehead and around the eyes; thirty years at least before his shining blond hair had lost its luster and become so shot with streaks of gray, but the staring hawk recalled a crisp arresting voice as he looked into that face. "Start thinking or you're a dead man." He felt his eyes bulge from their sockets.

The great voice again rolled forth:

"Such was the face of that body of long ago. Read upon it the gentleness of the soul within. He was filled with compassion for his fellow men. He was beloved by many."

The figure faded and disappeared as the breath fades from a windowpane. The voice went on:

"Of those who loved Gilbert Warren the greatest love was held by his young wife, the Lady Constance. Look, then, upon her face."

In the dim green panel another face appeared, a woman's face, with softly beaming eyes, clear and joyous. The hawk had never seen that dark hair braided into two heavy ropes falling on each side of the face from below a net of silk and pearls. The figure, too, was fuller, more mature, under its long-sleeved, orange velvet robe, but in the eyes, after all, was the most startling difference, so shining they were, so unwistful, so unafraid. The hawk's stiff lips tried to form a name:

"Betty!"

"Beauty and joy are hers," said the great voice. "Joy in her husband's love; joy in the knowledge of the fruit of their union, for in that body of the past were two souls, the soul of Constance Warren and the soul of an unborn child."

The figure with its softly shining woman's eyes was gone. Another figure grew slowly in its place.

"Among the disappointed wooers of that mother-to-be was the young and haughty Baron Hubert of Audley."

In the green lighted panel a steel basinet presently gleamed. Below that a face looked out, a face of early manhood, but already it was forbidding, cruel, with the fierce eyes of a bird of prey. Below the face was a close-fitting coat of chain mail. At the waist was a linked belt of iron and leather from which hung scabbard and broadsword.

"Fierce as a hawk," the voice went on, "restless as a stag; hard as the armor upon his breast. So speaks the countenance of a man whose soul casts out meekness and charity and gives itself to error. As he looked five centuries ago, so looks his face to-day."

The man in armor, with his weapon of the past, melted away. His living counterpart, bound in an armor of darkness, his modern weapon in his helpless hand, remained.

"Now I, Gautama Buddha, loving truth as I do God, tear the veil from past events so that earthbound eyes can see. Look, then, into the manor house of Gilbert Warren as it stood under the moon of heaven five hundred years ago."

The panel of light lengthened and widened. A dim high-ceilinged room stole into being. It was a bedroom, a phantom bedroom of the past. Within it the phantom figure of the Lady Constance Warren, if that was her name, sat before a dressing table on which were two tall lighted tapers. She was braiding a thick strand of her long dark hair. Her lips moved in silent phantom song.

Presently she finished with her hair, but not with her song, for as she tossed the braid over her shoulder and glanced into the mirror her lips still moved, smiling as they moved. The little song of the Lady Constance pleased her much. And the words of the small song now led her straight across the room to a small oaken chest, which she unlocked with a brass key. The chest contained a wonderful and secret treasure which no eyes but her own might look upon. Into the chest she gazed, hanging all breathless above it. Presently she dared to thrust her miser hand within, to touch, to fondle, yea even to bring into view a bit of the treasure. It was a shirt of closely knitted—ah, so closely knitted—lamb's wool, a ridiculous shirt that could be measured only in inches, a silly garment for a woman grown to hold against her breast and press her lips upon. These things that foolish phantom lady straightway did.

Presently, with the chest safe locked again, she knelt on a hassock before it and lifted her eyes to the wall above, where hung in agony a slender Christ with thorns upon His brow. And now again the lips of Lady Constance moved, though not in song. So, dropping her eyes now and then to the chest below the nail-pierced feet, she accomplished a divided adoration.

Her prayer finished, she rose and went to a tall window and threw the lattice wide. Outside the window was a small balcony with a stone balustrade. Standing on the balcony she gazed for a moment at the moon, half hidden by flying silver clouds. Returning to the room she threw back the covers on the high canopy bed and turned to the two candles on the dresser. She had raised a snuffer to the first of these when she paused, listening. The snuffer fell to the top of the dresser and then to the floor, as the hand that held it went to her throat. For an instant she stood immovable, her eyes widening, the ivory of her face gone pale. So might a woman stand who hears blows, curses, screams, and the grating clash of swords in the dead of night.

She was speeding toward a door when it flew open and the lord of the house appeared. His look was dazed, his face bewildered; he still clutched the parchment

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For residences, outhouses, garages, factories, etc. **You can brush it on,** or your dealer will apply it.

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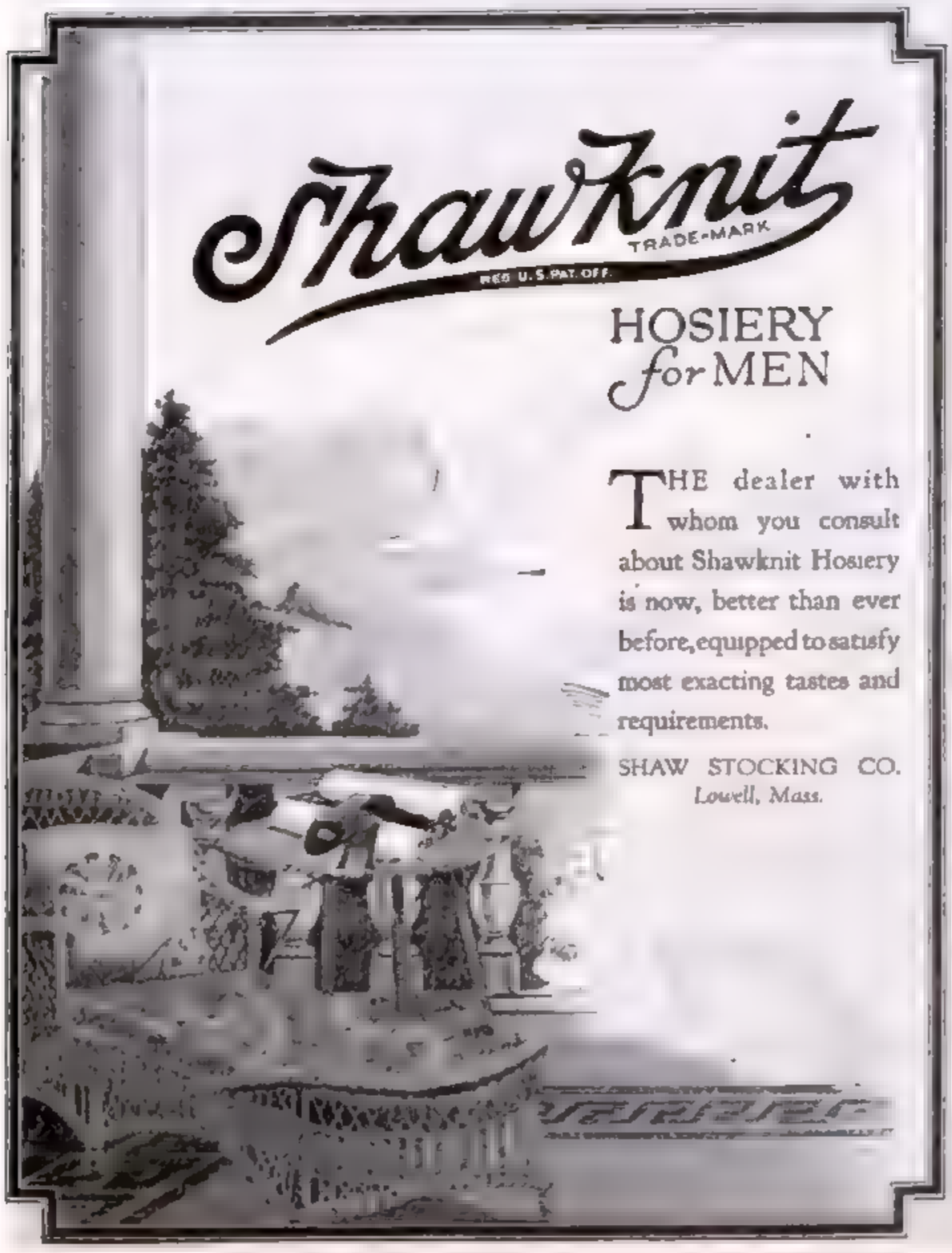
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he had been reading. Then the parchment, like the candle snuffer, fell to the floor, the arm of the phantom lord went about his phantom lady, for another door bulged, split and burst open, and there poured into the room, silent as shadows, a phantom crowd of men-at-arms. In their midst was a knight in a coat of chain mail with a basinet on his head.

For a moment he stood among his men-at-arms, his gleaming eyes fastened on the lady, a grim smile on his thin lips. At last he spoke. At his words the face of the lady went paler still, and the arm of her lord tightened for an instant about her waist before he tore a dagger from its sheath and swung her behind him.

The phantom in mail slowly drew his sword. He smiled again at the phantom in worn black velvet who held a pitiful dagger in his hand. The dagger met the links of mail once and only once before the sword flashed up and down.

The Lady Constance looked at the body of her lord lying at her feet, then fell on her knees beside it. A white hand flashed out to the dagger on the floor, the dagger rose swiftly and as swiftly plunged toward the ivory column of her throat.

The phantom, with the bloody sword, sprang forward like a panther. The deflected point of the dagger tore a thin red gash down the side of her slender neck. He forced the dagger from her hand and lifted her to her feet, then crushed her, bleeding, in his arms and bore her from the room. The men-at-arms followed through the broken, splintered door.

And now in that phantom room was a prone figure in worn dark velvet, stained with red. It lay moveless, huddled before a well-locked chest. No mortal eyes would ever gaze again within that chest; no hands would touch the treasure it contained, for through the broken door a cloud of smoke began to roll—smoke and the glare of flames.

The pale green panel died away. The pressing darkness held. The great voice, silent for a time, boomed forth again.

"So perished the body of Gilbert Warren at the hands of the murderer and ravisher, Hubert of Audley. So was destroyed the honor of his wife, and later, her life, and the life within her life. Now I, Gautama Buddha, servant of the one God who created all things, the laws of the flesh and the laws of the spirit, do proclaim: That the laws of the spirit were enforced upon the soul of Hubert of Audley, who committed grave error. This was and is the law: The soul of Hubert of Audley has been, and will remain, bound to the wheel of life, until through sacrifice it atones. The souls of the victims of his error shall be spared the journey through the seven spheres; being so spared they shall serve for that time on the earth plane, that the sacrifice may be made and their destinies fulfilled. Now I, Gautama Buddha, being of the spirit, do proclaim: That the laws of the spirit will be enforced against the soul of Hubert of Audley for a hundred hundred centuries if the sacrifice be not made. I have spoken."

The lips in the deathlike mask of Chang Foo Low ceased to move. The green oval in which it was suspended dimmed slowly into darkness.

There was a faint click.

The hawk was staring across a lamplit desk into a calm, untroubled face. His hand, resting on the desk, held a heavy service revolver. Close beside the hand was an order for the arrest of Lieutenant James Lee. The order glimmered white in the lamplight. So did the hand holding the revolver, but the face of the hawk was whiter than either of these.

"Hypnotism, Your Excellency," suggested Chang Foo Low.

"Yes," said the hawk. He lifted his hand from the desk, dropped the revolver into his pocket, and slowly rose. "Hypnotism, of course." He picked up the order from the desk and tore it carefully into pieces.

"Why do you do that, Excellency?"

The hawk stared at the bits of paper on the desk for an instant. At last he looked up.

"Because I remembered," he said in a whisper. "Chinaman, Chinaman, it all came back."

"Ah," said Chang Foo Low softly.

"I must find them," muttered the hawk.

"You need not seek them, Excellency; they will soon be here."

"You are sure?" asked the hawk.

"I am sure," said Chang.

"Tin minutes are up, sorr."

It was Tim. The hawk had forgotten Tim. Ten minutes! Ten years—ten centuries seemed to have passed. He turned and walked to the door leading to his sleeping quarters, and paused.

"Sergeant?"

"Yis, sorr."

"You are too late."

The hawk turned to the door. It opened and closed.

The troubled sergeant drew out his watch and examined it.

"It's on the dot, I am." He whirled at the sound of a voice coming from the garden.

"Wait out here, please."

"Miss Betty!" It was a cry.

"Yes, Tim," she said as she entered, but walked slowly past him, her eyes fixed on the face of the Number One boy.

The Number One boy snapped his fingers with a faint click.

Her face lost its strained expression.

"Now I know what brought me back," she said. "I felt you calling, father. Why did you send for me? Why are you here?"

He did not reply. She had opened her lips to question him again when a crashing report closed them and turned her face to marble.

As Tim sprang toward one door Jimmy, gun in hand, came in another—the one through which the moonlight was streaming. He saw first a tall old Chinaman, and then the girl of his dreams, white, frightened, but unharmed.

"I thought it was you," he said. "Who fired?"

She only looked at him, wordless. It was the old Chinaman who spoke.

"Put up your weapon, young soldier. Your black hour is past."

Jimmy obeyed mechanically as Tim appeared, walking on tiptoes, and looking back over his shoulder. It was as though someone sleeping in the room from which he came must not be disturbed.

"Miss Betty! Miss Betty!"

"Oh, what is it, Tim?"

The old sergeant saw the commissioned officer, came to attention, and attempted a salute.

"Sorr, I have to report that Colonel Bradley is dead."

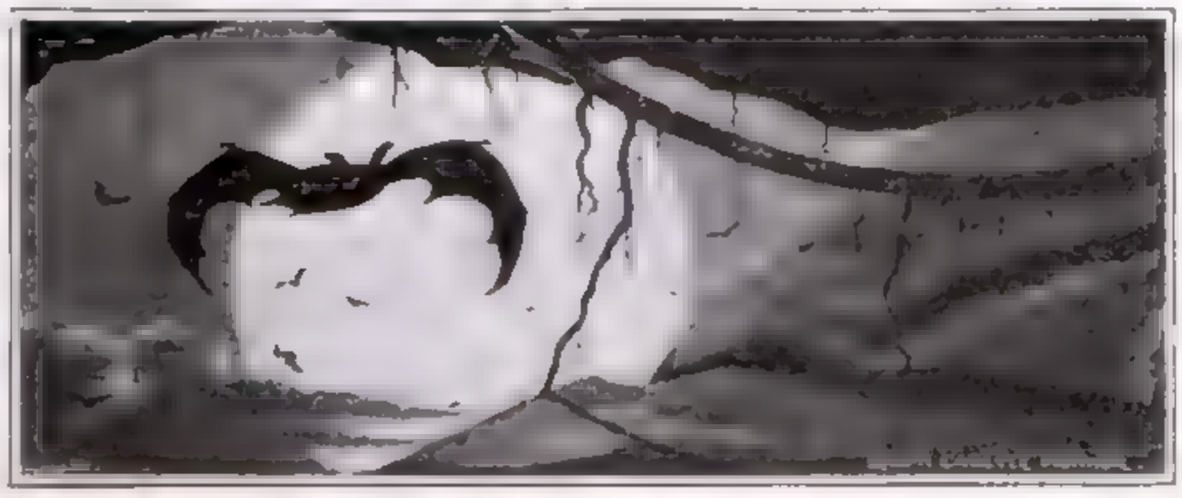
"Dead?" repeated Jimmy. "Dead?"

"By his own hand. Yis, sorr."

The girl of Jimmy's dreams swayed slightly and crumpled into a chair, but Jimmy did not move toward her. For the moment he was aware of just one person in that room—that room which typified ancient inscrutable China, rejecting, overwhelming the things of a newer, more uncertain civilization. As he stared into the abiding tranquillity of the face of Chang Foo Low the somber eyes were slowly lifted. The lips moved in all but silent speech.

"Just is the wheel."

(THE END)



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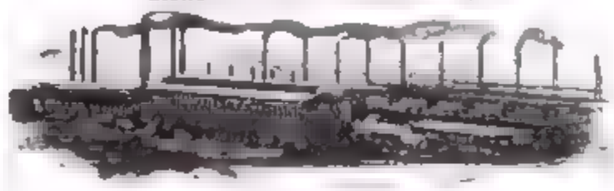

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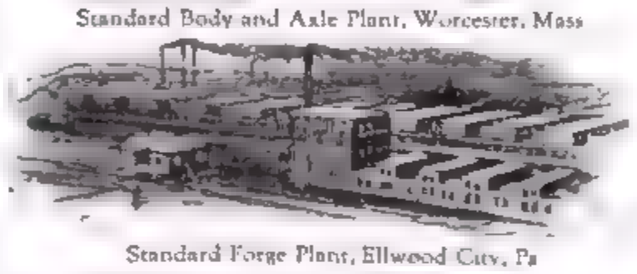

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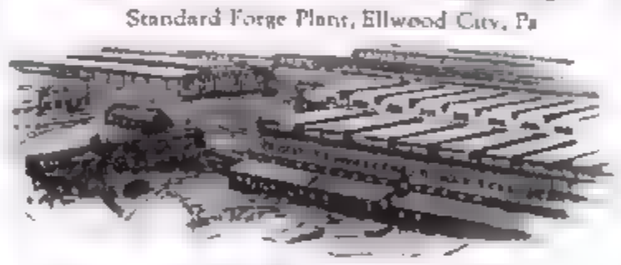

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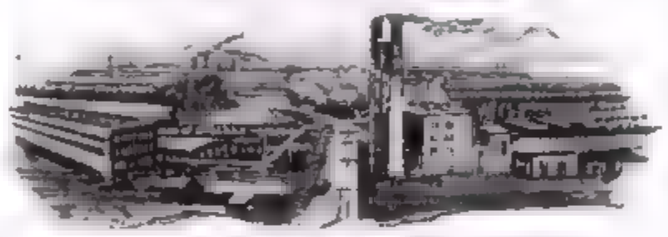

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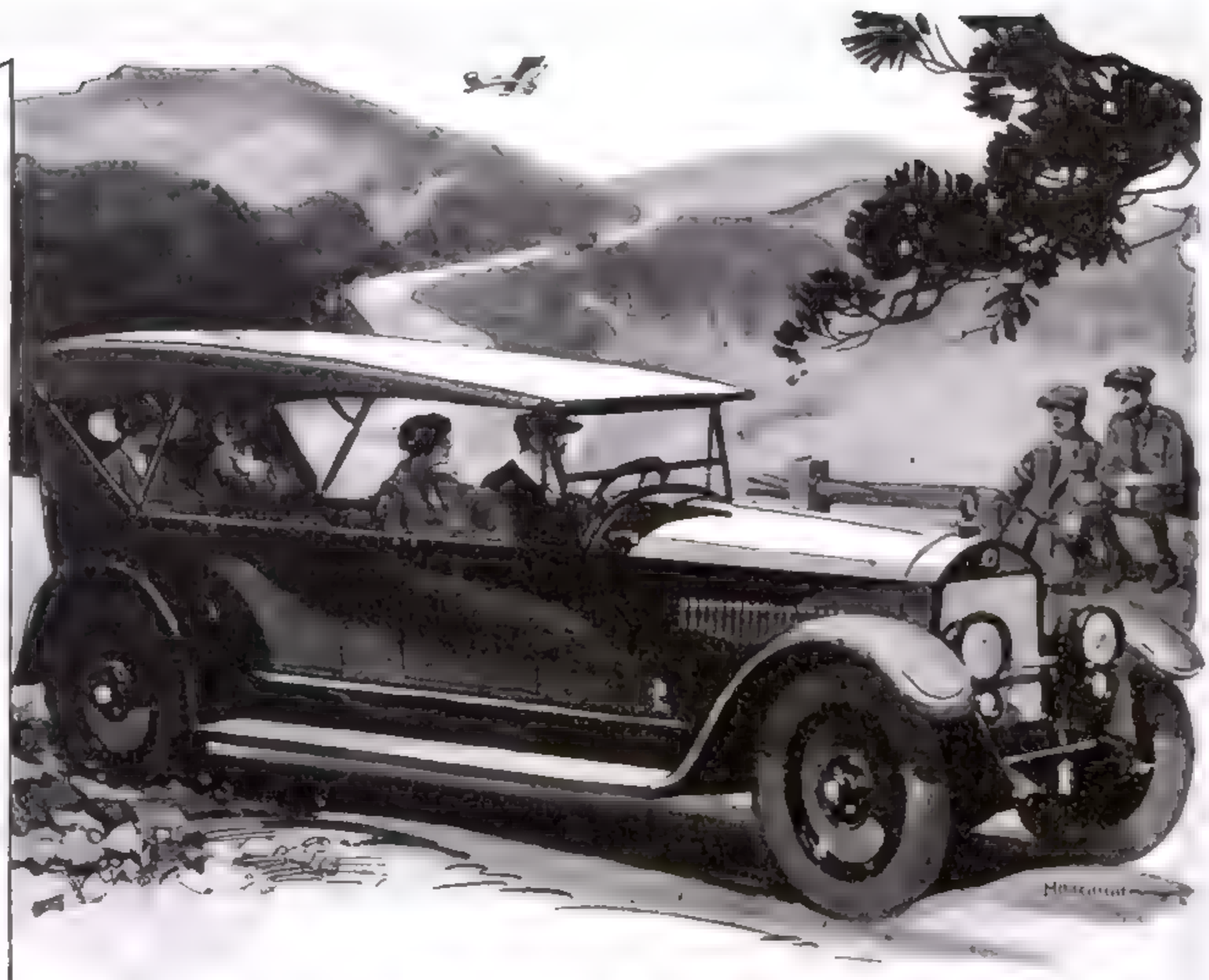

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Ride in the new Standard Eight. Drive six or sixty miles an hour, or faster if you wish. Note the absence of a "point of vibration." Pistons, rods, shafts, fly wheel and all reciprocating parts are scientifically balanced.

Visit any Standard sales room. Your instant impression is a motor car marvelously designed and beautifully finished. But of even greater consequence *is that which is back of the car*—the resources of its makers, their ability to build well and to merchandise successfully.

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This economic advantage is directly reflected in the selling price of the Standard Eight.

Open models, with equipment, twenty-one hundred and fifty to twenty-five hundred dollars. Closed models, twenty-seven hundred and fifty to thirty-three hundred and fifty dollars. All prices F. O. B. factory, war tax not included.

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IT is as natural for Mother to place her shimmering, white bathroom next in importance to her living room as for Father to place it next in importance to his cellar and the new furnace.

The bathroom of a home is the silent, intimate mirror of that home's family life—its ideals and self-respect.

The pride, the pleasure, which comes in showing a guest—whether friend of long ago, or stranger—the built-in "Viceroy" tub and shower, row of crispy, folded linen, pedestal lavatory and the mirrored cabinet.

It is as much as to say, "This is our own, our true idea of pleasant living enjoy it with us."

If yours is a home with but one bathroom instead of one for each bedchamber—

And if this bathroom is semi-modern; that is, with old-time tub, marble-top wash-basin, and whistling plumbing—

Now is the time to enjoy the happiness and convenient comfort of a modern bathroom

For the cost is less than you realize—

And the space needed, as little as five by six feet, is practically taking an ordinary sized closet and building it over, at a small expense. That is all there is to it.

There is a Kohler plumber a short ways from you; in fact, at the other end of the telephone. He will be glad to study out an estimate of the small cost required to install a Kohler bathroom in your home.

Why not talk with him today? You will find him a splendid source of information on all matters which have to do with sanitation in the home. Possibly he has some suggestions which may bring an improvement in the kitchen.

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WALL STREET TIPSTERS AND THEIR METHODS

(Continued from Page 15)

Now the truth that this all leads to is that the average speculator does not want facts about investments. What he does want is a short cut; he wants to be saved the trouble of investigation. A tip, or what is so often called inside information, is really nothing but a lazy man's excuse for making a bad investment.

What is at the bottom of this whole evil is the fact that action is much easier than thought. It is very much easier for a man to follow what someone else tells him to do than to use his own head. The writer asked an officer of one of the most powerful financial institutions in Wall Street why people follow tips. We were sitting alone in a small room, and upon entering it the writer had laid his hat upon a table close to where we took our seats. The financier spoke suddenly and sharply as he pointed to the table:

"Hand me your hat."

I turned quickly to look at the hat and involuntarily reached out to hand it to him.

"That is why people follow tips. They do as they are told. They are waiting for others to tell them what to do. They want to be told to do something. They act on impulse and blindly follow the herd. The more positive the tip the more likely they are to follow it. At least half the men who come into this room would hand me their hat, before they realized what they were doing, if I spoke to them positively and confidently enough."

Speculators seek to substitute guesses, gossip, rumors, mysteries, tips, inside and confidential information, services, leadership, authority—anything and everything—for their own judgment in the making of commitments. It cannot be done.

"I don't mind people bringing me tips," said a member of a banking institution at the very core of the money power. "But a tip should be only the beginning of investigation. It should be a hint to look up the subject. The average speculator doesn't look up anything. He doesn't care if the stock has value or intrinsic merit. All he wants to know is whether it is going up. Cold facts bore him. He won't take the trouble to save himself the loss of his own money. If only something could be done to stop this irresistible impulsive action of the public. But when people really get in the market, when their imaginations have been touched, there is no stopping them."

You Never Can Tell

"The officials of a company with which we have done business for years," said another banker, "came to us recently and told us they were doing so well and becoming so stable that they thought it would be wise to put their stock on the Curb and then later on the Stock Exchange. They asked several of us if we would like a block of five hundred shares at 10, and we took it. They then put it on the Curb around 20 and later it went on the Stock Exchange at nearly 30, where it is now selling, and we believe is worth the price. There was a really good tip, and I have had only four or five like it in my life.

"But the curious part was that the tip was all around to buy that stock before the movement began. Lots of people asked me what I thought of it and I replied that it seemed to be all right, and of course it really was. But think of the thousands of times when I and other bankers have said that a thing was all right just because someone else had made the same remark to us, and when we really didn't know anything about it."

"That's just the trouble," I remarked. "One can never tell; in most cases a tip is not based on good information, but once in a while it is."

"But it is the business of the investor or speculator to tell," was the quick reply.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the majority of speculators lose in the long run, and that the speculative public is constantly changing. This is certainly not to be wondered at, because the great majority engage in fairly extensive operations in stocks upon the merest irresponsible rumor, although they would not spend so much money in their own business without the most painful and extensive inquiry. The ablest professional stock operators, men who make a real business of it and who make their living that way instead of losing in speculation what they have made in business, usually profess a scorn for anyone's opinion and a passionate desire for facts.

Now it must be admitted that there are times when all tips make good, even in their crudest and most extravagant form This gives the advisers, students, analysts and all the rest of the purveyors of market information a tremendous reputation. But the public does not seem to recognize that at such times it could make money in the market just as well without as with any information. Tips abound in a big bull market and sinister rumors are almost as frequent when the whole trend is downwards. But in point of fact, information of any sort is superfluous and unnecessary at such a time. The speculator merely rides with the tide, but does not seem to know it.

A Curious Explanation

Ignorance and foolhardiness are no handicap when currents are flowing fast Indeed they are a great asset. A newspaper reporter once took a tip to a great financier when the market was boiling. "I want to tell you, however," said the journalist, "that that piece of information came from the biggest fool I know "

"That's just the kind I want," was the reply.

At the beginning of a bull market a member of a banking firm, who had previously been the manager of several industrial corporations, laid the plans for an important merger of automobile companies which was consummated in due time. One day he received a call from a cheap faking sort of tipster, who said he was able to give the banker the real reason for the advance in the stock of an automobile company in which the banker was a director. This company was to go into the merger, but the tipster did not know that any merger was even contemplated.

"It is this way," said the tipster: "A very rich man bought one of your cars and found it unsatisfactory. He was so annoyed that he sold the stock short until the company, finding out about it, gave him a new car. This pleased him so that he began buying the stock, and that is the reason why it is going up."

Yet if the tipster's customers had bought the stock when it was rising they might have made as much on the basis of this absurd rigmarole as the banker or his friends in possession of the facts would have made.

"I have had really good inside information only half a dozen times in my life," said this banker, "and then my interpretation and action upon it were about 95 per cent wrong, so where does the difference come in, anyhow?"

Wall Street does not lack altogether a sense of humor, and knows how to make fun of itself at times. There has never been a bull market that did not produce a crop of stories concerning the ludicrous ignorance of speculators, and in many cases of their brokers. When all stocks were going up several years ago a favorite type of such stories had to do with the speculator who bought Allis-Chalmers because he liked the Chalmers car, unaware, of course, that the Allis-Chalmers Company makes heavy engines, mining and other machinery, and not automobiles at all. But Allis-Chalmers also went up, so it made no difference.

More recently a man who had been in Wall Street for more than fifteen years expressed the opinion that in view of the radio developments all the low-priced electrical stocks were a good buy, and named among others the Habirshaw Electric, then selling at slightly more than two dollars a share. But this company manufactures cables and wire and has no connection with radio. On another recent occasion all the oil stocks began to move up, among them one by the name of Barnsdall. Two brokers were heard discussing the question of whether this was a movie or a chain-store company.

When stocks are rising or falling the speculator does not have to know anything: all he needs is a commitment on the right side. But his ignorance and rashness almost

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The man standing is wearing the pajunion—or pajama in one piece like a union suit. Thousands of men say there's nothing like it for sleeping satisfaction.

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always keep him at it too long. He continues to act on blindfold rumors or on the even more effective tips in the form of continued upward spurts. Then the tide begins to recede without his knowing it, and he is left high and dry.

It is only in the rarest instances that operators are able to pick or note the change in the main stream or tide. This is only another way of saying that the majority of stock speculators are bullish at the top and bearish at the bottom. To be otherwise is almost humanly impossible for most persons, and that is why nearly everyone loses.

A common saying is that in the long run values and prices come together. But patience and pocketbooks are short-lived. People often buy the right thing at the wrong time and get tired of lugging it along. Brokers have a saying that early information will break anybody. This may seem puzzling at first glance, but is explained by a financier who is a director in several important corporations in this way:

"There is such a thing as having one's information too early. We know here months ahead regarding the dividend action of certain railroads. We make our commitments in the market accordingly, and then there is no action. The market lags and we often sell out at a loss. I am a director in the —— Railroad and know what dividend will be declared next month, but I may make more money by waiting until after it is announced than if I buy it now. No one really knows when to buy."

A broker said that he had bought the stock of a chemical company months ago on advance information of a new process, and after holding it for many weeks sold it in disgust, the upward movement beginning the day after he sold. The most active speculator of the day was quoted not long ago as saying:

"First find the line of least resistance. Don't buck the current. Make your play and then sit down and wait. It is a case of patience, patience and then more patience."

Twisted Information

Real inside information may become garbled at times as it is passed from mouth to mouth. On a very stormy Christmas night or perhaps it was Sunday night following a Christmas that fell on Saturday, more than ten years ago, the writer, who was then financial editor of a New York City newspaper, was called out of bed to the telephone just after twelve. He still remembers the snow coming in through the window and falling on his bare feet as he stood at the instrument. A voice from a distance informed him that the Rock Island company had bought the Lehigh Valley Railroad and would declare a 10 per cent dividend on its own stock from the rich assets of the Lehigh Valley. The writer went back to bed disgusted with this apparently open attempt to rig the market.

The next morning at the opening of the market Rock Island stock shot up from 50⅝ to 81 in less than five minutes, falling back to 50 in almost as short a time. The authorities of the Stock Exchange upon investigation suspended the broker who had executed the orders, but was, of course, unable to reach the wealthy principal who had put them in.

Rock Island stock never paid a 10 per cent dividend, and, indeed, the company before long went into receivership.

But the same plunging capitalist who was supposed to be responsible for the strange gyrations in Rock Island had been buying, so it was learned only a few days later, into Lehigh Valley also, and a year or two later the Lehigh Valley did actually increase its dividend to 10 per cent. There certainly was inside information in that particular tip, but anyone who had followed it literally would have lost his shirt.

Indeed, a fundamental difficulty with the following of tips or market information of any sort is that so much of it is put out originally for purposes of deception by interested persons. Macaulay in his famous account of the first great speculative craze said that "monstrous fables were circulated for the purpose of raising or depressing the price of shares." The statement is just as true to-day. No investor or speculator should take anyone else's advice, no matter what position the person holds, unless it appeals to his own judgment and intelligence.

Part of the great mass of information and misinformation concerning stocks arises in a perfectly innocent and simple way. Anyone who buys or is contemplating buying a stock thinks for the time being at least that he has shown good judgment, and wanting to impress other people with his wisdom imparts the information to them. But there is much that cannot be explained in quite so harmless a manner.

"When I first came down here I used to think all this talk about the 'interests' making and unmaking the market and dishing the common people was all bunk," said a man associated with capitalistic interests of the first magnitude. "Now, of course, some of it is bunk. Conditions have to be right and major currents cannot be bucked with safety. But you have to be very close to this game to realize how much manipulation is going on whenever conditions favor. Even people very high up in the financial world cannot discover after the most careful inquiry who is behind various stock movements and operations. I recently asked a Wall Street bank president whom I know intimately to get the facts for me, but he could get no further than I."

Uncertainties of Oil

"Now take what we will call by way of illustration the Texas-Mountain Oil Company. There are some big people in it and they certainly struck it rich. They are paying off their bonds rapidly and are earning several million dollars a month. But geologists say they have only from one to three months to go, and the oil will then be exhausted. Yet they are planning to declare a big dividend, having engaged the famous manipulator, James R. Sharp, to run the pool, and perhaps they will apply for listing on the Stock Exchange. Already a big following for this stock has been worked up and, of course, the insiders are distributing it rapidly. It is as sure to go down to five dollars a share from the present price as anything can be. Yet the pool is so powerful that no one dares sell the stock short, for the pool can run it up to almost any figure—70, 80 or 100—before the inevitable crash comes.

"Then there is the Blank Oil Company. I think Blank himself, who made money in his own cattle business, was all right until he discovered a little oil under his land and got in touch with Wall Street. I looked it up and found what a short-lived field that is, and then I discovered they had put out nearly a million shares of stock, which they expected to run up to 50. While the movement was on, tips were flying thick and fast that the price was going up. I was getting ready to sell short and knew for a dead certainty that it was a good short sale, when the exhaustion of the wells beat me to it, and the stock has now fallen to a few dollars a share, where it belongs.

"You know the old Wall Street story of Daniel Drew, who was engaged to distribute a block of stock. He told the rector of his church that it was a good purchase but that the information was confidential and must not be passed on. Whereupon, of course, the rector told everybody in the congregation, and Drew had no difficulty in unloading.

"When the rector complained Drew said he was sorry but it had been a mistake in judgment and the stock was not worth what he thought it was."

There is no substantial exaggeration in this old story of Daniel Drew. I doubt if modern market riggers use clergymen to distribute their wares; but that stocks are boosted by the aid of rumors and manipulated by pools in order to get rid of them in any bull market or the least semblance of one, admits of not the slightest denial. Rich capitalists, just like the ordinary bucket-shop suckers, get stung when business conditions change and depression quickly follows prosperity. The only difference is that some of the rich men can wait and afford to hire manipulators to unload their stocks when conditions once more favor.

At the time of this writing, late in April, the stock market has had a fairly continuous rise for some weeks past. There are sound reasons probably in a natural reaction from an overdone pessimism and in improved business conditions. But there have also been artificial reasons in the efforts of a powerful group of capitalists to make a market for the stock of a prominent company which they and their friends had bought and had seen fall far below their purchase price. In this particular case the

(Continued on Page 144)

Recording

Radio Messages with

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

WHETHER they come in by the spoken word or by dash and dot, the instant readiness of Waterman's Ideal to make an ink record of the message received has made Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen the favorite recording instrument with both professional and amateur operators.

The quality of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen in materials and finish and the scientific principles applied in its construction have made it the world's standard fountain pen.

Waterman's Ideal Ink, 2 and 6 ounce bottles for home use, pints and quarts for offices.

Writes blue, dries black. Best for fountain pens and general use.

Radio Recording Pen

No. 12 or No. 14

with carbon copy (manifold) or medium gold point.

Holds more ink than any other type.

Selection and Service

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L. E. Waterman Company, 191 Broadway, N. Y.

129 So. State St., Chicago — 24 School St., Boston — 17 Stockton St., San Francisco

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For Your Health's Sake

Ask Your Physician

President Suspenders

The Original and Only Genuine

PHYSICIANS say that lazy muscles, caused by tight clothing at the waistline, often lead to serious disorders.

Support your trousers correctly from the shoulders with comfortable, scientifically made President Suspenders and let your abdominal muscles function properly.

Every pair guaranteed

Be sure the name President is on the buckle

NOW 50¢ *a pair*

MADE AT SHIRLEY, MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE space of a few generations we have traveled far from the self-sufficiency with which each family spun its own yarn, made its own soap, and wove its own cloth.

Today we each give a specialized service to the community, and depend on manufacturers, merchants, professional men and specialists for every kind of service or commodity we may need.

In line with this progress, the service of the modern funeral director not only includes the obvious duties of the undertaker but extends itself to some sixty or seventy details that require from a half minute's to a half day's time.

The fact that about forty of the sixty services are performed so unobtrusively that family and friends scarcely realize that they have to be done indicates the skill, sympathy, and completeness with which they are accomplished.

Parcenwood

THE CINCINNATI COFFIN COMPANY

Russian Border. Symbol of the End, the Burnt-Out Candle. Message number ten. Copyrighted 1922 C. C. Co.

(Continued from Page 142)

company is an important factor in its industry, but what value the stock has is problematical. One set of financiers say they honestly believe the stock was and is worth 50 or 60, and another group as well informed described the whole gigantic operation as a second-story job. Time alone will tell.

There are all degrees of construction, charitable and otherwise, to be put upon manipulated market operations. But always there are tips, the regular old game of spreading the glad tidings of good news in order to get out from under. Even where banking syndicates put out conservative bonds there are certain tricks to the trade. It does not pay to allow bonds to sink at once to their natural market level. Investors may be easily frightened. The idea is to keep the price only a fraction above the original issuing figure, about one-quarter of one per cent. It would not do to put the price too high, for that would lead many investors to sell.

One-quarter of one per cent is hardly more than the commission the holder would have to pay for selling, and it is considered safe therefore to keep the price up by that much. Usually it is only the closing price for the day that is manipulated, for that is the price the investor usually notices. I imagine a careful study of the activities of the great banking and investment firms at five minutes to three o'clock in the afternoon would often disclose some rapid telephoning to various associated firms for the purpose of establishing a strong closing price.

From this we go clear to the other extreme of manipulation, the giving of actually false information or the sending in to brokerage houses of fake orders. The laws of New York State prohibit the giving of false tips or the circulation of false rumors or information of any kind designed to affect market prices. There are at least two sections of the Penal Law, Sections 926 and 952, which cover very fully the giving of false information intended to elevate or depress the price of stocks and bonds. Under one of these sections it has been held a crime knowingly to circulate a false rumor that a receiver is about to be appointed for a corporation.

Effects of Manipulation

Though there have been several cases where persons who sought to depress the price of stocks have been prosecuted, I personally have never heard of anyone being indicted for seeking to raise prices. Most pool and manipulative operations could be brought under the law only with great difficulty, because usually the information given out is not actually false, even though its intention is to affect the price of stocks. Indeed, such operations have been defended as a form of advertising, as judicious preparation of the market or as a method of bringing securities to the public's attention. It is a form of wire pulling, "The fine art of buying and selling stocks to the best advantage," which is defended as being legitimate as long as it does not carry prices too far from true values.

Often the actual information given out, though true enough in itself, is only a partial truth, and the stock is being distributed by insiders because conditions as a whole are unfavorable. Then there are cases no doubt where the information is perfectly legitimate and the pools and syndicates are themselves acting in good faith toward the public. But financial and business conditions change so rapidly that they are unable to carry out their plans of corporate development, and are obliged in order to save their own skins to get out from under as fast as possible.

It sometimes seems as if a great amount of time were wasted in analyzing the values of stocks. On the basis of statistical studies a stock may appear to be worth this or that figure, but such analysis can go up to the point where manipulation begins, and no further. What advantage to the investor and speculator are the studies of a thin pale-faced Harvard or Columbia Ph.D. in economics, surrounded by his manuals, maps and Interstate Commerce Commission statistics, if a great banking house has secretly employed James R. Sharp to place buying orders for thirty thousand shares through ten different brokerage houses, and selling orders for twenty thousand shares through ten other houses?

As said before, intrinsic values and prices almost always approach each other in the long run. But the run may be so interminably long, the mills of the gods may grind so slowly before James R. Sharp and his kind have finished and true values are restored, that thousands of speculators, and investors as well, may have sold out in disgust and at a loss.

But do not jump too hastily to the conclusion, reader, that the interests spend all their time in bilking the poor old public. They do, more or less, but also they are constantly doing one another and themselves. A man reputed to be worth fifteen or twenty million dollars was operating very extensively, and apparently by himself, not long ago in the market. At one time he, single-handed, conducted a bull movement in a low-priced but important railroad stock. At that time he was known to be trading through a well-known house of excellent connections and high standing. Through them he was carrying about thirty thousand shares of the stock. As the price kept rising the members of the firm themselves became more and more excited and finally put all their friends and customers into the stock.

The speculator who had started the movement did not actually tell them to buy. But his actions spoke louder than words. Everyone connected with the firm became enthusiastic over the movement. Meanwhile, of course, wholly unknown to them, he was selling an even larger amount through other firms and using the movement he had created for purposes of distribution.

Pool Operations

Indeed, the legal history of the state of New York is filled with litigation showing how pool managers and participants sell out on one another. Wall Street has always had the feeling that capitalists divide into two great classes—those whose chief interest in life is the constructive development of industry, and those who find their greatest joy in the manipulations of the market place. In the last analysis the value of a stock usually depends upon which group the managers of a company belong to. One of Wall Street's favorite descriptions of the stock-manipulating type is that "For a nickel he would sink a ship on which his grandmother was traveling."

It is a fact to which attention is rarely called that manipulative operations, rumors, alleged inside and confidential information and tips seem to play a rather slight part in the market price of the stocks of the largest corporate combinations. This was not true perhaps in the early days of the United States Steel Corporation, but if it exists to-day it is so skillfully managed as to defy ordinary detection. The same would seem to be true of companies like the Standard Oil and the American Telephone and Telegraph.

Lest the reader imagine that these companies are being unduly favored let me hasten to add that the average Wall Street man would not ascribe this condition to any unearthly virtue on the part of the officers, directors and bankers of these companies. Perhaps these gentlemen are built that way, but it is also true that the stock issues are so large that pools can hardly move them.

The Steel and Telephone companies each have half a billion dollars of listed common stock, and the operations of a few plungers or of a bold pool would be lost in the ocean. If anyone succeeded in artificially boosting these stocks far above their true value he would bring out such big lines as to ruin him.

Then, too, these corporations are so big that there is very little mystery concerning their affairs. Speculation thrives largely upon mystery, and, of course, tips, rumors and pool operations languish where there is no mystery. If easily available information concerning a company's affairs is minute, exhaustive and authoritative the tip loses its point entirely. After looking at the reports of the Steel and Telephone companies the average speculator would feel rather silly dealing in hints, guesses and whispers. The Standard Oil Company does not spread forth its affairs in such detail, but it is quick to deny rumors and to correct misapprehensions.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that all artificial operations in stocks are harmful or are undertaken from unworthy motives. In a few cases pools have been organized to keep up the price of stocks largely because the employes had been induced to buy at a certain price and

the officers and directors did not want to see these small owners suffer.

It is a rather amusing fact, also, that pool operations have often enabled the great institutional holders of securities to unload at favorable prices. Universities, charitable foundations and insurance companies, which for one reason or another desire to sell large lines of stock, try to time their operations in order to catch a bull pool napping. Suppose John Smith, the head of the Chewing Gum Trust, turns over one hundred million dollars in high-grade stocks to an institution for the care of crippled children. Then along comes the state legislature and says it is a menace to the liberties of the people for this institution to own stocks, and that it must sell them and reinvest only in gilt-edged bonds. The institution is given five years in which to dispose of the stocks.

Does the treasurer sell when the market is weak? Not so that you would notice it. He has, let us say, 20,000 shares of Lehigh Valley. He waits until a strong bull pool begins to operate in Lehigh Valley, and then secretly unloads. There is nothing a pool so fears as what is known as tapping a barrel, which usually means an insurance company, charitable foundation, university or big estate. But if the treasurer can get a few points higher for his stock, a thousand crippled children may be that much better cared for, and the pool is hardly in a position to squeal. There are more complications to the financial markets than most people ever dream of.

But though virtue sometimes is able thus to rise triumphant on the prostrate form of vice, stock-market mysteries, tips and pools are usually full of danger for those who have to do with them, whether of high or low degree. Said an official of a large financial institution in New York:

"The bigger they are the harder they fall. It has taken me years to learn to leave these things alone. A few years ago a man in an old conservative bank asked me if I knew anything about Sky Blue Steel. 'I'm not telling you to buy,' he said, 'but you know the president of the Blank National Bank, don't you?' naming one of the leading financiers in New York. 'Call him up and ask him what he knows about it. He is a director.'

"I called up the bank president and he gave me a glowing account, and sent me a lengthy report, which I never read. I bought several hundred shares, and it has been going down ever since.

"On another occasion I was called into the office of a well-known bank president only a short time after I came to New York, and he said, 'One of the oldest investment houses in New York is Silver, Gold & Co. They are putting out the stock of the Crazy Screen Pictures Company and they are letting me have seven hundred shares at 37. Would you like to have the same amount at the same price?' I wasn't very anxious about it, but I was afraid not to travel in the company of such a big banker, and didn't want to be considered a piker. The stock is practically worthless now."

Playing it Safe

"But I have reformed. I slipped up every time when I tried to get rich. Now I search the list, not only in New York but in other cities, for seasoned preferred stocks that pay 6 or 7 per cent dividends and are selling four or five points below their real value. I get the latest current earnings, and look up the people who are running the company. I try to find out what is back of it all. It takes patience to work that way, and there is no big money in it. But I have really made more money this way than the other.

"Only the other day I bought the preferred stock of the International Blank Company. It pays 6 per cent and I got it at 69. The company had a hard time after the war, but its policy was conservative and it has plenty of cash and quick assets. It hasn't paid any dividends on the common stock for a couple of years, but there is a hot tip on the common now. People are buying it right and left, and my friends think I am crazy to be satisfied with the preferred. But I have learned my lesson."

It is commonly supposed by the speculative public that Wall Street newspaper men are in almost as favorable a position to get inside information as the financiers themselves. No doubt a number of them have made considerable sums in the market, but there is more or less of a curse on such money, and newspaper men have been no freer from it than others. One young reporter earning hardly more than twenty dollars a week began to gamble at the beginning of a big bull market. His story is vividly told by an older newspaper man.

"He was always saying, 'Buy yourself some Blank.' 'Oh,' was my reply. We old-timers never would bite, but the suckers bought and made a lot of money. Finally he gave up his job, bought himself a big limousine with a chauffeur to go up and down town in. Then he got into Bunkem Tire and cleared at least three hundred thousand dollars and perhaps more before the crash came. He had an office of his own with his name on the door, with strings of curb brokers going in and out, and his desk covered with comparison sheets and a battery of telephones. Then he put his money into another stock just when the big decline started and lost it all."

Mr. Harriman's Announcement

A newspaperman who had never felt the lure of speculation and had never taken part in it, although for many years in active touch with the Wall Street markets, was once relating an experience to a financier as keen and able as he is conservative:

"Early on a hot August afternoon in 1906 we all learned that E. H. Harriman was to give out an announcement. We filed into the board room and sat down around the directors' table only a couple of moments after the last of the directors had left. Then Harriman himself came in and eying us sharply sat at the head of the table. Without more ado he told us that the directors had just voted to begin dividends at the rate of 5 per cent on Southern Pacific stock and to increase the rate from 6 to 10 per cent on Union Pacific. The news bureau and evening paper men rushed out as soon as Harriman would let them leave the room, but, of course, the morning paper men were in no such hurry. I remember as distinctly as if it had happened yesterday how hot it was in the corridor of the old Equitable Building as the Herald man and I slowly sauntered out toward Nassau Street.

"'Why, I wonder if Union Pacific stock won't go up on that announcement,' I remarked as the thought struck me for the first time.

"'Perhaps it will,' said the other man.

"But that was the last I thought of it for several hours. What a fool I was not to run into a brokerage office and buy myself some Union Pacific! For by that time the next afternoon it was selling nearly 20 points higher."

"No, you were not foolish," said the financier after listening quietly. "Do you realize that if you had the temperament that would have led you into a broker's office that afternoon it would have taken you there a dozen other times on what would have proved to have been mistakes? I once heard one capitalist complain to another that he never got any good information from him. 'Well,' said the man addressed, 'you can have everything in my strong box to-day for what I paid for it, and I will be well satisfied.'"

In conclusion, there is no more significant fact to point to than the censorship that the New York Stock Exchange exercises over the advertising of its members. It opposes any advertising that attempts to sway the judgment of customers by more or less positive predictions regarding future prices. That this censorship is carried out so completely as to include every piece of literature published or letters written by members is contended by no one. It is said that this would be physically impossible.

The London Stock Exchange is even stricter, brokers being prohibited from advertising altogether or from addressing anyone but their own customers. Very little provision is made by members of the London Stock Exchange for customers' rooms, for blackboards and other similar means of inducing ill-advised speculation. These bare facts regarding the policies adopted by the two greatest stock exchanges in the world point more conclusively than all the rest of this article to the danger involved in the purchase of stocks on tips and rumors by the average speculator. The authorities of the world's two leading stock exchanges, from the experience of a hundred years, know that it can't be done.

LEADERSHIP
Quality-Price-Service

Proven by the fact that Republic has more motor trucks in use than any other exclusive truck manufacturer.

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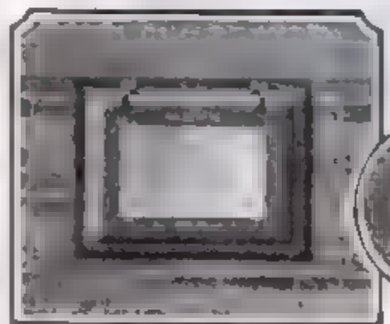
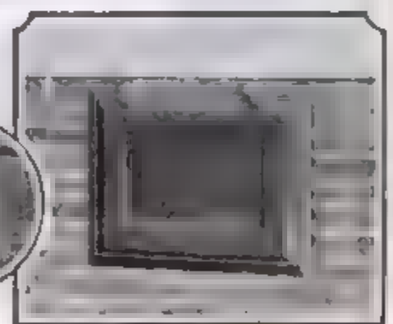


Eliminate This!



No. 10 A for HOMES
Made in Two Sizes
With Glass Panel

No. 101 for HOMES
Made in Two Sizes
With Solid Door

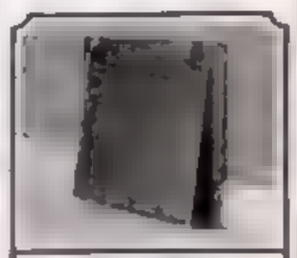
Styles for Every Requirement

Grade Line Chute

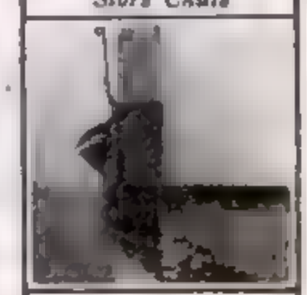
Ready for Coal

THERE is a MAJESTIC Coal Window or Coal Chute designed especially for every type of house or building. For example, the MAJESTIC Grade Line Chute is for buildings with little or no foundation above the ground. And the MAJESTIC Store Chute is for store or office buildings. It does away with the sidewalk coal hole—no need to put up a bond. And each MAJESTIC protects against damage—and saves you money. Sold by 3,500 hardware, building supply and lumber dealers. Write for catalog and your dealer's name.

THE MAJESTIC COMPANY
HUNTINGTON INDIANA



Store Chute



Ready for Coal

The Mark of a Modern House or Building

Something New!

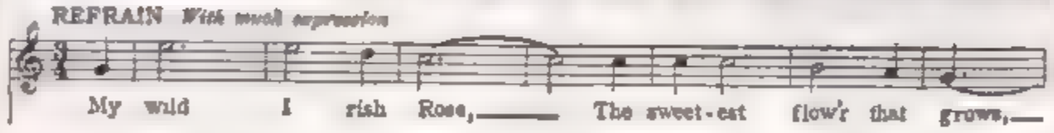
"LITTLE PARIS"

Great for Summer Wear

The small shield and half inch silk cable elastic make *Little PARIS* extremely light, cool and comfortable. Freedom from binding is assured by the long stretch, peppy elastic

3000 Hours of Solid Comfort
in every pair – 50¢

A. STEIN & COMPANY

CHICAGO NEW YORK

(By permission)

"My Wild Irish Rose" is an adaptation of Dion Boucicault's great stage success, "The Shaughraun" (the ne'er-do-well). The plot deals with Ireland during its early struggles. Pathos, tragedy and comedy are blended to just the right degree. Produced with an all-star cast.

"My Wild Irish Rose" is a triumph of adaptation from one of the sweetest Irish stories of all time. A great picture.

"It breathes the love that Dion Boucicault would have put into it had he had the screen."

"The most delightful Irish story of the period, magnificently done."

"An emotional thrill in every scene."

"A new beauty given to this 40-year success by Vitagraph's reverent treatment."

"A picture that portrays the Ireland of that period faithfully. All that Boucicault lacked to make his great story greater was the screen—and Vitagraph.

"My Wild Irish Rose" will be shown at your favorite theatre soon. Watch for it.

VITAGRAPH
ALBERT E. SMITH, President

THE LANGUAGE OF THE ANGELS

(Continued from Page 5)

own mind. Should he lie? He had lied many a time to get donations; lied with a clear conscience, cheated, almost stolen money to keep things going. And Chic always fell for one particular lie—hunger. He was something of an epicure. It dated way back. Hunger. He had never forgotten those days. Who could? And sly old Mudgett knew that all he had to say was: "Chic, I've scrimped and scraped, haunted the public markets, bargained, beat down and begged; but it's come to necessities. The milk bill isn't paid. Food. Just slip into the dormitory, second floor, some night after supper, and hear them—crying." And he could visualize those well-fed hands guiding a pen over a large pink check—four figures. He had no compunction about lying, none in the least. It wasn't that. He started in.

"Chic, I've scrimped ——"

But there old Mudgett stopped. Something he had never felt before stopped him; an invisible yet physical force. And something put a thought in his head: "Well now, what kind of a heaven is this you're going to build—founded on a lie? Fine foundation for heaven—lies!"

"I've scrimped and scraped, Chic—and, well—they have plenty to eat," said Mudgett. "I want money for something else."

Immediately Chic became intensely hard-hearted—his natural self. He pushed the calendar away from him across the glass-topped desk with an impatient gesture. "Not a cent! Do you think I can build whole blocks of houses? That's what you want it for—that monument to yourself! Think I'm going to build monuments to Thomas A. Mudgett! Not a sou marquee! Imagine! A pauper from whom the Government is taking half his income building a monument to Tom Mudgett! That's too thick, Tom. Not a cent."

"It isn't for the new home," said old Mudgett. But here his new morality slipped a cog. "Money," said he, "for necessary repairs. I got to have the fourth floor fixed up." Again his morality slipped—an entire set of cogs this time. "We—we're overcrowded. Say, Chic, suppose—just suppose a certain foundling home had been overcrowded thirty-seven years ago this August."

"Cut it out!" snapped the broker. "You're blackmailing!"

"Just suppose ——" repeated Mudgett shamelessly.

"Not a cent! Income tax. I haven't got a cent, I tell you."

Mudgett shrewdly read the thoughts back of the sudden pallor of the man behind the desk, and with hardly any effort at all the intensely practical head and shoulders of the home triumphed over all inconvenient moral qualms.

"Chic, couldn't you cheat the Government a little in your tax return? Just a little?"

"Cheat our Government! I—me!" barked the broker. "How can you be so damned naïve?" He threw back his head and choked with mirth. "Cheat the Government a little! A—a little! Tom, you old—you—you —— Bless your—your pure and innocent heart, I'd give a check in five figures if I had a heart as crooked and—and pure as yours. I'd ——" He pulled his desk drawer out against his ample stomach and extracting a large check book jabbed the cork-handled pen into the ink. "A hundred dollars a word. That's what I'm going to give you for that. A hundred dollars a word. Count the words: 'Chic — couldn't — you — cheat — the — Government—a—little—in—your—tax—return? Just—a—little?'"

"Fifteen words," said Mudgett solemnly.

"Fifteen hundred dollars," said Chic. He started to write, but his stomach, shoulders and hand were shaking so mirthfully he had to give it up. "For charity," he managed to enunciate between grunts. "For charity! I—Tom, you don't mind—I got to tell this in the Street. Too good to keep. For charity! A cheat-the-Government-a-little charity!" He scratched his name to the check and coming around his desk pounded old Mudgett on the shoulder as the latter made for the door. "Keep it up, Tom. Cheat, lie, steal, blow up the U. S. Treasury; but feed those kids."

Mudgett turned at the door. "I say now, if you knew what this check is going to be used for you wouldn't laugh. You'd be too happy to laugh. I'm going to build a kind of heaven on the fourth floor front. No humbugging; the real thing. Azure-blue walls and—maybe a little gold trimming—you know, like heaven ought to look."

III

AS THOMAS A. MUDGETT emerged from the bowels of the earth at Twenty-eighth Street a hoydenish March breeze lifted his derby and sailed it into the street. Mudgett made a grab, missed, gyrated, and stood balancing on the edge of the curb, transfixed by the sight of his hat beneath the feet of a dray horse. The horse lifted his forefoot with fetlocks hanging over the great hoof. Mudgett said a short prayer. The hoof seemed to hesitate, fling forward, then step over the derby; and to complete this remarkable miracle the horse kicked the derby with its hind foot and Mudgett reaching down picked up his hat from the gutter.

"Well now, well now!" said Mudgett, astonished and delighted.

He wiped the gutter water off as best he could, straightened the brim, which was slightly broken, and entered the office of Shackelton, Buck & Garvey.

Shackelton, Buck & Garvey were the architects who during the past four years had made and altered plans for the new foundling home. Mudgett was a pest. However, Mr. Buck maintained: "Old Mudgett's all right. Penurious, but—well, he's all right. Don't mind him at all. Sort of understand him. Figure it out yourself. Mudgett got his first peep at life through the bars of a crib in a foundling home, and his first glimpse of the sky in the boots he was polishing. He's driving at something worth while—that new foundling home. The way he hangs on—scrapes, begs, bullies! His tenacity—not half bad."

This was the golden-hearted way Mr. Buck had of seeing humanity. He was not the brilliant member of the firm—Shackelton was that, Garvey the dynamo, Buck the humanitarian. Good combination, fine successful firm: Shackelton, Buck & Garvey, architects.

But as old Mudgett knew well enough, Shackelton, Buck & Garvey were far above renovation work. They did public buildings, theaters, churches, courthouses. Never a cathedral, it is true, but around the walls of Mr. Buck's office were large sepia photographs of twelve of the finest in Europe. Perhaps this was significant—an ambition, the ambition of Mr. Buck, humanitarian.

Mudgett had paused at the door inside Mr. Buck's office, holding his injured derby under his left arm. He pulled his left ear, then without further delay commenced to sing his sparrowlike song.

"Just a little piece of work in the old building, Mr. Buck. Cheap. Must be cheap. Glass across the front—light, sunshine, air. Cheap."

"All three—light, sunshine and air—are free," Mr. Buck reminded him pleasantly.

"Must have them," insisted Mudgett.

He seated himself, knees against the side of Mr. Buck's desk, and went into details. Extraordinary the things Mudgett wanted: One huge room reaching all the way across the front of the old brick building; bath for the babies; antechamber; thick soundproof walls. Portholes high up between the large room and the antechamber. There were other things: One nurse's room and bath. Yes, he wanted that. Nurse's room and bath. And, he had almost forgotten, a small dietary kitchen. Must have the kitchen. Complete plant, cut off from the rest of the house. He reached into the innermost pocket of his vest and with an intensely practical and somewhat pretentious manner pulled forth a check and smoothed it out on Mr. Buck's desk.

"I've got to have enough out of this for furniture and furnishings."

Mr. Buck glanced at the check and smiled good-humoredly. He made a few calculations, sent for a young man to verify the figures, and handed them to Mudgett.

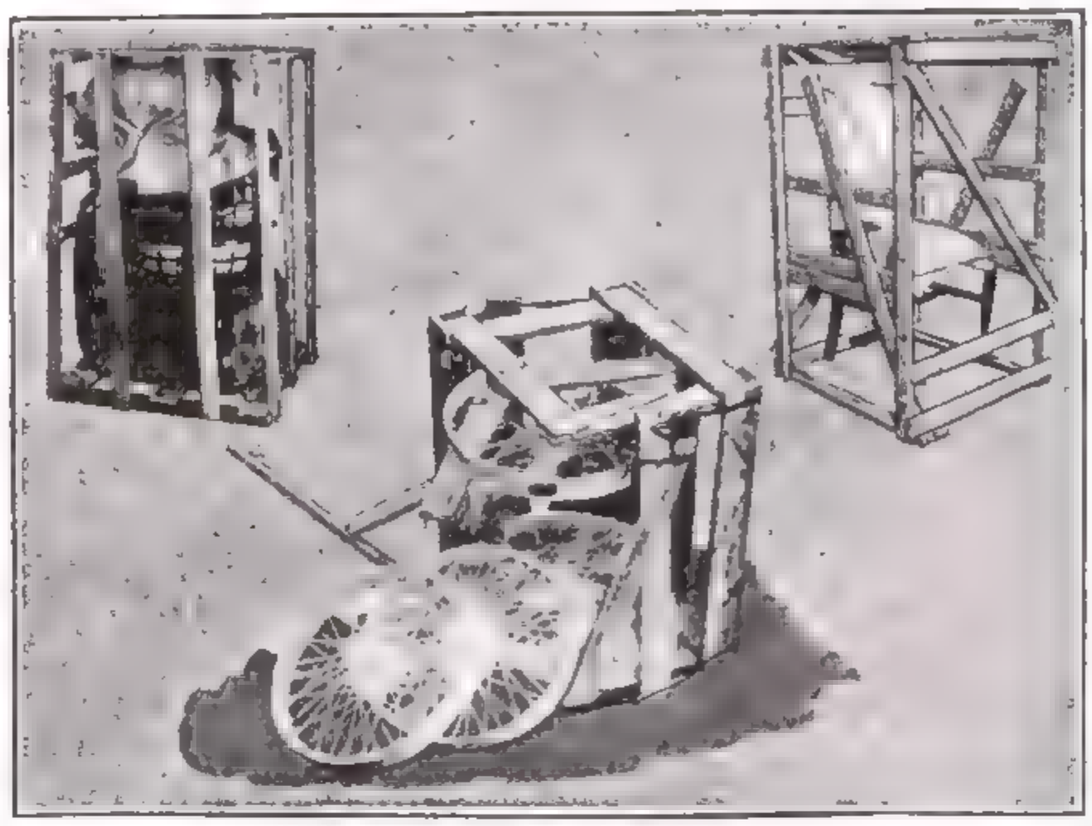
Mudgett, refusing to believe his eyes, looked close, then glanced down at his broken derby and cleared his throat.

"I haven't got that much. I can't pay it."

The intensely humane architect studied his shrewd crestfallen client. "What's all this for, Mudgett—the fourth floor? What are you going to use it for? Overcrowded?"

Old Mudgett prepared his throat to utter a lie, opened his mouth, said nothing.

(Continued on Page 148)



"WHEN traffic again reaches a normal quantity much freight will go to pieces in transit by reason of insufficient packing unless a very material improvement in packing is effected."

The above paragraph from the report of a division freight agent of one of the leading railroads of the country will suggest to many business men the importance of checking up on their present methods of packing their goods for shipment

* * * *

At the left are shown a few specimens of faulty crates—by no means exceptional instances. You will find scores of such crates at any freight terminal, anytime. They help pile up the claims for damaged freight which every year mount into millions of dollars.

* * * *

The services of a Weyerhaeuser crating engineer are available to any shipper who thinks that his packing methods might be improved.

Does the Proper Packing of Goods Pay?

ASK any jobber or retail merchant what he thinks about the value of proper packing.

The chances are he will name those shippers whose products always arrive in good condition—ready for immediate use or sale. No needless repair costs; no damage claims and allowances to haggle over; no lost parts to replace.

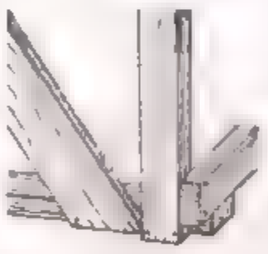
He will probably tell you that this is one reason why he likes to do business with them.

SHIPPERS in all lines are finding that proper packing makes selling easier. The elimination of damage claims and allowances speeds collections and increases profits. Very frequently, too, they have found it possible, through scientific crate design, to reduce, materially, their packing costs.

One large manufacturer has saved 28% in lumber on one crate, 30% on another, and more than 50% on a third. His total savings in lumber and shipping weight amount to over ten thousand dollars a year. And in each instance the redesigned crate has proved more efficient than the one formerly used.

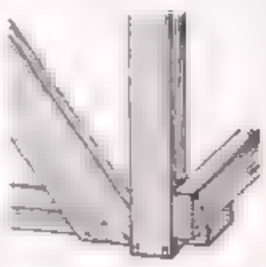
Proper crate construction is no longer a matter of guesswork. The engineering principles upon which it is based are now thoroughly established by the experience, observation and experiments of the U. S. Forest Products Laboratory, the railroads and many large shippers as well.

In the same manner that merchandise is being designed, tested, redesigned and tried out, so, too, are the crates which are to carry these goods being designed and built to meet successfully the hazards of transportation at a minimum cost.



THESE illustrations show how a few important details of construction can increase the strength of a crate. In the upper picture note that the frame members are held by two nails driven in a row, while in the other, three nails are used and they are staggered. Greater holding power is thus obtained and the danger of splitting is materially reduced.

The double mitre on the diagonal brace shown below also gives a bearing against the upright frame member, thus transmitting any thrust it might receive directly to the frame of the crate rather than to its fastenings, as would be the case above.



The proper size, thickness and kind of lumber, and the size and spacing of nails, will vary with the requirements of each individual crate. The strength of a crate can often be increased when necessary without increasing the amount of lumber used.

The Weyerhaeuser organization has for years been at work on this problem—collecting and analyzing the facts, so that every foot of lumber it sells for crating purposes will deliver 100% service and at the same time effect the greatest saving for the shipper.

As a result, this organization now offers to the industrial user of crating lumber the services of a practical crating engineer. Without cost to you we will send this man to your plant, to check up your crates, and with the co-operation of your shipping department to redesign your shipping containers to fit in each case the products to be packed.

Lumber is the standard material for shipping containers. For this purpose, this organization offers to factory and industrial buyers, from its fifteen distributing points, ten different kinds of lumber of uniform quality and in quantities adequate to any shipper's needs.

A BOOKLET, "Better Crating," which outlines the principles of crate construction and explains the personal service of Weyerhaeuser engineers, will be sent on request to manufacturers who use crating lumber.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle Street, Chicago; 1015 Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 4th and Roberts Sts., St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.

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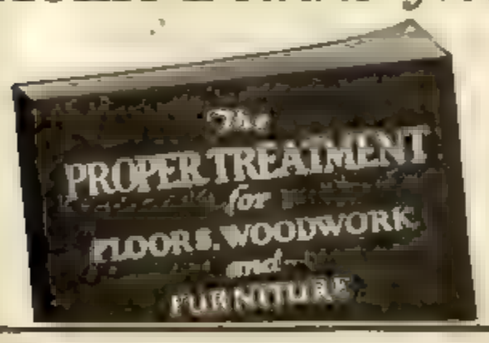

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(Continued from Page 146)

The invisible force he had felt in the Broad Street office took hold of him again, making him inarticulate. He gazed down at his dilapidated derby, still wet and streaked with gutter water. He hadn't been able to tell Chic that the foundlings were hungry. What was coming over him? It was expedient, necessary to lie a little now and then. He argued with himself—he had lied, after all, to Chic, told him exactly what he wanted to tell Mr. Buck right now: "Overcrowded—the home's overcrowded, no more room." All he had to do was to repeat this in order to touch the humanitarian heart of Mr. Buck. He glanced shrewdly at the clear, spectacled eyes of the architect. Again he opened his mouth, just as something whispered inside him: "Heaven built upon a foundation of lies."

Old Mudgett trembled with the battle going on inside of him. "No," he gulped against his most intensely practical judgment, "there's room enough, but ——" His derby rolled to the floor unnoticed; he leaned his wide flat chest hard against the walnut desk. "I know you'll keep all I'm going to tell you a secret until—until the experiment's finished. You won't say anything." And he told Mr. Buck his master idea.

Before Mudgett had finished Buck had risen, looked with unseeing eyes at the sepia prints of cathedrals, sat down again and leaned his elbows on his desk—ejaculating now and again: "Interesting! Say, Mudgett, it is an idea! Why hasn't somebody done this before? Interesting!

"Now look here." This was when Mudgett had finished and was reaching uncertainly to recover his derby. "To put it squarely, you want the fourth floor, front, to look as much like heaven as possible, don't you?"

"Yes," admitted Mudgett. "I didn't say so, but that was in my mind. They come from heaven. You believe that, don't you? I say, Mr. Buck, you believe that, don't you?"

Mr. Buck did not commit himself. "As much like heaven as possible."

"Yes, yes." Mudgett glanced at the architect a little suspiciously. "But remember—cheap."

Buck laughed. "Leave it to me."

"You'll fix it up—cheap?" The beads of sweat were standing out on the thin bridge of his nose. "Azure-blue walls and ceiling?"

"Azure blue," repeated Buck.

"Light, sunshine, air?"

"Glass across the entire front, facing the south," declared the architect. "All the south side will be fixed so it can be thrown open."

But even in his ecstasy old Mudgett couldn't refrain from singing his sparrow song: "You'll do it cheap? And you won't forget the listening apparatus and—the portholes? I got to see and hear, keep records, be out of sight."

"Leave it to me," insisted Mr. Buck. "Nothing will be left undone. Interesting." He studied his shrewd, penurious patron with a whimsical gaze. "More interesting, I think," said he deliberately, "than you realize. Anything else?"

Mudgett pulled his elongated ear, fumbled with his derby, arose and leaned over Mr. Buck's desk. "Just one other thing. Gold trimmings—real eighteen-carat gold-leaf trimmings. I'll pay for it," he gulped. "Just a little somewhere around the walls—gold leaf."

Buck continued to scrutinize him. "It's going to be interesting," said he softly to himself. "Why the gold trimmings?"

"Well now—well," faltered poor old Mudgett, "it used to be sort of my idea of heaven—a touch of gold somewhere."

"I understand," said Buck, and pushed a carefully creased bit of paper toward his patron. "Don't forget to take this. Use it for furniture. You'll need all of it."

Mudgett stared incredulously. Slowly his talons closed on the fifteen-hundred-dollar check. "You mean you'll bill me for the work?"

"No," said Mr. Buck. "I'm going to build this heaven for your foundlings without charge."

Mudgett hung there, gapifg, then put the check in his innermost pocket, moved toward the door, fumbled with his derby. "I say now, I'd like to pay for that gold leaf myself."

Buck did not move for a long moment after the door had closed; merely gazed at the sepia print of Notre Dame on the wall facing his desk.

"Interesting," he said finally to himself, "to see what this experiment is going to do to old Mudgett himself."

IV

TO ALL outward appearances Mudgett spent the remaining part of the afternoon holding tight to his derby, and tighter still to his check. He allowed himself to be blown in the direction of East River, and there, on First Avenue and Avenue A, also in the side streets and alleys, he bargained, beat down and begged in one secondhand store after another—but bought not a single article of furniture. At the critical moment in each bargain, after bickering and dickering until the secondhand man was shouting hoarsely and waving his arms like windmills in a tornado, old Mudgett would end the negotiations by pulling his ear and saying, "Well now, put that aside. Maybe I'll come back to-morrow." And he would depart abruptly, leaving the astounded merchant gasping and swearing.

His lips sang his sparrow song: "Cheap, cheap, cheap"; but his cavernous heart was heavy. Hadn't he a check in his pocket? Wasn't Mr. Buck going to fix up the fourth floor, free? Then what was the matter? Mudgett couldn't answer his own question; merely stalked into another secondhand store and started the wrangle all over again with the same result—no purchases.

At Thirty-sixth Street a youth with a shabby coat brushed by, stopped at the corner, opened a solid-looking lamp-post and switched on the arc light. Mudgett glanced up at the sky. Dusk had settled over the city. Lights were in the windows. Streams of people were crowding the cross streets. Suddenly he wanted to be back at the foundling home. He made for a Subway station, but walking was cheaper. He walked.

At the corner of the next block a sign caught his eye beckoningly: Public Telephone. He paused. Something urged him to enter and phone Chic that the foundling home was not crowded—at least three empty cribs; urged him to efface the lie. Well now, hadn't he lied before? Many a time. What harm was it? He clutched the pocket with the check and hurried on.

As he crossed Fifty-ninth Street, going at a terrific, long-legged gait, trying to outdistance the thing inside of him, he suddenly slackened his pace at the sight of a child with a brace on her leg. The brace was made of rusty steel and leather straps. Old Mudgett spoke to her. The child edged away; but presently he had hold of her hand and the child was laughing. They walked for a way together. Sly old Mudgett—trying to evade that new conscience of his!

As he skirted Central Park he came upon a man walking the curb and leading a Shetland pony. A small boy was begging for a ride. Old Mudgett strode out into the street, placed the boy on the pony and shook his bony fist at the man. The boy grinned and said "Git-ep!" The man swore. Then all four of them trotted along in silence, save for the click-click of the Shetland's little shoes on the asphalt.

But these things, which might on any other day have given him a fine feeling of contentment, did not in the least deceive that lump of gloom inside. He paced on, swinging through the lamp-lit night, nearer and nearer to the foundling home.

"Now I say, what's the matter with me?"

And the answer was clear enough: "You're building heaven with a lie at the bottom of it."

He finally groaned: "O Lord, in some mysterious way remove this lump from my chest. It hurts. But," he added shrewdly, "don't make me fool enough to send this check back to Chic. Not that, O Lord; not that!"

Half an hour later he reached the gloomy doorway of the home and entered the blackness of his office. For a while he stood there; nor can it be said that old Mudgett was thinking. He was feeling. Finally he groped for his desk, pushed the bell button with physical force and will power. When he switched on the light Miss Bax was standing inside with the door closed.

Some inward, ineffable thing made an audible sound—a noise like a groan. The thing hurt—dull and heavy.

Miss Bax gazed at him with her level gray eyes. "Mr. Mudgett, have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Eat?" he echoed vaguely. Searching his innermost pocket he produced the

broker's check and examined it. "I've arranged the finances. Did you have the fourth floor cleaned out, everything? Did you, Miss Bax?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Buck, of Shackelton, Buck & Garvey, is going to fix it up the way I want free. No charge. And"—he dangled the check toward her—"money for furniture and fixtures." He began to tell her about his day—a jumble of words. "You're going to have a room up there, bath of your own. I told Buck I wanted that before he said he'd do it free. I told him a nice room and a bath with it. That was before he said anything." Mudgett repeated this with emphasis. "You believe what I say, don't you? You don't think I'm -I'm saying something that's untrue?"

"Why, of course I don't."

"I want to be sure, because—I'm going to tell you something."

Old Mudgett stopped himself short. Why should he tell Miss Bax? He didn't want to tell her. But say now, wasn't she a partner in the experiment? Shouldn't she know he had lied to get the money?

"I say, Miss Bax, you'll believe me when I tell you I—this experiment has something wrong at the bottom of it. You know what I mean, don't you?"

The little matron was silent for a moment. "I don't believe I do know what you mean. But you mustn't let it worry you. I think —— Hadn't you better let me send in some supper, Mr. Mudgett?"

"Not till I tell you -I hed to get this money." Both were silent. Mudgett straightened up, became less shadowy, stiffened himself. "That's all."

The little matron in blue percale by the door did not move. "What did you say? How did you lie, Mr. Mudgett?" she asked, coldly enough.

"I say now ——" What right had she to question his acts and deeds? Nevertheless he told her. "I said the home was crowded when I knew there were three cribs on the third floor."

"When did you tell him that?" asked Miss Bax, unperturbed.

"I say now—this morning. If you think it is wrong to lie, then—then ——"

"Well, I do think it is wrong to lie, Mr. Mudgett. But"—she regarded him with her tranquil gaze—"just after you left this morning two foundlings were brought to the home. A third was brought just a few minutes ago. The home is crowded."

▼

ON THE best authority obtainable the earth was built in six days. But one may well imagine that back in those times there were no bricklayers', plasterers' or plumbers' unions; no strikes; no building permits to be obtained; no inspectors to be reckoned with in diverse ways and means. Indeed, one may well surmise that under modern conditions the creation of the world would have been delayed somewhat; perhaps walking delegates would have criticized rather harshly the nonobservance of an eight-hour day.

Another thing: The creation of a heaven is quite a different matter from the creation of a world. Instead of six days it required six weeks. Begun in March, it was completed in May—a very fine heaven indeed. Soft azure blue was the ceiling, immaculate white the door, porcelain the bath. Open plumbing was insisted upon in heaven. The floor was cloudlike in its silence; not a carpet, but padding beneath a pearly hued composition that could be cleansed with a damp cloth. Hygienic was this heaven, and wholly utilitarian. Across the south stretched huge windows so that light and air might come unobstructed through the finely meshed copper screens. Nor had the golden touch been forgotten. Gold leaf was the molding around the walls—also the radiator. And note the furniture and fixtures! All was new. Those limp gray curtains that could be drawn across the windows to keep out the glare were purchased first-hand at a reputable upholsterer's.

Old Mudgett had wrestled with his foe, and lost the battle.

"Well, I say now, what's the matter with me? Not a secondhand thing in heaven!"

Seven immaculate white-enameled cribs were in a row against the wall.

The antechamber silenced all sound from the rest of the home. High in the wall of this buffer room were five peepholes as large as saucers and made of crystal-clear plate glass, while at the side of each hung a listening apparatus by means of which the slightest whisper in heaven could be heard.

The room of Miss Bax was neat and nurselike. Finished in soft gray, it matched her eyes; and relieved by a warmer color, a shade of rose, it matched something concealed, no doubt, beneath her level gaze. Adjoining was her own, her very own bath; and near the bed a little instrument, like those in the anteroom, brought the voices of the angels within reach of her dreams.

How can one mention the dietary kitchen, a complete plant, in connection with these celestial things?

Heaven was locked and barred—at the foot of the stairs leading up to the fourth floor; and again, the door of the front room itself. A chatelaine with keys hung from the matron's slender waist, another set of keys was deep in the baggy pockets of old Mudgett's breeches.

In short, with only one exception, heaven was complete. It lacked nothing—save the angels. Not a foundling came to the home in May. Mudgett paced his office and railed at Miss Bax as if it were her fault. "Another day has passed and you haven't a baby on the fourth floor; not one."

Climbing the three flights old Mudgett would peep in through the portholes at the cool, immaculate room with its seven empty cribs and azure walls, test the listening apparatus, enter heaven itself, walk gingerly across the soft cloudlike flooring, turn on the water in the bath, try all the faucets, hot and cold.

Then opening the huge windows he would lean his forehead against the copper screening, stare out at the uncompleted building across the narrow street and lose himself in gloomy thoughts.

"Not one; not an angel in heaven."

Wasn't May a propitious month for the abandoning of babies in the vestibules of rich men's homes, in the dressing rooms of Pullmans, in the hushed naves of churches? Wasn't it? He visualized a cathedral, a ponderous pile that had required a hundred years in the building; he thought of the cathedral's vast amazement at finding upon its immutable stone steps a tiny, squirming infant. Curious thoughts came to Mudgett in this spacious, cool, heavenly room, but not a single frantic telephone call came from private home or police station. Not one. The fourth floor, front, held out its arms, its sunlight, its silence, its gold leaf and open plumbing, but the lure of its all-comprising heavenliness was to no avail.

More and more shadowy became old Mudgett.

Then came the fifth of June—just an ordinary June day: sunlight, lazy shadows and green leaves. At the time Mudgett was downtown banging like a vulture over a public market. Loaded down he returned through the park, paused to watch the children roller-skating, and arrived at the home late in the afternoon.

Miss Bax met him at the door. He was perplexed by something unusual in her tranquil eyes. The bundles slipped from his gaunt arms.

"I say now—you don't mean a baby has come?"

She nodded her head and started to warn him of something; but Mudgett had rushed past her.

Up the narrow winding stair old Mudgett leaped. He unlocked doors with a trembling hand, pulled himself together before entering the anteroom, tiptoed in, and glued his eye to a peephole.

The first crib was occupied. Mudgett was transfixed by the sight of that bit of humanity waving diminutive fists above the smallest of white pillows. He wiped his incredulous eyes, strove to clear his vision.

"I say now ——"

But there was no mistake about it—the first angel in heaven was black as the ace of spades.

Mechanically old Mudgett placed the listening apparatus to his elongated ear. He could hear a noise; not a cry, but a gurgle. Delighted, he fumbled for the pencil attached to a shelf, just the right height, on which was a roll of writing paper. Again he listened. "Ya-ya-ya." Mudgett transcribed, wrote down: "Ya-ya-ya, ya-ya-he, goo-o-o-o, ya-he."

"I say now, what does it mean?"

He hung there until dusk came through the great south windows. Miss Bax entered the anteroom noiselessly. Mudgett felt she was back of him, beckoned her, placed the apparatus to her ear, whispered: "It's talking! Listen!"

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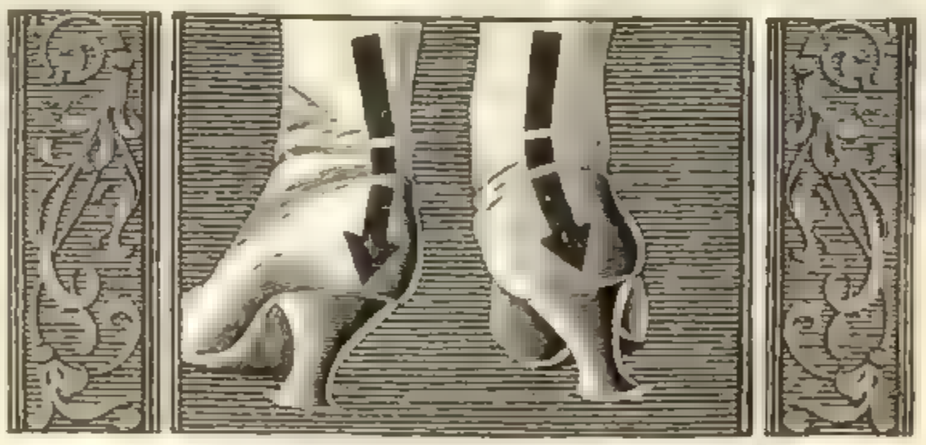

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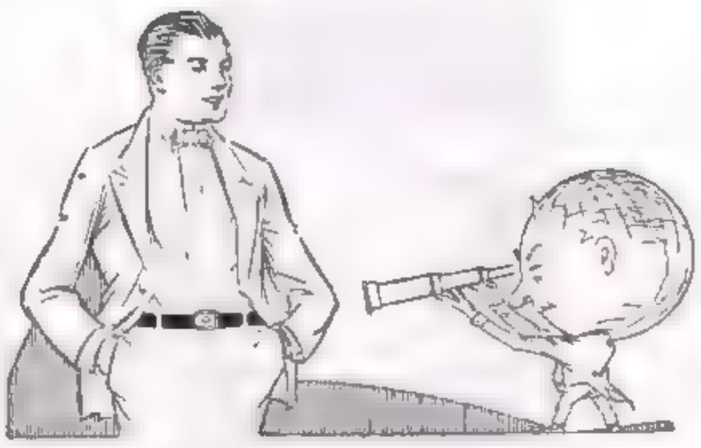

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He plucked her by the sleeve, whispered excitedly, "Boy or girl?"

"Boy," whispered the little matron.

Presently he drew Miss Bax through the shadows of the anteroom out into the hall.

"Are you terribly disappointed?" she asked.

"Disappointed?" echoed Mudgett vaguely.

"That the first angel is black?"

"I say, couldn't we call him—brown?"

"No," said the little matron. "He's black."

"Well, if you insist we'll enter it that way. Let's go down and make the entry."

Miss Bax had duties in connection with the first angel. She joined Mudgett presently in his office. He was leaning over a huge book.

"Date: June 5th," wrote he. "Date of birth." He glanced questioningly over his shoulder.

"Approximately, June first," she informed him.

Mudgett made the entry. "Color." He squirmed a little. "Black," insisted Miss Bax. Obediently he wrote "Black." "Sex: Male. Father and mother: Unknown. Found." Again he glanced over his shoulder. Where had the first angel come from? Miss Bax looked at him uncompromisingly. "Amsterdam Avenue near One Hundred and Fourteenth Street; the back yard of a grocery store." Old Mudgett mumbled something.

"What did you say, Mr. Mudgett?"

"I said, white or black, they all come from the same place." Nevertheless he wrote at her dictation.

"Now," said Mudgett, "his name?"

"His name?" echoed Miss Bax.

Mudgett pulled his left ear, cleared his throat, but did not meet her eyes.

"It's natural," said he, "it's logical that the first thing they say is of course their name. That's logical, isn't it, Miss Bax?" She did not commit herself, nor did she protest.

Mudgett made the entry "Name: Ya-he," and closed the book.

"There are two things," Miss Bax pronounced determinedly. "First, that veil. I can't wear it. It gets in the way. He grabbed it five times while I was bathing him."

Mudgett wheeled around in his swivel chair, faced her. "Who grabbed it?"

"That little black imp—Ya-he. I can't wear it."

The man rose up, hung over her threateningly—the manner he used to intimidate the men in the markets and secondhand stores. "You must, you must!"

She was unperturbed. "I won't."

Mudgett fumbled for his ear, sank down dejectedly in his chair. "I've set my heart on it. Not a human voice, not a human face for two years. It's the experiment." There was not the least sign of softening on the part of Miss Bax. An altogether novel idea popped into Mudgett's head. "I've always believed," said he, "I've always maintained to myself, ever since I could remember, that nurses should wear veils. You understand? I say now, you understand? A veil to reduce the chances of contagion, breathing germs."

"Do you suppose I have germs, Mr. Mudgett?"

"Well, now—I didn't mean that."

"I won't wear a veil. It isn't a bit practical."

"If you won't," said Mudgett gloomily, "I know you won't." He drooped helplessly over his secondhand desk, his shaggy head between his hands.

Miss Bax reached her hands out toward him, almost touched him. "Perhaps I could tuck it in. I'll try tucking it in."

Then there was the second matter: Suppose the building should catch fire with the fourth floor locked and barred?

"I say now, the home is ——"

"No, it isn't, Mr. Mudgett. It positively isn't fireproof."

"But the new home will be," declared Mudgett stoutly.

She disregarded this. "There must be a place to leave the keys."

"I'll always be in when you are out," decided Mudgett. "I'll take turns looking after them."

"You—taking care of babies!"

"But I say now, why not?"

And for the first time in his life he saw the lovely little matron smile.

"Will you wear a veil?" she asked.

Old Mudgett changed the subject.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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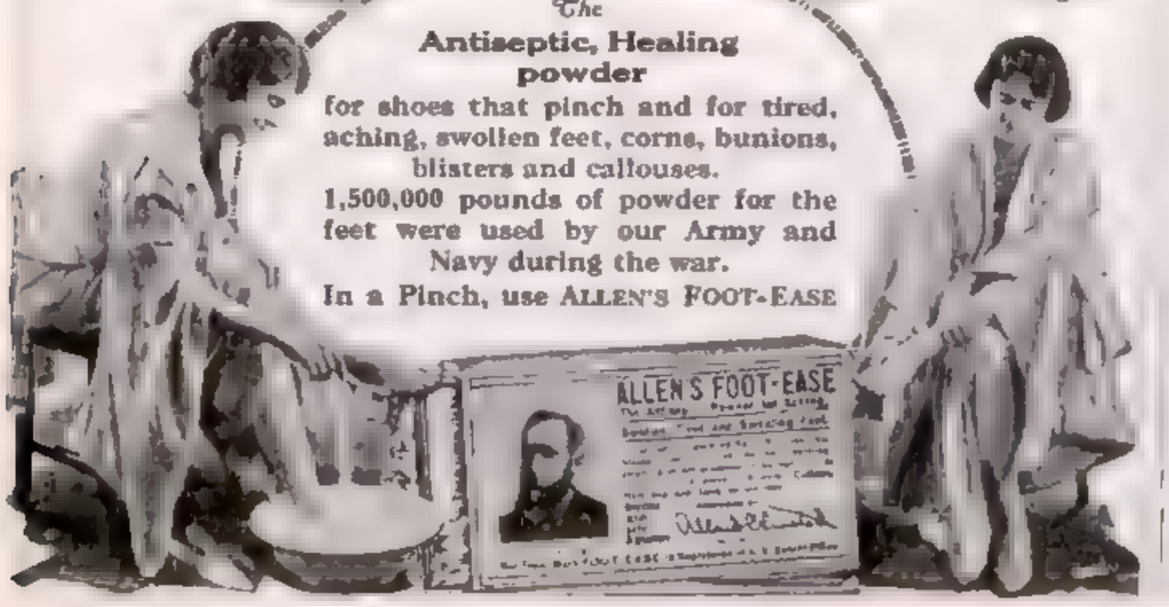

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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That Slim Gray Pamphlet

"At best!" exclaimed the Chief Draftsman, "it can't be finished inside of ten days."

"You see," explained the Consulting Engineer to the famous sugar magnate who had called in person to demand greater speed, "we stopped work on the Refinery plans and put every draftsman onto that rush Cuban job of yours."

"Draftsmen! That's your look-out, not mine," declared the President testily. "Both plants must be modernized before the new crop comes in. Every tenth of a cent a pound in production cost means thousands a day."

"I've done everything possible. You can't get the trained draftsmen we need—"

"But you don't need college professors to figure a few hangers," cut in the President. "Didn't you answer my wire ten days ago and say 'Plans all ready but hangers'?"

"But figuring types and dimensions of 10,000 hangers is some job," said the Chief Draftsman.

"Just have the plans brought in so he can see what it means," said the Consulting Engineer.

Two minutes later a keen looking youth laid a roll of tracings on the table and with them a sheaf of neatly written pages. "Here's the list of hangers on that job," he said hesitatingly.

"List of hangers!"—"Where did you get it?"—"Who worked it out?"—"What kind of hangers?"

"This looks—like—really looks like a complete schedule," said the Consulting Engineer as he turned the sheets headed—Pipe Rings—Wall Coil Hangers—Saddle Hangers—Pipe Rolls. "Who did this?"

"I did," said the boy nervously. "Took them right out of a slim gray pamphlet."

"Pamphlet—what pamphlet?"

"Why, the hanger book."

"There's no book you can get this kind of data from," said the Chief Draftsman, turning to the Consulting Engineer. "It's a matter of careful calculation by experienced men."

"Just a minute, gentlemen," interrupted the sugar magnate. "Boy, you mean a volume—not a pamphlet. Where did you get it?"

"I got it out of the Chief's waste basket," he replied, drawing the slim gray pamphlet from his pocket and handing it to his questioner.

"My waste basket?" exclaimed the Chief Draftsman.

"Excuse me again, gentlemen," interrupted the sugar magnate. "I'm overdue at my office. Please 'phone me in half an hour if this lad's schedule checks with your plans. I'll bet a hundred to one it does. Companies like Grinnell don't print booklets like this unless they've got something valuable to say. Good morning."

* * * *

Half an hour later the Consulting Engineer told him over the 'phone the figures checked and that blueprints and specifications would be issued for bids the next day, and added, "We are specifying Grinnell Adjustable Hangers. Their use should cut the time of installing two weeks."

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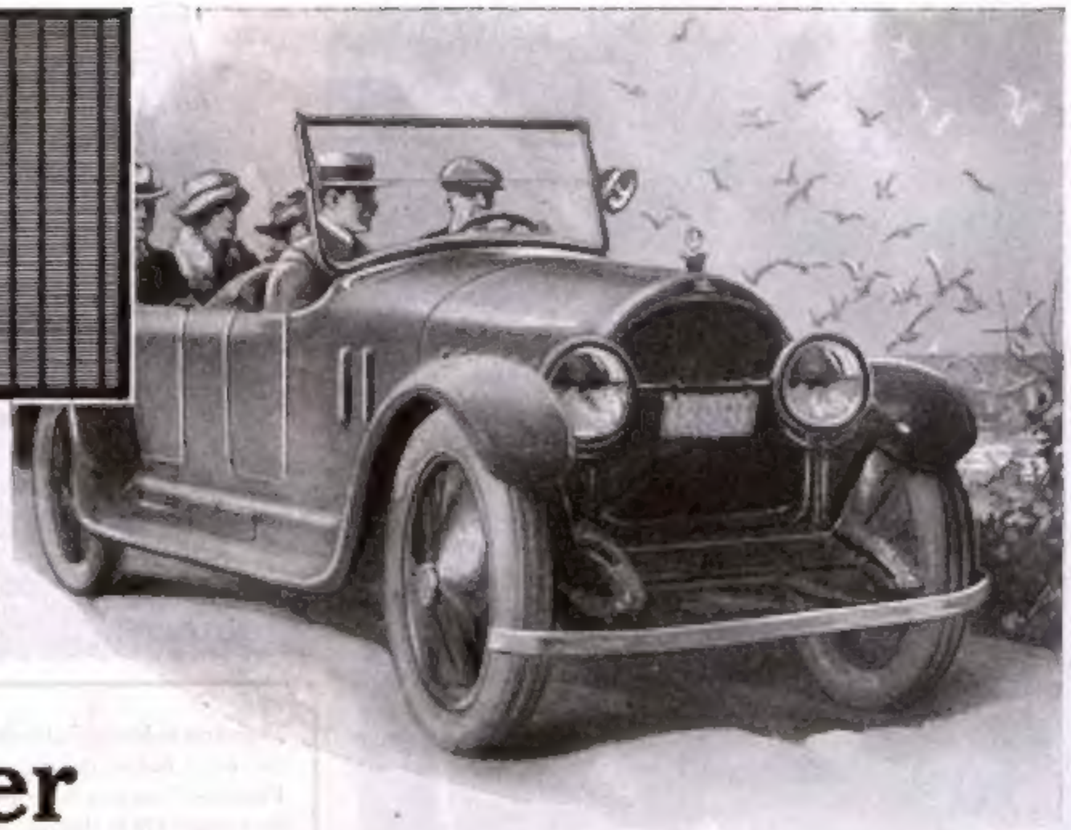

Winter will never come again—

IN the balmy air of early summer, it is hard to believe in winter—

Hard to believe that there are such things as cold, stiff, hard starting motors, long nights with the headlights draining your battery hour after hour, weeks of heavy snow that keep your car idle and your battery without a freshening charge.

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Because, you know, winter might come again this year.

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